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# TWO THOUSAND MILES

ON

# HORSEBACK.

## SANTA FÉ AND BACK.

A SUMMER TOUR THROUGH KANSAS, NEBRASKA,
COLORADO, AND NEW MEXICO, IN THE
YEAR 1866.

BY

JAMES F. MELINE.

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# TWO THOUSAND MILES ON HORSEBACK.

## LETTER I.

LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS, *June* 1, 1866.

WITHIN the memory of living men, the adventurous traveller from the Atlantic cities to the Great West made his outfit and start, first from Schenectady, then Chambersburg, then Clarksburg (Va.). Later came Limestone (now Maysville), Kaskaskia, St. Louis, and Independence. Now even Leavenworth is getting too far East, and soon the iron rail will clamp East and West together, leaving neither plains nor savage frontier for dangerous wayfaring and exciting adventure with horse and rifle.

There are many officers still in service who, being ordered from St. Louis to Fort Leavenworth, have considered themselves fortunate in reaching their destination in sixteen days. We have just made the same trip in twenty-six hours.

Leavenworth claims for her correct census 25,000 inhabitants. On inquiry, I am satisfied that the place may be fairly credited with a population of 20,000, of which 15,000 may be classed as permanent and 5000 as floating. Immense numbers of teams and wagons for transportation of merchandise and Government stores to Utah, New Mexico, Nebraska, and Montana, are fitted out here, giving employment to a small army of drivers, mechanics, and contractors. The town is well and handsomely built. Judging from the well-graded avenues and flagged gutters, I should say its municipal affairs were in good hands. The naming of cross streets after the Kickapoo, Delaware, Dakotah, and other Indian tribes, is a pleasing variation from First, Second, Third. The stores and shops are almost metropolitan in their stock and variety. Three daily papers, well supported, give an idea of importance and activity.

On a high and commanding site, a Catholic cathedral of substantial brick is now going up, and is almost ready for roofing. Judging by the eye, I should say its size was one hundred and eighty feet by ninety. Bishop Miege, who is to officiate in it, has been a missionary in Kansas since 1851, at which period there were not five white men within its boundaries. Material for building seems to be plenty and put to good use, as several edifices, stores and dwellings, attest. Of hotels there is no lack, and Leavenworth, too, has its Tremont, Everett, Planters', and Astor. Alas, there are no longer any rustic villages with a single tavern and simple population!

Our young towns, like our young children, are scarcely fledged before they are full grown. The children assume old manners and the small towns put on city airs. Every little place must have its "Metropolitan," its "Varieties," and its "saloons," just as every boy must smoke his cigar and play billiards, and every girl of fifteen wear the silk and diamonds which, in countries of high civilization, are only awarded to matronly maturity.

Fort Leavenworth lies three miles north of the city. It was established as a post in 1827, and called Cantonment Leavenworth, after the commanding officer of the Third Infantry, who built its first huts. A part of the same regiment now garrisons the place, and the present post commander, Colonel Hoffman, was on duty there in 1828 as Second Lieutenant. The position is fine, on a high bluff of the Missouri River, commanding a beautiful view of the Iowa shore and surrounding country.

The reservation in which the fort stands, some miles square, extends to the edge of the town and has excited the cupidity of politicians and speculators to a high degree. About the period of the Fort Snelling swindle — the palmy days of the noble, disinterested Floyd — a nice little plan was on foot for its sale.

Returning to town I passed numbers of the ox trains used in freighting merchandise to New Mexico. They are remarkable, each wagon team consisting of ten yokes of fine oxen, selected and arranged not only for drawing but for pictorial effect, in sets of twenty, either all black, all white, all spotted, or otherwise marked uniformly.

Each set of twenty oxen draws from 6500 to 8000 pounds, and makes the journey from Leavenworth to Santa Fé at the contract rate of seven miles per day. Thereby hangs a tale which I have not time to tell at present, having special business with saddlers and outfitters. We start in the morning; but not by the Santa Fé trail. That route has no longer the charm of novelty. What say you to a different, circuitous, and far more interesting route? — a route that will take us through Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, and New Mexico — returning by the Rio Grande, Pecos, and Arkansas Rivers, with a glimpse at Denver, the gold mines, Pike's Peak, and a slice of the dreaded Llano Estacado by way of relish — a matter of some twenty-four hundred miles?

## LETTER II.

BANKS OF THE LITTLE BLUE RIVER, KANSAS, *June* 7, 1866.

LITTLE BLUE is a branch of the Big Blue — a branch of the Kaw or Kansas — a branch of the Missouri; latitude 40½; longitude 98½. "And there," as Dr. Marigold remarks, "you have me." I rather lay stress upon the river portion of my date, for here in this endless monotony of prairie, a river with its trees and green fringes of bushes, is a lovely and refreshing spectacle.

After a week on these boundless stretches of herbage, the main impression left is that you have heretofore had but a limited idea of territorial grandeur. Upon them all the armies of the earth might review, manœuvre, fight, and even retreat without danger of being found, if they chose to remain beyond the horizon line. Kingdoms could be carved out of them, and dozens of principalities made up out of the parings and slicings.

You ride a week, and move rapidly too, and from daybreak to sunset, as you pass on, the grand prairie spreads out before you, behind, right and left, — stretching to the horizon, apparently boundless. The sight from the White Mountains, from the Righi, or from any other picturesque "coign of vantage," is a mere matter of kaleidoscope and child's play to it.

The view of these prairies is often compared to that of the sea, and the comparison is correct. There is the same boundless sweep to the eye, with rolling waves of green from horizon to horizon — the same undulating play of sunshine and shade on its face — the same solitude — the same solemn and silent grandeur. And the resemblance in its features of life are not dissimilar. A distant wagon is a sail, and wrecks strew its strands as they do the ocean's shores. Bones of animals that have perished by the wayside line the route, and, of themselves, tell you of the scores of thousands that have passed on this great highway to the Pacific. After leaving Leavenworth, you notice them every mile or two. Soon they become more numerous, and now we pass them, carcasses and bones of oxen and mules, at very short intervals.

The first hundred miles (the whole distance from Leavenworth to Fort Kearney is two hundred and ninety-four miles) of the route, is to some extent through a settled country. The soil, black as your hat, is so rich that the earth looks as though it would laugh if you tickled it. New farms are evidently increasing rapidly, as the road itself shows. Being public domain, travellers have followed the most favorable undulations of the ground, without reference to the quantity of land covered. But as new farms are made, we find ourselves sent right or left, down hill or up, by the inclosure of the old route. We passed many newly fenced fields that have taken in large sections of the road.

I have not seen Southern Kansas, which, I am told, is far superior to Northern Kansas. It must be a beautiful country, for the northeast corner of the State, through which I passed, is sufficiently fertile to satisfy any reasonable man. It is impossible, too, that farming can be more remunerative anywhere else, for the farmer can sell at his own door, and at city prices, every thing he can raise.[1] I met a young man driving an ox team, yesterday, who had just been up to Fort Kearney to sell his corn at a dollar and a half per bushel. He and his brother cultivate fifteen acres of ground, all in corn, and for the past two years have sold what they do not use at the rate of about six hundred dollars per annum. He told me he was from Dutchess County, New York, and has lived in Southern Nebraska for eight years.

The towns and villages rapidly diminish as you approach the Nebraska frontier. Seneca, Nemaha County, and Marysville, Marshall County, are the last two, and are both nice and thriving villages of some six hundred inhabitants each. Marshall County has five hundred voters.

As yet we have not passed a single town in Nebraska, nor, I might say, even a farm proper. Things already begin to take a California or New Mexico tinge, and a house is now a ranch, consisting, generally, of a log building roofed with earth and grass, an adjoining inclosure, palisaded with heavy sticks of wood, and a well. There are but few of them, — mostly stations of the Overland Stage Company, — all having an air of half dwelling, half castle; not without reason, for as late as August, 1864, they were burnt by the Indians, as far as the Little Blue.

As well as I could observe, without leaving the road, the hills we have passed appear to be of carboniferous limestone, stratified horizontally, and coming out occasionally on the water-courses in prominent escarpments. As we advance, the limestone becomes more ferruginous and the groves of hickory and white and black walnut on the banks of streams less frequent. Yesterday a part of the prairie we passed over was strewn with masses of porphyritic granite and pebbles of quartz and porphyry.

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[1] Until yesterday I had been paying five cents a glass (one half pint) for milk; since getting into Nebraska we pay ten.

The beautiful prairie carpet is, at this season, variegated with a rich collection of wild flowers — the rose, pink, phlox, cluster lily (which here grows single), the amorpha in full bloom, large and luxuriant, while near the streams we find digitalis, œnothera with its bright, yellow flowers, and a species of mallow.

The prairie-rose is abundant to profusion, and gave rise to a spirited discussion in camp last night — one claiming it to be a sweet-briar, another the prairie-rose; "for," argued he, "if a rose that grows on the prairie is not a prairie-rose, I should like to know what is?"

And we have birds to enliven our progress. The road is alive with the mule-bird, whip-poor-will, doves, plover, and meadow lark. Of grouse, or prairie chicken, we have scared up a dozen or two. They are, of course, more shy than the others, but off the road and out in the prairie the hunter would, doubtless, find them more abundant. I speak of Kansas, for we have not seen one in Nebraska.

The solitude of these prairies is often spoken of. They are solitary, but not the road over them, which is as populous and active as any great highway in the country. You are scarcely ever out of sight of wagons — one, two, three, four yoke ox teams, and one and two span mule teams. And this reminds me of a story I promised to tell, in connection with the remarkable twenty-ox teams mentioned in my last. As ever in the Santa Fé trade, a high official in Washington expressed great dissatisfaction at the dilatoriness of the Quartermasters at Fort Leavenworth in starting transportation out in the spring. He did not appear to know that, until the grass grows on the Plains, the animals cannot be fed, and, consequently, cannot be sent out. They were always started about the middle of May, but that, he declared, would never do. He insisted on their starting the middle of April — came out himself and made the contracts accordingly — very easily finding the contractor that suited him. Having written triumphantly to Washington that he had revolutionized the whole system of transportation contracts, and proportionately pleased with himself, he happened to ride out to Salt Creek, three miles from Leavenworth, about the second week of May, and there, to his astonishment and disgust, found encamped his teams, that he supposed a month on the road to Santa Fé! They had *started*, just as they agreed to!

The average daily time by the Government contract, by ox teams, is seven miles. I should rather say it is the minimum time. The mule teams contract for twelve. Private enterprise is proverbially ahead of Government, and the result of my inquiries among more than a hundred wagoners whom I have conversed with on the road is, that their ox teams, loading five thousand pounds and upward, average sixteen, and the mules eighteen to twenty miles per day. The teams are of four, six, or eight oxen.

One man, who has crossed the Plains fourteen times, had a train of seven wagons, drawn by two oxen each, and told me that he made twenty-five miles per day. I am satisfied that his statement is correct. His loads, of course, are proportionately light, and the economy of time in yoking, unyoking, and herding two instead of six or eight animals, enables him to make the additional miles.

Since leaving Leavenworth, we have passed on the road, in one week, six hundred and eighty wagons, mostly filled with freight — some of them with emigrants. More than half of these wagons are bound for Denver with freight. On the ridge, eighteen miles long, between Rock Creek and the Little Blue, I counted one hundred bound for Denver. One train had a complete quartz-crushing machine, boilers, steam-engine and all, for Central City. Several trains were for Virginia City, some for Empire City, for Utah, and for Oregon. For Denver, they get from six and a half to eight cents per pound freight. It ought to be a money-making business, for it costs nothing to support the animals, which feed on the broad pastures of the Government, and but little to support the men, who cook their own crude comestibles. Indeed, the fast ox-team man told me that his men cost him nothing but the provisions they consumed, for they all went without wages — some for their health and some to work their passage. It may not be generally known that a trip across the Plains for health is in the West a well-recognized remedy for pulmonary and kindred ailings in their incipient stages.

## LETTER III.

FORT KEARNEY, NEBRASKA TERRITORY, *June* 11, 1866.

STORM-BOUND! Arriving Saturday afternoon, it was our intention to make Sunday a day of rest; but rain, thunder, lightning, and wind raged from Saturday evening until this morning. I particularly mention wind, for it has, in these regions, a strength and endurance nowhere else equalled. Crossing the prairies behind us, it would, in a clear atmosphere under a shining sun and bright sky, bluster and rush with such force as to render a march against it very difficult, and this without the slightest apparent provocation; for in other respects it would be a mild summer day. All that, however, was just the sighing of the gentle zephyr (I grant you the zephyr was full grown and robust) to the performance of yesterday. And then the rain! In "the States" — as they term it here — a well-behaved exhibiting storm is satisfied with sports of the ring, and ground and lofty tumbling for a few hours — say six or eight; here it does not get under fair headway in much less than twenty-four. Then, such lightning! Such rain!

I once heard a man give as a reason for quitting Western Arkansas, that he would n't live in a country where a man could n't lie down without being drowned, nor stand up without being struck by lightning! I feel justified on the same grounds, or rather waters, — for my tent was afloat last night, —

in taking leave of the Valley of the Platte with the least possible delay.

These high winds are a serious obstacle to the planting of fruit-trees in Northern Kansas, and we remarked that nearly all the farmers are endeavoring to procure a plantation of trees, mostly cottonwood, about their houses, as a preliminary shelter for their young orchards. Such is the rarity of trees, as you recede from the Missouri, that at length the eye rests upon a clump or cluster of them peeping from the bosom of some valley, with more pleasure than upon a lovely bouquet of camelias and roses in a city. I am speaking of Northern Kansas, where the great route west travels on a "divide." Going south, as you strike the creeks feeding the Kaw or Kansas, there is no want of every variety of fruit-trees in profusion. This scarcity of wood is, however, attended with one benefit, namely: the erection of solid stone houses, material for which appears to be abundant and excellent. I remarked at Marysville, Kansas, several houses built of a stone identical, in every respect, with the Roman *tufa*, used in the erection of the Coliseum, St. Peter's, and other monuments in Rome, and was informed that there are inexhaustible quarries of it in the neighborhood.

I stop a moment here to chase my paper, which has blown out of my hand, although covered by a tent — and there comes the rain again.

"A soldier's life is always gay."

We have, thus far, made rapid marches for a train of some forty-six mule wagons and sixty mounted men, having come thirty, thirty-five, and even thirty-eight miles a day. On one occasion, I had for my individual share fifty miles, having preceded the train, and gone seven miles too far.

You gentlemen of the city think it quite an equestrian performance to ride out some six miles and back. Why, your legs are hardly stretched! Rise at three in the morning, clean and feed your horse, get your own breakfast, ride forty miles without stopping, except to water, and then let us hear from you. One piece of advice I will give you. For any fatigue arising from horseback riding, your true repose is not in lying down, but in *walking*. The pain is not in the members stretched in the saddle, but in the unemployed muscles, which stiffen, and can only be properly relaxed by motion. If you are under the stern necessity of going on horseback for some hundreds of miles, you will find the advice good.

As advice is on the carpet, a word about pistols. The custom of carrying arms about the person in a civilized community is so barbarous and cowardly that no gentleman does it; but if you come out here, I could not advise you to dispense with them — not that the inhabitants are not civilized, but because you meet with some very irresponsible people on the road. One of our party, a civilian, who would not be persuaded to go armed, was suddenly converted the other day. He rode ahead of the party out of Seneca, Kansas, and took the wrong road. He tells the story thus: —

"I had gone about two miles, when I thought there was too much grass in the track, and soon was satisfied I was not on the grand route. Presently I saw a horseman coming across the prairie. I waited in order to ask him for information. He soon came up — a heavy-bearded, hard-looking customer, on a California saddle, with a pair of pistols in his belt. 'Is this the road to Fort Kearney?' said I. 'W-a-l-l,' said he, taking a mental inventory of my personal effects, accoutrements, and points of my horse, 'it *is* the road to Fort Kearney, but' —

"'You mean,' said I, 'it 's not the direct road. It 's over there,' — pointing north.

"'Yes.'

"'Thank you,' and putting spurs to my horse, I galloped across the prairie. Once started, I did n't fear him, for I had a good horse under me, but I candidly acknowledge I would n't care to have such another interview. The man may have been perfectly honest and inoffensive, but I should have felt more comfortable with a pistol in my belt.'"

The pleasantest part of our journey, thus far, was our three days on the Little Blue, ascending a valley from one to two miles in breadth, the river fringed on one side or the other with a green belt of willow and cottonwood. Leaving the river, vegetation changes as we reach an immense level plateau, stretching north to the Platte. Here we begin to see the aloe, prickly-pear, and saxifrage, and from a rich black loam the soil now becomes sand and clay, with an occasional ugly alkaline crust upon it. It is said to be utterly sterile, except in its wild grasses. The soil of the valley of the Platte is better, but crops cannot be raised, and the reason — want of rain — somewhat surprises us after our experience of last night. Three dollars per bushel has been paid for corn here within the past two years — the main cost being transportation from a distance.

Ten days out one begins to feel the want of newspapers. In this plight, a misfortune befell me the other morning. We passed the Frankfort station of the Overland Mail Company, and seeing some passengers about the door, I rode up and asked the favor of any old newspaper they no longer needed. Out of six one only complied, and handed me — a scurrilous and disloyal sheet. I asked for bread, and they gave me a stone!

Speaking of newspapers reminds me of schools. We have seen but one on the route, although we may have passed others without knowing it. We had been travelling over a dry ridge since four o'clock A. M., under a hot sun, with horizon unbroken by tree or cloud, when coming suddenly on the banks of the Vermilion, amidst running waters and grand clumps of trees, we saw something still more fresh and charming — a group of children on their way to school.

> "All the little boys and girls,
> With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
> And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
> Tripping and skipping ran merrily"

through the greenwood after each other. I stopped to speak to them, as much as they would let me with their constant interruption of "Are more soldiers coming?" There were fifteen in all — not one from Kansas, but two from Ohio, some from Illinois, Indiana, and Minnesota, three from Germany. Presently along came the teacher, — a nice-looking young woman, — who replied, as I might have expected, to my question as to her native State, — "Connecticut, sir!" She has, she tells me, twenty-two pupils every day in attendance, representing twenty-one families, settled six miles up and down the river.

# LETTER IV.

## NEBRASKA.

FORT KEARNEY, NEBRASKA TERRITORY, *June* 11, 1866.

"BUFFALO, buffalo?" is the constant inquiry of all those in the party who are on their first trip across the Plains. "When shall we see buffalo?" The anxiety of our country cousins to see the city elephant could not be greater. And yet I venture the assertion that the wild buffalo is not so dangerous an animal.

But I forget. We did see a buffalo, and unexpectedly soon, — in a field ten miles from Leavenworth, — a real, live one, full grown, too. He was in a pasture, in close proximity to a hay-stack; had been brought in from the prairies a mere calf, and now stands, hirsute and shaggy, sad and tractable. Like unto the other reconstructed animal, he takes kindly to Government fodder, and cultivates amicable relations with the Commissary.

The sight of our first real game was an event. It was some thirty miles south of this. I was riding ahead of our party, with a companion, when we remarked to our left, out on the prairie, six objects of unusual appearance. It took us some moments to make up our minds they were game. "Elk," said my friend. "Deer," said I. We were both wrong, for as soon as they started it was plain from their motion that they were antelopes.[1] They were discovered an instant after by the head of the column, and in a moment our greyhound, followed by the guide and hunter, started in pursuit.

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[1] They need be seen but once to be readily distinguished from deer. The deer leaps, the antelope skims over the ground.

By the way, I forgot to tell you about our guide — the most striking object in camp. Six feet, lithe, active, sinewy, daring rider, dead shot with pistol and rifle, long locks, fine features and mustache, buckskin leggins, red shirt, broad-brim hat, two pistols in belt, rifle in hand — he is a picture. Has lived since he was eleven on the prairies; when a boy, rode Pony Express on the California route, and during the war was scout and spy. He goes by the name of Wild Bill, and tells wonderful stories of his horsemanship, fighting, and hair-breadth escapes. We do not, however, feel under any obligation to believe them all.

It was an exciting race. The greyhound gaining on the antelope, the horse doing his best; for it is a remarkable animal that can run with an antelope. Among the Navajoe Indians the highest praise that can be made of a horse is to say, "He can catch an antelope." But the Indian and Mexican horses are inferior to our blooded stock in speed. Faster and faster went the antelope, and faster sprang the greyhound, until we lost sight of them. I have seen the Derby Day at Epsom Races, — nineteen of the best horses in England running, — but it was a tame affair to this. When the guide returned he told us that if the greyhound had been trained he could have caught the game. It did not know what to do, and would overtake the antelope and lie down, waiting for the hunter to come up.

In approaching Fort Kearney from the east, twenty-six miles off, the eye rests for the first time since leaving Leavenworth upon a line of horizon differing from the smooth, ocean-like verge of the prairie. An outline of mountain is seen — at least it looks like mountain by contrast. It is the summit of the dunes or sand-hills which mark the line of demarcation between the high table-land of the prairie and the valley of the Platte. These sand-hills form a line of bluffs sometimes called "Coast of the Nebraska." From the bluff, more than two miles from the river where the road strikes in, the valley of the Platte, covered with grass of a richer green than that of the prairies, presents a lovely appearance, as level as a floor; the fort is easily discernible across it, at a distance of eight miles.

To-day two Pawnee Indians came into camp, — two braves, — draped to the entire satisfaction of that ancient philosopher, who kept his single garment wrapped round him until the fashions should settle down into something definite. Our chiefs had on blankets — only these and nothing more; and in point of fact, without them they would have been *in puris naturalibus.*

Between the upper and nether mill-stone of their traditional enemies — the Sioux on the north, and the Apaches on the south — these poor Pawnees (Cooper's copper heroes) have been nearly, in prairie parlance, wiped out. The remnant left are friendly to the whites, well behaved, and quite equal to their own number of Sioux in a fair fight. Three companies of them enlisted and served during the war as mounted scouts, with great satisfaction to themselves and the Government.

To-day we saw a small squad of cavalry come in. Three out of five were Omaha Indians.

Shortly after entering Nebraska, the first word you hear indicating a current of civilization from the West, is the word *Ranche*. A ranche is not a dwelling, nor a farm-house, nor a store, nor a tavern, but all of these, and more. It is connected with a large corral, and capable of standing an Indian siege. You can procure entertainment at them, — decidedly Nebraskaish, — and they keep for sale liquors, canned fruit, knives, playing-cards, saddlery, and *goggles* — both blue and green. Their assortment of optical wares is not large, though, and, not to put too fine a point upon it, they have nothing in that line but goggles. Jesting apart, they are here an article of prime necessity, and you will find them on sale at every ranche on the plains, north and south. The prevalent heat, dust, and glare make them almost indispensable. I saw, among other wares, some handsome buckskin gloves, manufactured by the Mormons at Salt Lake City, which they sell cheaper than Eastern; so look out for a counter-current in the commercial stream.

Descending the sand-hills into the valley of the Platte, you see your first adobe building, and thence they meet your eye all along the road. Strictly speaking, it is not adobe, (which is brick, regularly moulded, and burned in the sun,) but *terrero*, — I believe that is the Spanish term, — being simply prairie sod, cut in blocks of two feet by one foot and a half, and three or four inches thick. They are laid, grass down, in walls three feet thick, and make the coolest house in summer, and warmest in winter, known in this region. Such a building stands an Indian siege better than any other, as it is impossible to fire it, and arrows can do it no damage.

Fort Kearney was established as a cantonment in 1843, by Colonel James Stephen Kearney, (the uncle of General Phil. Kearney,) commanding three companies of the First United States Dragoons. A few adobe buildings were at once put up, and in 1846 it was created a regular post. Of fort there is no longer any vestige, the pickets and block-house put up for defense against Indians having long since disappeared.

The garrison, consisting of a few scattered buildings of inferior class, and quartermaster's stables, is situated about three quarters of a mile from the south bank of Platte River, and two miles north of the ridge of sand bluffs which, for hundreds of miles, form the southern boundary of Platte Valley proper. Nothing grows in the neighborhood, and supplies of every description must be brought from a distance. Corn is a dollar and a half per bushel; whisky ten dollars per gallon, and other things in proportion.

Canned meats, fruits, and vegetables are (of necessity) used to a great extent. I never before understood where the outlet existed for the immense quantities prepared in the Eastern cities. Every ranche from here to California, and down to Mexico, buys largely of them.

Kearney City — familiarly and disrespectfully known to Nebraska teamsters as "Adobe Town" — is two miles west of the fort, and rejoices in some ten or a dozen stores and the "Kearney Herald," a weekly paper which contains some stunning advertisements, mainly of ranches up and down the valley. Among others, Sam. Hyde, in closing a flourishing announcement of his Valley Ranche, says: "Be pleased to give us a call, and taste of the viands, smell of a smile, and loose your animals to the forage, and if you don't go away feeling better, your stock moving livelier, and your whole outfit looking refreshed, then say Sam. Hyde is n't a good rancheman. Don't forget the place — Valley Ranche, situated in the very heart of that Canaan-like valley, the charming Platte." All of which is what printers call "displayed" in the largest and most ornamental type of the "Kearney Herald."

We encamped eleven miles west of Fort Kearney, last evening, at a point where the road strikes the river. The number of wooded islands here, picturesquely grouped, remind you vividly of the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence. The Platte River rises at the base of Frémont's Peak, in the Wind River range of the Rocky Mountains, its main branch flowing directly east to the Missouri. Its name — Platte — is said to be significant of the character of this shallow and many-channeled river, which is platted into myriads of islands and sandbars. One of these islands, known as Grand Island, was, a few years ago, ninety miles long — probably the largest river island in the world. The new channels, forced by high water, have recently cut it into four islands. Counting the Sweetwater, its main branch, the Platte River is nine hundred miles in length. It is utterly worthless for the purposes of navigation, the quicksands of to-day filling the channels of yesterday.

At Kearney City is stationed an officer with a small squad of soldiers, charged with the execution of the order from department headquarters, not to allow emigrant or other trains to go west of that point unless properly manned and armed against possible attacks of hostile Indians. No train is allowed to proceed unless attended by men capable of fighting, and fully armed and equipped. A train too weak to protect itself must halt until it can join another train sufficient at least to make up the minimum force required by the order.

I ascertained from the officer on duty there that since May 15, emigrant trains have gone west from Kearney City at the rate of eighty wagons and one hundred and sixty people (men, women, and children) per day. This computation is exclusive of freighters' trains, which exceed the emigrant trains in number of wagons, but not in people. The freight trains are on the road all the time, going and coming, have all their teamsters armed, and do not require the surveillance necessary for the emigrants. It would be within bounds to say that one hundred and fifty wagons pass west daily, during the season. I insert an extract from the Kearney City paper giving the departures for two days. The list, I am informed, is not full: —

LIST OF FREIGHTERS' AND PILGRIMS' TRAINS ORGANIZED AT AND PASSING WEST OF KEARNEY.

"June 5 — Conductor John Shaum, 23 wagons, 34 men, 34 revolvers, 20 guns, 2 women; bound for Denver.

"June 6 — Conductor J. S. Miller, 33 ox wagons, 42 men, 25 revolvers, 15 guns, 3 women, 7 children; bound for Denver.

"Conductor Harmon Kish, 20 ox wagons, 30 men, 8 guns, 23 revolvers; bound for Denver.

"Conductor S. M. Scott, 32 wagons, 34 men, 34 revolvers, 20 guns; bound for Salt Lake."

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[1] The term Pilgrims for emigrants first came into use at the period of the heavy Mormon travel — the Mormons styling themselves "Pilgrims to the promised land of Utah." The word has been retained on the Plains, and applied indiscriminately to all emigrants.

A matter of interest just now for Kearney is the completion of the railroad from Omaha. The company expect it to be finished in August next, and are now laying rail at the rate of one mile and a half per day. If the Iowa railroad were completed, so as to make the connection from Chicago to Omaha, across the State of Iowa, the Pacific Railroad from Omaha would be far ahead of all its competitors.

# LETTER V.

BANKS OF THE RIVER PLATTE,
(Thirty-four miles W. of Plum Creek,).
NEBRASKA TERRITORY, *June* 13, 1866.

WE to-day passed very near the spot designated by acts of Congress as the point where the various lines of railroad intended to reach the Pacific Ocean must concentrate; the exclusive privileges of the remainder of the route to be accorded to the one first at that point with a completed road. The place designated is at the intersection of the one hundreth meridian of longitude and the Republican Fork of the Kansas.

From all I can learn, the railroad from Omaha appears to have, in point of time, what is called the inside track; but whether its want of connection east of Omaha may, or not, prejudice its claim, I am not sufficiently familiar with the act of Congress to decide.

The Indian name of this stream is "Nebraska," — the Shallow River, — but it is now universally called the Platte. The etymology of the word "Platte," given in my last, is the one adopted in Nebraska, the river being so called, they say, from the fact that it plats out the islands and its banks, in its rapid and erratic course. The derivation appears to me far-fetched and forced. Without knowing it positively — for I have never heard it suggested — I feel almost certain that the name of Platte was given it as follows: —

The boatmen and hunters who accompanied the early explorers, were Canadian *voyageurs* and "*coureurs des bois*," and after some hundreds of miles' experience of the river, spreading indefinitely in width, with low, level banks, scarcely a foot or two higher than the stream, they must inevitably have exclaimed, "*Dieu! qu'elle est donc plate, cette riviere!*" The word *plate*, repeated in English, was necessarily spelled with two *t*'s, to follow the French pronunciation, and I am well satisfied that this is the origin of the name Platte.

Ascending from Fort Kearney, the hills that bound the river on the south, running with it at a distance varying from a half to three miles, treeless and shrubless at the start, become gradually barren even of grass, and increase in sterility and broken outline until you have a range of cones, caps, and peaks of almost naked earth, pierced and separated by deep cañons. In places, the river is beautiful to the eye, sometimes as broad as the St. Lawrence at Montreal, studded with innumerable islands of every size and form, and fringed (mostly on both sides) with picturesque trees. As I write, looking across a stretch of rich meadow prairie, on which our horses are feeding, at the shining water, relieved by the emerald of the green islets and the heavy border of large dark trees, to the distant frontier of hills, I have as beautiful a landscape before me as an artist need wish.

We have left civilization, and are in the Indian's land. No more houses, farms, fences, gardens, orchards or fields. At the solitary ranche — each one many miles from the next, a man meets you with pistols in his belt, and you hear from him that as soon as the Cheyennes, Sioux, and Arrapahoes have eaten up the provisions they are now receiving while in attendance at the treaty at Fort Laramie, he expects to be attacked by them. The treaty will last, they say, as long as the sugar the Indians get. They never knew it to be otherwise. The Indians themselves, in going to Laramie, made sport of the treaty, and say they will make one "so long" — indicating the last thumb-joint on the hand. I have conversed with the dwellers in the ten ranches from here to Fort Kearney, and they all tell substantially the same story. Notwithstanding treaties and the most solemn promises on the part of the savages, they look for an outbreak, with the usual Indian barbarities and horrors, as certainly as the leaves fall.

The trouble appears to be that these Indians have not been thoroughly whipped. They despise the whites and their government, for they cannot understand that we should not chastise them if we have the ability to do it. Their successive massacres have been rewarded with treaties and presents. If a force strong enough to subdue them is sent out, they immediately sue for peace, and, of course, it is granted them in spite of all their treachery. Were we to do otherwise, and give them no quarter, there would be a cry of cruelty and oppression that would deafen Congress and the country; and yet year after year, the dreadful farce goes on. Whenever our friends, the savages, run short of powder, lead, and blankets, they have an inexhaustible store-house from which to draw. They are not at all embarrassed. They step down to the Plains, plunder a few wagons, murder a few emigrants — a force is sent after them — they sue for peace — have a treaty, with its usual accompaniment of presents — get what they want — and begin over again when they see fit! Some eight thousand of them have been for the past two months at Laramie "negociating" — and it is supposed the treaty will cost the Government more than half a million of dollars.

If the expenditure were of any avail, well and good; but every one knows it is not of the slightest. It is very true that the Indians do not get all the money appropriated. Much of it is intercepted and stolen before it reaches them, and the amount of corruption generated by this useless and vicious system of Indian treaties is precisely one of the strongest arguments against its existence.

The nature of the outrages and barbarities perpetrated by these savages is not, I think, generally understood at the East. Murder and scalping are their mildest features. Their treatment of women and young girls beggars description. I was in Minnesota during the dreadful Sioux outbreak of 1862, and I speak within bounds in saying that it is impossible to write in English a description of the horrors inflicted on women. A man face to face with another man, would find it difficult to tell them! Language cannot render them.

And yet the men who have made their wild prairie home in these ranches, are willing to remain and brave it out. I said to one, "Of course, as you expect the Indians down upon you, you will leave your ranche and place your family in safety?" "No," said he; "where should I go? All I have is here. They burned my house and killed my stock two years ago, and I'll stay and see it out." Another whom I asked what he would do, replied, "Give 'em the best I've got," pointing to his rifle.

An hour ago, about sunset, I strolled up to the hut near which we are camped. The wife of the ranche man was watering a struggling little evergreen, growing at her door. On the door-sill sat a bright-eyed, flaxen-haired little child. The mother returned my "good-evening," with a sad expression. Poor evergreen! Poor child! Poor mother!

These ranches are seen at a distance of from four to six miles on these dead levels, and loom up like a Fortress Monroe, or a Castle St. Angelo. A stable or house with its square openings for light and air, resembles, at a short distance, a brown stone fort, with embrasures. The dwelling is sometimes adobe, but more frequently a solidly built log house, much more compact and strong than our Ohio log huts, and a corral of pickets or adobe, constitute the prairie castle.

The last ranche I passed—a new one—was built of cedar logs, hauled forty-five miles.

I have been surprised to find the cactus growing in great variety and profusion in so high a latitude as this. Within the past four days I have seen a dozen different kinds; some of them of great beauty. If I had been told a month ago that the cactus grew in latitude forty-one, I should have doubted it.

Thermometer yesterday morning at 3.30 A. M., 45°. This morning at the same hour, 57°. This evening at six P. M., 75°.

## LETTER VI.

MORROW'S RANCHE, ON THE PLATTE,
NEBRASKA TERRITORY, *June* 15.

FORT McPherson, named after the gallant General McPherson, who fell in front of Atlanta, was hastily established as a post during the war by some volunteer troops. The winter quarters, huts of cedar logs, erected by them, with a stockade, flag-staff, a few pieces of small artillery, and quartermaster's buildings, constitute the post. It is at present garrisoned by two companies U. S. Volunteers, and two companies Regular Cavalry.

The place is designated on some of the maps as Cottonwood, and is ninety-five miles west of Fort Kearney. We laid over here this morning to rest and shoe our horses, and have made only an afternoon's march to-day, twelve miles, to this point, which is at the junction of the North and South Fork of the Platte.

I mentioned in my last, the change in the character of the hills on the south bank of the Platte, which we are ascending.

For the last fifteen miles our route rises rapidly, and the hills approach the river denuded even of the scant herbage with which they are clothed near Fort Kearney, arid and broken into separate and rugged peaks and elevations, like some gigantic ocean breaker dashing its immense volume into a hundred different waves. There is a striking similarity between the last elevations of the range and the celebrated Siebengebirge on the Rhine; even to the peculiar shape of the Drachenfels. The hills of the Rhine are wooded, and allowing for the apparent difference on that account I should say they were of the same size with those of the Platte.

The birds have become scarce. The prairie hen or grouse, which follows the fields and civilization, disappeared hundreds of miles back; the bobo'link, who was with us only for a few days in Southern Nebraska, also affects the society of man. All that are left are meadow larks, plover, and doves, which last are in plenty. Game increases. We see deer and antelope every day; the prairie dog has amused us with his antics, and all we need to make our happiness complete is the sight of a buffalo.

Great excitement in camp this evening. "Boys, there 's an Indian up at the ranche!" "Is there? let 's go see him." I supposed it was some drunken outcast, such as too frequently loaf around stores, and paid no attention to the report. Having occasion, however, to go up in the evening, I saw our savage, and a fine specimen he was — a Sioux, such as I have seen many in Minnesota.

When the first French explorers went into the land of the Dakotah, they came from the Ojibways or Chippewas, their traditional enemies. In their conversations among themselves, the Frenchmen avoided the use of the word Dakotah, so that the suspicious savages might not know they were speaking of them. To designate them they availed themselves of the Chippewa expression when referring to the Dakotah — "Nadiessou," "our enemies." The last syllable changed to *Sioux* has remained in popular use, but is a mere nickname, and excessively disagreeable to the tribe to which it is applied.

The origin of the word Sioux, as I give it, may be found in the published travels of the early French discoverers. Thus much to make clear my conversation with the savage. He had been out hunting, was thrown from his horse and badly bruised. Jack Morrow, well known in all this region, and the owner of the ranche, to which he has given the somewhat ambitious title of "The Junction House," from the fact of its being near the junction of the South and North Plattes, accords him protection and hospitality until he shall be able to return to his tribe — the Brulés. This Sioux belongs to the band of a chief called Spotted-Tail, which gentleman of variegated extremity is said to be now in attendance at the treaty of Fort Laramie.

I found him the centre of a crowd of soldiers, (most of whom had never seen an Indian,) calmly smoking his long wooden pipe, and profoundly oblivious of the presence of all around him. Waiting until the crowd had dispersed, I approached him with the question, "Pawnee"?

Violent negation and expression of disgust.

"Sioux"?

Reluctant and gruff assent.

"Then you are a Dakotah!"

His features instantly relaxed, and grasping my hand with "Good, good; Dakotah! Dakotah!" he actually laughed with pleasure.

Thermometer at 7¼ A. M., 63°; at 4 P. M., 82°; at 9 P. M., 58°.

SATURDAY, *June* 16.

WE had no wood last night for our fires but cedar, and the camp was filled with its aroma. Our route to-day has been monotonous. Passed a train of thirty-one wagons bound for Salt Lake City, all six or eight ox teams, carrying freight, three to four thousand pounds each load. They travel an average of seventeen miles a day, and expect to reach their destination by the end of August. Their freight is paid eighteen cents per pound, from Nebraska City.

As we march there is great increase of dead animals fallen by the wayside, mostly oxen. The carcasses soon disappear here, showing the presence of the prairie wolf, whose sharp howl we sometimes hear in the night.

We have not much ice-water, but soda-water is to be had in every puddle by the road-side, and the ground is covered, where it has stood, with a white incrustation. Properly enough, a station called Alkali is just ahead of us.

"Thermometer at 3½ A. M., 57°; 3 P. M., 72½°; 6 P. M., 69°." Dry stuff — figures about the thermometer? perhaps you think. Not dry to everybody. Even distances and the price of freight, interest many. If I were to indite a page or two about the the prairie flowers, — the large patches of blue eutoca, the artemisia, glittering like silver as the wind turns its leaves to the sun, the acres of helianthus and golden coreopsides, the fragrant phloxes, rudbeckias, azure larkspur, purple psilotria; the quantities of cacti, pink, red and yellow, the islands of sweetbriar in the ocean of prairie grass, — your business man, who wants "facts, sir, facts!" would set it down as nonsense, and so your poor correspondent, after a hard day's ride, having risen at three A. M., scribbling with a lead-pencil, paper on knee, at set of sun, in front of his tent, has before his eyes the fear of dissatisfying many, with no certainty of pleasing even a few.

We passed O'Fallon's Bluff to-day — named after a hunter killed there by the Cheyennes. The Bluff is sandy, and not very high. The road passes around, and strikes the river above it again, coming in at the bank through a lane of cottonwood, willow, and innumerable bushes of sweet-briar, loading the air with fragrance. A hum of gratification ran through the party. Much sand and sun, and the shade of nothing but telegraph-poles all along the road, made it an oasis on the desert route.

SUNDAY, *June* 17.

WE have glorious risings and settings of the sun. With reveille at three, we are usually standing by our horses waiting for the bugler to sound "mount" when the rich sunlight, bathing the clouds in gold, spreads over valley and river. Each sunset is declared more magnificent than the last, and sometimes the question is asked if this is as grand as an Italian sunset, showing how deeply rooted in our literature is the English belief on that subject. It is all very well to declare an Italian sunset magnificent, as compared with English leaden skies, but it is simply absurd for an American to adopt the idea and apply it to his own country.

Graves by the roadside increase in number. I saw but few in Kansas. To-day we passed many. Two small pieces of board, one of them rudely lettered, usually mark the places of burial. Some of them are without name or date. Many are the graves of soldiers or travellers killed by the Indians.

Most of them are of those who died by the wayside, travelling from their home to a distant land of promise, to which, indeed, let us hope, they have gone. One grave, off the road some distance, on a solitary hillside, bears an inscription on its rude headboard, evidently made from a portion of a wagon, more remarkable than any I ever saw, and, touching and beautiful in its simplicity. It is

WOMAN.

7 P. M. Shades steal over the soft outline of the hills, across the Platte, and the sun sets in an unclouded horizon. Thermometer, 3½ A. M., 44°; 3 P. M., 90°; 6 P. M., 80°.

To-morrow we reach Fort Sedgwick, and leave Nebraska for Colorado.

BANKS OF THE SOUTH FORK OF THE PLATTE
(near Beauvais Ranche),
OLD CALIFORNIA CROSSING, MONDAY, *June* 18, 1866.

WE rise as we advance, and a few miles further on shall be three thousand feet above sea level. The valley narrows, the river grows smaller, and the hills lower and bleaker. We passed through some twenty acres of cactus this morning, most of it of what is called the prickly-pear variety. Some of the bunches were from ten to fifteen feet in diameter. They are just beginning to flower, the bunches bearing from fifty to one hundred flowers. These are in great variety of colors — straw, buff, pink, red, &c.

Thermometer to-day, at 3½ A. M., 58°; 3 P. M., 77°; 5 P. M., 85°; 7 P. M., 62°; 9 P. M., 58°.

Graves by the roadside still increase in number. To-day for the first time we saw one with a cross on it. How much to be regretted that the sacred emblem of man's redemption and hope of a blessed immortality, should be banished from such a spot! In our elegant metropolitan cemeteries, in whose adornment all the erudition of theology, architecture, sculpture, and sacred history is laid under contribution, prominent place can be found for the Roman cinerary urn, — meaningless in such a place, — for the ram's head, typical of pagan sacrifice, for the reversed torch, emblematic of heathen despair beyond the grave, for the links and triangles of modern profane societies; for any thing, in short, but the Cross, the highest, holiest symbol of Christianity.

## LETTER VII.

FORT SEDGWICK, (Five miles west of Julesburg,)
COLORADO TERRITORY, MONDAY, *June*, 1866.

JULESBURG has six houses, including a store, adobe-yard, blacksmith shop and — billiard saloon! This last institution has been established but a short time, and at its advent,

"All the world wondered;"

— that is, all the world in Julesburg.

At Fort Sedgwick, this grand territorial highway branches. Wagons, emigrants, and trains for Montana, Wyoming, Idaho, Oregon, and some portions of Utah and California, cross the South Fork of the Platte and go by the Lodge Pole Creek and Fort Laramie routes. The South Fork is fordable here, and a ferry-boat is now nearly completed, to be used at high water.

Fort Sedgwick is the most important of the military posts on this route. As already stated in a previous letter, these forts are mere posts or garrisons, having no defensive works whatever. Sedgwick was established in 1864, and is now a four-company post, garrisoned by two companies of the 5th United States Volunteers, one company of the 18th Regulars, and one company of the 2d United States Cavalry; all under the command of Captain Neill, of the 18th Regulars. It is the best-ordered and disciplined fort we have seen since leaving Leavenworth. The position is commanding, being high, and yet very near the river. A point called Pilot Knob, on the highest elevation of the range of hills behind, affords a magnificent view of the two Forks of the Platte, the Republican Fork, a grand sweep of prairie, and the distant Bear Buttes, called by some the Bare Beauties! — beauties not even

"Dans le simple appareil"

of the one "snatched from slumber."

The surgeon at this post insists that the entire Platte Valley is susceptible of as high a state of culture and fertility as that of the Nile. For the sake of the Valley itself, and the future State of Nebraska, I sincerely hope he may be right. Irrigation is his remedy. The Valley, and in fact nearly all the State, wants water and wood. Irrigation is to cure the first defect, and the discovery of coal the second. With the exception of some cedar up the cañons, difficult of access and more difficult to obtain, there is no wood; and fuel is hauled to Fort Sedgwick from distances of forty to seventy miles, at a cost of more than one hundred dollars per cord. The lumber with which they are now erecting houses in Julesburg is brought by wagon from Denver, and costs eighty dollars per thousand. On the Platte below, a fringe of trees is almost everywhere visible along the river; but, in ascending the South Fork, you may travel a long day's journey without a tree in sight.

We have not ascended on our route for several days without result. Fort Sedgwick is 3,660 feet above the level of the sea.

*June 19, 1866.*

My journal of yesterday was interrupted by the most startling incident of our travel thus far. An angry-looking storm, that had been gathering since four o'clock, burst upon our camp at about 6 P. M., in rain, thunder, lightning, and hail. I have seen heavier rain and hail, but the lightning had terrifying, grand, forked tongues, and the usual descending flashes were its simplest expression. Against the black curtain of the sky it formed a quivering lattice-work of livid fire. The crashes and peals came nearer and more deafening, until suddenly two vivid strokes fell within a moment of each other, which, we were certain, must have struck within the camp. I looked out of our tent, as well as the dashing rain and blinding light would allow, and within fifty yards of it I saw a mule just stricken down. The animal gave one convulsive shudder and was dead. Nearer to us, almost at the same instant, we saw a man fall. We ran to his assistance. Fortunately he was only stunned. He rallied in the course of half an hour, and described his sensation from the shock thus: "I thought my back was broken, and my mouth appeared to be full of vinegar." Experimenters in electricity will appreciate the latter effect.

While the mule that was struck stood in the lowest ground in camp, on the more elevated places, within sixty feet, were wagons and elevated tent-poles, all with more or less iron about them, unharmed! The storm passed down the Valley, where it appeared to be raging with unabated vigor for more than an hour after it left us.

Thermometer yesterday (18th), at 3.30 A. M., 58°;

3 P. M., 77°; 5 P. M., 85°; 7. P. M. (after the storm), 62°; 9 P. M., 58°.

We made a short twelve-mile march this P. M. More cactus. I should be afraid to say how many acres of it we passed over, lest you might doubt my estimate. Among the colors I had not before remarked were lemon, maroon, and a beautiful cherry with a silver-white edge. Any half-dozen of them would make a garden the centre of attraction for a whole city. Besides the birds I have already mentioned, I saw to-day several flocks of ducks, curlew, and the red-winged blackbird.

# LETTER VIII.

SOUTH FORK OF THE RIVER PLATTE,
COLORADO TERRITORY, *June* 20, 1866.

THERMOMETER entries yesterday should have been, 6 A. M., 60°; 6.30 P. M., 88°.

The immense trains of wagons returning from Denver bring back nothing but a little lumber as far as Julesburg. The freight is thirty-five dollars per one thousand feet.

One would suppose that Iowa was a sufficiently new State to satisfy any emigrant; but not so the seven families I passed this morning, with their eight wagons, teams, wives, children, and household furniture, on their way to — Oregon! They will reach their journey's end late in autumn.

Most of the Oregon emigrants cross the Platte at Fort Sedgwick, but these, for some reason of their own, choose to go further southwest before making what the sailors would call their "northing."

Thermometer, — 3.30 A. M., 60°; 3 P. M., 73°; 9 P. M., 61°.

*June* 21, 1866.

SINCE the fearful storm at Fort Sedgwick, we have seen others, above and below us, every day; and last night at eleven another, more severe than the first, burst upon our camp. I spoke of the lightning, the other day, as presenting the appearance of a lattice-work of livid fire. This time the lattice-work was shivered and splintered, and one entire side of the heavens was illuminated with these forked fragments, darting and shooting athwart each other and the black pall they emblazoned. At twelve the storm passed over, the new moon came out brightly, and—a thing I never witnessed or heard of before—the larks began to sing; not a mere chirp, but a merry, mellow warble! I thought at first it was some clever imitator. But no; the singing came from the veritable birds themselves.

As we progress west, ranchmen have more enlarged ideas, and, instead of giving their own names to their hostelries, call them the Chicago, the Wisconsin, the American Ranch, etc.

The dwelling portion of the Wisconsin is a regular castle in appearance,—entrance completely walled around, and pierced with loop-holes for reconnoitring and firing. The family, two young women and some children, barely escaped with their lives eighteen months ago, flying from the house only fifteen minutes before the Indians reached it. And yet these people came back to live, with the same danger threatening them! The country, too, all about them, as naked and sterile as the desert!

We to-day passed over the largest plain we have yet seen,—fourteen miles in length, by one to three in breadth. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that it is as level as a floor.

More graves by the roadside. Near the American Ranch, a neater and larger head-board than usual tells the passer that it covers the remains of W. J. Morris, killed by the Indians January 15, 1865. He was murdered at this ranch—his own—by the Sioux, who took with them captives his wife and two children.

For something Mrs. Morris refused to do for the chief who held her, he stamped one of her children, an infant of eighteen months, to death with his feet, before its mother's eyes. The unfortunate woman was ransomed after seven months' captivity, and now lives in Iowa. Poor creature! Her husband died but once; she must have suffered a thousand deaths. The ranch has but lately been rebuilt, and I obtained these particulars from the present occupants.

This morning, looking beyond the Platte over a broad prairie landscape some fifty miles in extent, all of it in deep shadow from a heavy cloud just passing overhead, we saw a large city with high battlements, long walls, heavy masses of buildings, and ranges of magnificent edifices, all lighted up by a brilliant sun shining full upon it. There needed only a few spires and towers to make the illusion — for such, of course, it was — perfect.

What we saw was a long cliff, or collection of cliffs, nearly one hundred feet high, thrown into brilliant relief by the deep shadow of the long intervening space. The effect of the bright light changed its crude masses of sand and rock into grand architecture.

It is most probable that some such spectacle — often witnessed and spoken of by the Indians in Mexico — has given rise to the many stories and traditions current there of the existence of a beautiful city far in the interior, grander and larger than any ever before seen.

We camped this afternoon two miles beyond the American, and, seeing another ranch on the road, went up to reconnoitre.

A sign over the door informed me that it was —

FORT WICKED,
KEPT BY W. GODFREY,
GROCERY STORE.

The dwelling and store are strongly fortified by a strong stone wall nearly six feet high, well provided with flared embrasures. This ranch was attacked by the Indians on the same day Morris and three other men were killed at the American. The savages were about one hundred and thirty in number, Sioux and Cheyennes. They began operations at 10 A. M. by killing and driving off the valuable stock, expecting to draw the men out of the ranch. Failure! They then fired the prairie grass, the wind setting strong on the stable and hay-stacks; and followed up the fire, expecting to see them catch. Godfrey crept out with a bucket of water in one hand and rifle in the other, and, protected partially from their view by the curtain of smoke, wet the grass a sufficient breadth to prevent the fire from crossing. Another failure for the gentle savage.

They then — all of them mounted, armed, and in their fiercest war-paint — made a circle about the house, and employed some hours in charging up to it in bands of twenty and discharging their pieces, guns and pistols, at long range, at the doors and windows. They kept up this performance until late in the afternoon, and left in disgust, with a loss of three killed and eight wounded.

Godfrey had but three men to assist him. He has seven now, and is not afraid, he says, of five hundred of them.

It is a very remarkable fact that those savages, whose entire style of war is based upon a system of surprise and taking an enemy at a disadvantage, have not, in a single instance, attacked one of these ranches at night. Godfrey says they are too cowardly to attempt it. They want all the certainty of surprise on their own side.

Godfrey is an admirable type of the American frontiersman. Originally from Onondaga County, New York, he settled first in Ozaukee County, Wisconsin, then in California, and, finally, here, where he has been since 1860.

In passing the sod-wall corral on my return to camp, I noticed a deep, well-constructed ditch at each angle of the inclosure, — say three feet in breadth and depth. Supposing it was for defense, I asked no questions, but during the night I dreamed of Vauban and Carmontaine, and wondered what on earth the ditch could be for. There was no water to fill it, and, even if there were, the sandy soil would soon drink it up. Then, again, it was too narrow to prevent an Indian, "or any other man," from stepping across. In short, my military knowledge was utterly discomfited and brought to grief, and my night's rest much injured.

Thermometer, — at 3.30 A. M., 51°; 3 P. M. 85°; 9 P. M., 71°.

FRIDAY, *June* 22.

I rode up to the portcullis and drawbridge of Fort Wicked at half-past four o'clock this morning, and had an interview with the commanding officer. With an air expressive of perfect familiarity with the use of the ditch in works of defense, I asked him why this "castle moat" was finished only at the angles, and not completed round the entire wall.

"Why, sir," said he, "that's a contrivance of my own to prevent the cattle rubbing agin' the corners, and knocking out the sod!"

I came down, as it were, from a height, and gave the conversation an abrupt angle by inquiring why he called his ranch Fort Wicked.

"Well," was his reply, "I guess the Sioux and Cheyennes know well enough."

In the sandy soil we have been travelling over for some days past, rattlesnakes abound. We have destroyed a number, and this morning W—— killed one with nine rattles, which would make the reptile eleven or twelve years old.

Our route has been through a flower-garden today. On one side, miles of the diminutive sunflower thickly intermingled with the cluster-lily, making a combination of purple and gold hardly dreamed of by Solomon. On the other side, the wild heliotrope (white), the blue eutoca, the wild pea, many other flowers, white, pink, red, and yellow, unknown to me, and, more than all, the cactus, extending as far as the eye can trace color, — a mantle of many and brilliant tints over the green prairie carpet. But this beauty seems like a mockery when all else around is sterile and desolate.

The broad, sandy route, and the monotonous line of telegraph-poles alone speak of civilization.

In dwelling upon the outrages of the savages upon the ranch settlers along the road, the thought naturally occurs that it is inconceivable men should risk their lives, and, more than that, the lives of their wives and daughters, to preserve their right to a little spot of ground. But the matter causes more astonishment when we know that they can have no property here, even in the ranch they build. This region is still Indian territory, the Indian title still unextinguished, and the whites who settle here do so without the color of title or authority. No sale has been, nor could be, made by the United States, — no line of survey even run. The treaties with the savages have, if I am correctly informed, merely granted the right of way covered by this route along the Platte.

In quitting Nebraska, I fear that my letters concerning it may be severely criticized for furnishing little or no information concerning the State, its resources, its cities, towns, educational system, enterprise, commerce, politics, &c. *Ex nihilo nihil fit. Nemo dat quod non habet.* Scarcely any of these things have existence in Nebraska. With the exception of Omaha and one or two small towns on its extreme eastern border — the Missouri River — towns and villages are not. And, if you examine a good map carefully, you will find that there is little else to be indicated (save the few military posts I have described) but rivers, — such rivers! — creeks, sand-hills, saline lakes, Brulé Indians, more sand-hills, Cheyennes, more saline lakes, and other geographical confectionery.

Indeed, I claim to have done for Nebraska much better than a very distinguished French savant did for Patagonia. He was charged with a scientific expedition to that interesting region, and specially requested by a learned Academy to make a full and detailed report on the manners and customs of the inhabitants. He fulfilled his mission, and, as is customary with scientific gentlemen returning from an expedition, took a vacation of six months (dining and wining), during which he was supposed to be burning the midnight oil, and wasting himself in literary vigils. His report, engrossed on vellum, ornamented with a beautiful blue ribbon and an imposing red seal, was substantially as follows: —

### PART FIRST.

The Patagonians have no manners.

### PART SECOND.

Their customs are filthy.

There's the bugle-call: —

"Don't you hear the General say,
'Strike your tents and march away?'"

## LETTER IX.

CAMP WARDWELL (THE JUNCTION),
South Fork of the Platte,
COLORADO, *June* 23, 1866.

THE old road to Denver from this place follows the South Fork of the Platte, but there is a shorter route called the Cut-off, which, as its name implies, goes nearly in a straight line, and is some twenty miles shorter than the river route. The Smoky Hill Fork route comes in here from Kansas, and the road to Wyoming (the last new Territory) and California branches off at the head of South Fork. Camp Wardwell is, therefore, called the Junction.

An officer, exercising the functions of Provost-Marshal, here as at Fort Kearney, sees that the order for self-protection of trains is complied with, and that they do not proceed without a minimum strength of thirty armed men, for safety against the Indians.

Notwithstanding the pains taken to warn, advise, and direct emigrants in all matters concerning their safe transit across the Plains without any expense to them, they constantly neglect and violate both advice and orders. Trains leaving Fort Kearney, made up of several parties, forming the requisite aggregate strength, before going thirty miles will separate into their original bands, each one separately being almost powerless for defense against an Indian attack, — a truly American proceeding. I saw several such instances on the road from Fort Kearney to this point.

Camp Wardwell is distinctly seen across the tableland by which you approach it, a distance of ten miles. Beyond it I perceived piles of remarkable clouds on the western horizon, and on reaching the camp, discovered that they had a fixed outline of cones and peaks, and that I beheld, not clouds, but — the Rocky Mountains! I had not expected to see them so soon, and all my anticipations were so entirely surpassed that my gaze was as much of surprise as of admiration.

Jefferson spoke of the scenery at the point where the Potomac and Shenandoah mingle their waters as worth a voyage across the ocean. If he be right, the spectacle I now have before me is worth a journey across both oceans and more continents than exist. I am inclined to believe, though, that Jefferson had not seen much grand American scenery; and, indeed, but little of it was known in his day.

The point from which my first view of the mountains was obtained, is one hundred and thirty-five miles east of Long's Peak, which looms up, the grand centre and pinnacle of the Rocky Mountain range in this latitude. The distance is less to the outside eastern boundary of the chain, which rises like a Titanic wall straight up from the body of the plain, but the Peak, with its body-guard of grand, snowy elevations, is plainly visible to the naked eye at that distance.

The first satisfactory view the European traveller obtains of the Bernese Alps (Wetterhorn, &c.) is at sixty miles. The view of these American mountains, at more than twice the distance, impresses me as incomparably finer; and I solemnly abandon the last of my European illusions on the subject of European scenery.

The English have made such a noise, in prose and verse, in every book I used to read, about Italian sunsets, that I could hardly trust the evidence of my senses when I saw their inferiority to those I had been looking at all my life in my native land.

Once seen, European rivers and lakes were soon consigned to their proper rank; but, I must confess, the Alps had a hold on me that is only now, for the first time, shaken. Understand me: I do not judge from the hasty glance of a traveller who *does* all Europe in six weeks. I am as familiar with every appearance of both Swiss and Italian Alps — morning, noon, and sunset — as three months on foot among them are likely to make any one.

I have before me now a stretch of one hundred and twenty miles of snow-capped and snow-clad mountains, and these by no means the most elevated, nor the grandest, of a range stretching from the British line to Mexico (more than fifteen hundred miles), and pronounce it sublime.

The distance from the southern terminus to the northern British boundary is, I am aware, eleven hundred miles in a straight line; but the deviations in the course of the range must make its length even greater than I have stated. When we consider, too, that this world of mountains has a width of one thousand miles in extent, — I repeat, a breadth of one thousand miles from the base of its eastern to the foot of its Pacific slope, — it will readily be seen that we could carve out a dozen [illegible] two Switzerlands, and scarcely miss them.

As to questions of mere altitude of one or two particular points, I have not the statistics in my memory to discuss them; and, if I had, it would not affect the question of the effect of the two ranges upon the eye and the mind.

Byron sang, —

> "Mount Blanc is the monarch of mountains;
> They crowned him long ago —."

But the world has kept marching on in geography and geology; and Mount Hood, of the Rocky Mountain range, and several peaks of the Himmalayan range — among them Mount Everest, the highest, so called after its English mensurator — have long since dethroned the European mountain king.

Description of the Long's Peak range, do you ask? I do not conceive the possibility of one for any attainable purpose of conveying the impressions and sensations of the beholder, and renounce any attempt at it.

A line of infinite green prairie, apparently terminating half way up a misty wall of black granite, over and above which, in billowy confusion, are massed, higher and still higher, cloudy worlds of nebulous snow, their outline espousing the canopy of heaven, is all I can say as an apology for the attempt.

We remarked to-day, by the roadside, quantities of that species of cactus known as the Spanish Bayonet. From the centre of a thick tuft of long, bayonet-shaped leaves springs a single stalk two to three feet high, covered with some thirty bell or cup shaped white flowers, pendulous, like the fuchsia, and resembling the *fleur-de-lis.*

Camp Wardwell is occupied by two companies, D and E, Eighteenth Regiment United States Regulars.

Its garrison will soon probably be increased to four companies, which would have made it, before the war, a first-class post.

Thermometer, — June 21, 3.30 A. M., 51°; 3 P. M., 85°; 9 P. M., 71°:

June 22, 3.33 A. M., 65°; 3 P. M., 95°; 9 P. M., 68°:
June 23, 7 A. M., 74°; 3 P. M., 90°; 9 P. M., 67°:
June 24, 3.30 A. M., 58°; 3 P. M., 83°; 9 P. M., 69°.

*June 25.*

PICTURES in our houses, that we are accustomed to look at frequently, assume a wonderful variety of expression and effect. So, also, views and landscapes alter their physiognomy with the changing atmosphere and the variable snow. But, more than all these, mountains undergo the greatest possible transformation to the eye: in the morning shadowy, through the mist; in the blaze of noon-day, luminous and grand in their proportions; at sunset, soft in their outlines; at twilight, distinct and sharp against the sky.

We have been travelling all day down the face of the range, and thirty miles appear to make no impression on the relative distance from Long's Peak, — the repose of Infinity smiling at the puny effort of a creeping insect. As the sun passes over the range to his setting, the light cast down into the huge valleys develops their width, and gives us some idea of the great distance between the outer heights toward us and the grander and higher snow-peaks topping the dorsal range. In the morning they appear to the eye as one close mass of black and rocky heights crowned with white. One of the highest points of Long's Peak has lately been surveyed and named Velin's Peak. It has an elevation of 13,456 feet above the sea. Long's is six hundred feet above it, and, therefore, has an elevation of 14,056 feet. This is somewhat less than the more accurately determined height of Pike's Peak, which, by barometric measurement in 1862, was found to have an elevation of 14,125 feet above the sea level.

In point of fact, Long's Peak lies, not, as represented in most maps, in the actual divide or watershed of the Rocky Mountain range, but, like Pike's Peak to the south, is an eastern offset, all its tributary waters flowing to the Atlantic slope.

Our evenings are cool; and, when the day's march has not been too fatiguing, the soldiers gather around a cedar-wood camp-fire, and, in their way, indulge in camp gossip. I listened to a discussion, last evening, on the comparative merits, or rather demerits, of the various military posts at which they had seen service.

"Which was the coldest post?"

A candidate from Rouse's Point presented its claims, who was distanced by another from Detroit, who was, in turn, ignominiously routed by a cavalryman who had wintered at Pembina.

"Which is the hottest post?" was logically and meteorologically the next question.

Tampa Bay, Key West, and Point Isabel, were all warmly advocated; but the discussion was thoroughly — indeed, one might say hermetically — closed by a three-chevroned veteran, who, with an air of solemn conviction and a Homeric wave of the hand, imposed silence.

"All were attentive to the warlike man,
When, rising from his couch, he thus began:"

"Boys, did any of you ever hear of Fort Yuma?"

— Not one of them.

"Well, Fort Yuma is clear over beyond Arizona, near the Gulf of California, where nothing lives, nor grows, nor flies, nor runs. It's the hottest post, not only in the United States, but in all creation, and I'll prove it to you.

"You see I was ordered to Fort Yuma six years ago, and had n't been on duty two weeks, in the month of August, when two corporals took sick. They had been there ever since the post was a post, — in old Heintzelman's time. Well, they both died, and where do you think they went?"

No one could possibly imagine.

"Why, I'll tell you; they both went straight to h—l!"

Profound astonishment in the auditory.

"Yes, but they had n't been gone forty-eight hours — hardly time to have their descriptive-lists examined and put on fatigue duty down below — when, one night at twelve o'clock, the hospital steward at the Fort was waked up in a hurry, and there he saw the two corporals standing by his bedside."

"'What do you want?' says he. You know them hospital stewards always get out of temper at a soldier's ever wanting any thing. 'What do you want?' says he.

"'We want our blankets,' says they!

"After that, you need n't talk to me about any post being hot as Yuma!"

Thermometer to-day stood, at 3.30 A. M., 53°; 2 P. M., 97°; 9 P. M., 66°, — probably a more agreeable grade than at Fort Yuma.

# LETTER X.

Denver, Colorado Territory, *June* 28, 1866.

Denver is not a mountain town, but a city of the Plains. I mention the fact, as we generally associate it with the mining country, and mentally locate it in the Rocky Range. It is the metropolis of this region, and deserves to be. Denver is fully fifteen miles — although to the eye it looks but two or three — from the foot of the range, which here rises up like a black cliff out of a green ocean. The atmosphere is so clear that you have some difficulty in persuading yourself the distance is so great, and it frequently happens that gentlemen from the East, given to matutinal pedestrianism, arriving by the overland coach the night before, and seeing the square fortress-shaped mountain, which, like a huge flat rock at the foot of a sea cliff, lies just outside the perpendicular range, conclude "they'll just walk over there before breakfast." The mountain is really an attractive one, closely resembling, to the distant eye, an enormous castle, with large battlements and embrasures, and cannot fail to arrest attention. It is not recorded that any gentleman ever went there and back before breakfast, unless, possibly, breakfast next morning.

Denver is situated at the junction of the South Fork of the Platte and Cherry Creek. Four years ago, the old town (things are ancient and moss-grown out here at that age), or original Denver, was visited with one of the most remarkable and devastating floods on record. The creek, suddenly filled from some pent-up gorge, came down with a front wall of water three feet high, sweeping every thing before it. Take a specimen of its power: an iron safe was swept two miles down the Platte; a printing-press still further; wagons, barns, and houses went like feathers.

You come suddenly upon Denver, for it is not visible at a great distance, and Denver returns the compliment by coming suddenly upon you. It certainly astonished me. Shops, houses, post-office, taverns, &c., as a matter of course. But the long and crowded streets, attractive stores of every possible variety, solid and symmetrical brick buildings, banks, churches, schools, the numerous and handsome cottage dwellings, must, I think, surprise every stranger. It has, of course, the advantage of contrast with the desert plain over which you have just passed, but due allowance made for that, it is a remarkable town even for the United States. There is every evidence of enterprise and intelligence in its business element, and its social capacities are admirable. Greater politeness and attention, more open-handed hospitality I never experienced in a strange place.

Incorporated in 1861 as a city, Denver has all the usual municipal officers, including Mayor and Common Council, two daily papers, six or eight churches, half a dozen banks, hotels, concert halls, a theatre, lodges, &c.

As to population, that is difficult to arrive at, as a question of numbers. Who ever knew a public-spirited citizen of any Western town to answer a query as to the population of his own city, except by anticipating a few years in time and a few thousands in number? Ask a Chicago man how many inhabitants that level city possesses. Make inquiry of a Cincinnatian as to the population of the Queen City. Compare their answers with the last census, and you have the measure of their local patriotism. Well, a Denver citizen has as much local pride as any other man. My opinion is that its population is between four and five thousand. It varies, necessarily, with seasons, and with the fluctuating activity of the mining region. Denver is no longer the capital of the territory. The mountain vote has given that advantage to Golden City, some twenty miles west in the mountains, although, practically, Denver still maintains its advantage, owing to a habit the Legislature have contracted of convening at Golden City, remaining a day in session, and then adjourning to Denver for the remainder of the term.

The ease with which trains reach Denver, must, for years to come, necessarily make it the mercantile depot of the region. Even after the Pacific Railroad reaches it (and that it soon may, every true Denverite makes the doxology of his morning and evening prayer) the terminus must long remain at the foot of the range until the heavy mountain tunnelling and grading is completed. Meantime, expresses and handsome and commodious stages — the familiar old Troy coach — rattle through its streets every morning bound for the River (as the Missouri is called here), Utah, and Santa Fé.

Denver is, I am assured, and have every reason to believe, an excellent place to make money; but I could not, in conscience, with my knowledge of its Price Current, recommend any one to come here for the purpose of spending their income, be it great or small. Here is the result partly of my inquiries, partly of my purchases: Flour, twenty dollars per barrel; golden sirup, four dollars per gallon; tea, three dollars per pound; ranch eggs, one dollar twenty-five cents per dozen; single copy of daily paper, twenty-five cents; a glass of lager, fifteen cents (fifty cents last year, but the advent of two faithful Teutonic subjects of King Cambrinus changed all that); strawberries, two dollars per quart (a confectioner paid ninety-six dollars for a bushel ten days ago). The butter called ranch butter is really excellent. I never tasted better. I can say the same of the eggs, and fully credit the story they tell here of one of the early gulch miners, who, having washed out his one hundred thousand dollars, went East to enjoy himself. Ordering his breakfast at the St. Nicholas the morning after his arrival in New York, he added to the extensive list of desired comestibles: "Some eggs. And, look here, Mister," to the astonished serf in waiting, "none of your d—d States eggs, but real ranch eggs."

Sombreros, saddles resplendent with silver, and other Mexican notions for sale in the stores, show your approach to the regions of Taos and Santa Fé. The *acequias* too, or ditches for irrigation (they get little or no rain here), throughout the surrounding country, are essentially Mexican. You hear, too, of *chenegays* (one or more springs together; a corruption of the Spanish *cien aguas*—hundred fountains). As you approach Denver, the stranger is puzzled with the appearance of little board huts dotting the plain in every direction. They mystified our entire party. "Wells," said one. "Springs," another. "Shelter for herdsmen," a third. Nothing of the kind. They were, to use the essentially American term, "improvements," and represented the veritable house, with door and window, tyranically required, by act of Congress, to perfect a claim.

Denver is thoroughly loyal. Not always was it so. Many of its early settlers were gentlemen who gave evidence of the charming fictions of superior Southern civilization and State sovereignty. It was thought by them, and by their friends in Richmond, that the gold mines would be quite as good things to have as Confederate bonds. They made a powerful effort to obtain their control. They possessed numbers, capital (although Cherry Creek flood sadly damaged the latter), unity, and impudence. They polluted this free mountain air with the badge of slavery, and displayed its "bars" in Denver. The mountaineers in the range heard of it, raised the Stars and Stripes in five minutes, and a company in twenty-four hours, and marched into town. The rebels and their friends forthwith departed, some with preparation of trains (for, unlike our poor Union friends in Texas, they were not robbed and murdered, but allowed to depart unmolested), some not standing on the order of their going, but departing suddenly — and the "bars" were seen here no more forever. Amen.

## LETTER XI.

Denver, Colorado Territory, *June* 29, 1866.

I omitted in my last to mention one of the striking features of Denver. It merits notice. If you could be suddenly transported to its environs and see the handsome turn-out of carriages, buggies, Stanhopes, and other pleasant things that go on wheels, and the stylish show of horses — mostly trotters, for the Denverites encourage no racing but trotting — you might imagine yourself to have fallen on a section of the Brookline Road, Boston, or the High Bridge, New York. Oh! here comes a pair of handsome grays before a neat but modest drag. They stop immediately under the window where I write, — where they should, — for they are to take your correspondent forty miles up into the heart of the Rocky Mountains, near the foot of Snowy Range.

Off we go!

Golden City, Colorado, *June* 29.

There is a good bridge — and a long one — over the South Fork of Platte, coming out [illegible] Denver. Trains of wagons in camp dot the plain around — some resting before a fresh start for their more fatiguing pull to Central City and Utah — some preparing to go back to the Missouri for a fresh freight, as they seldom take any thing on the return trip but lumber (half way) and hides. There's that bold, square mountain, barring our way like a fortress. It looks so near that you would think a strong man might throw a stone over it, and yet it is fourteen miles off. Here 's a ditch filled with rapidly running water; another, still another; and this one so broad, deep, and rapid that we cannot cross our carriage, nor even leap it on foot. We explore for a bridge, and at last find it near the fence of a farm, some fifty yards off. Fences are very few here, and there being no vagabond pigs, they are made with three rails only, the lowest two feet from the ground, posts not sunk, fence leaned inward, on supports, at an angle of nearly forty-five degrees. I suppose the advantages are economy of not sinking posts, and less resistance to wind. Farmers here evidently leave rain out of their calculations for crops, and depend solely on irrigation. Hence, ditches (*acequias*) pervade the face of the landscape, and greatly promote the sale of carriage springs. We pass the fortress; its upper works finished with rock. We approach the ravine through which we enter the Golden Gate. Here comes thundering a grand mountain torrent — Clear Creek — always full from the melting of the snows, precisely when farmers want its water. Now the road narrows, becomes rougher. High up to our left are rock palisades, like those of the Hudson; pines, a little piece of black, fertile land on the creek, snatched here and there from the rocks for cultivation.

Golden Gate passed, we soon reach Golden City, which, I will do it the justice to say, is the most quiet and well-behaved metropolis I ever visited. Met in the streets two men and one woman; saw one store, a tavern, a mill — only this and nothing more. No wonder the potent and grave seigniors who make laws for Colorado prefer Denver wherein to lucubrate, lubricate, and elaborate them.

They tell me of a great future for the city auriferous; of leads and lodes to be worked, and to become mines. It may all be so — to the eye of faith.

CENTRAL CITY, COLORADO, *June* 29, 1866.

OFF again. Higher and higher up. Pines and rocks, with a magnificent dissolving view of the plains behind us — down, far down below. General aspect of the mountain, that of the wildest of the Alleghanies, and some of the features bring the Juniata ridge to mind. We catch a glimpse of the Snowy Range, which, a hundred miles back, looked like a white wall leaning against the outer black ridge, and now seems further off than ever.

At the summit we stop to rest our horses, and dine. The Michigan House, a lonely mountain hostel, gives us a nice meal, the main features of which come from the "States" in cans.

The meanest ranch along the Platte and in the mountains has Boston fish and poultry, New York vegetables, and Baltimore fruit; and no wonder — they need them. In seven hundred miles I have not seen a fruit-tree, and scarcely a garden that would yield vegetables to supply a small family one week. You can find your way from the Missouri River to Denver, *via* the Platte Road, by the empty cans that line it.

Down we go! A sharp, pitching zig-zag, with barely room for our vehicle. We prefer to walk, and, indeed, are slightly forced to volunteer. The down-goers and up-comers must keep a sharp lookout for each other, for there is room but for one, and at the foot of the descent we found a patient ox-team waiting our arrival in order to start up.

Further on, a narrow road, in a deep ravine, going at right angles full upon a foaming mountain torrent. Impossible to see any issue until, just as we reach the stream, sharp round to the right wheels our driver, and, as we look, we do not require to be told we are in the mining region.

The gulch miner has been here in all his pristine strength and glory. Gravel, sand, bowlders, rocks — not one stone left upon another; not one where Nature put it. The entire bed of the stream in the condition of the Kentuckian who was "uneasy in his mind." It was all "tore up." Here sent as high up the bank as impossible hydraulics would allow, and left to feel and trickle its way along a steep mountain side some hundred feet below, that crowbar, pickaxe, and spade might hold high revel in its quiet bed; there put into the straight-jacket of a race, to feed that water-wheel now rotting like the dam above it. Old cradles, broken rockers, quartz pounders half completed and abandoned, a lonely grave or two up the hillside, requiemed over every night by the wild pines. Nothing more is left of the gulch miner, whose occasional prize of a nugget lured hundreds from happy homes and richer placers in their quiet fields. He has passed on. He is eighty or a hundred miles further west, close behind the trapper, whose quiet haunts he invaded.

Mining here is no longer the matter of the chance finding of a little dust and a few spangles. The surface gold is already picked up, and the lodes are now owned by associations and companies, who, with the aid of science, propose to get the precious metal out of the bowels of the earth.

We soon come upon chimneys, large wheels, machinery, mills, steam-engines — many of the latter not yet put up. Presently the valley becomes a continuous settlement, and so we go on some two miles. Just below Black Hawk we pass a large and handsomely constructed building of stone, erected some two years since by Fitz John Porter, as agent for a mining company. The company never did any mining, its funds being mainly absorbed in preliminary building.

Black Hawk is a long street of mills, stables, houses, and shops, all in the mining interest. Where it ends and Central City begins, in going up the valley, does not appear, but presently you are in "Central."

The desolation and literal dilapidation of the bed of the creek has now extended up the sides of the valley to their summits. They look like mountains in reduced circumstances, and in a shockingly bad state of repair. Trees and vegetation have long since disappeared. Holes, shafts, and excavations almost obliterate the original surface. Hoisting wheels, here and there, show that a depth is reached beyond ordinary digging. Lower down the hillside, holes of four to twelve feet in horizontal depth into the solid rock show that some poor fellow has thrown away days of hard toil for bitter disappointment.

IDAHO, COLORADO TERRITORY, *July* 2, 1866.

OUR carriage drives rapidly up the main street, jostling and rubbing steps and windows on either side, and just as we think we are going, coach and horses, into a jeweler's shop-window, the driver whips sharp round a corner almost into a lager-beer saloon, and stops a few doors further, at the Connor House, the Fifth Avenue of the city.

My letters delivered, I was soon the recipient of every attention I could desire.

Take a V, the letter V, on a scale of mountain grandeur, put your town at the bottom of it, and you have the position of Central City.

There are many villages in Switzerland and the Tyrol, nestled down in the depth of valleys, which the sun calls on late and leaves early, that give the best possible idea of the situation of Central City.

It is the nucleus of a host of mining villages — Black Hawk, Nevada, and others with or without name, counting together, I am told, a population of some ten thousand. Mining, from prospecting to smelting, is here, directly or indirectly, the "all in all" of every one's existence. Central City itself is all lead and lode, and injunctions and local processes had to be resorted to in order that the houses and streets — ribbon-like as they are in width — should be safe from miners' undermine and upheaval.

The dignified Judge A., and the affable Colonel B., just introduced to you, are sure to have in their pocket the inevitable specimen, and a neat little discourse on the favored lode that produced it.

Perhaps you think I visited all the mines at Central, and am prepared to furnish a list of the same? I should like to see some one who could do the one or the other. I should even be pleased to make the acquaintance of the intelligent gentleman who knows how many mines there are. It is my belief that no one does know.

"You are acquainted," I carelessly remarked to more than one gentleman in Central, "with the Occidental Crushing?"

"Never heard of it, sir?"

Again I asked, "On which of these hills is the Coloradic Empirical Quartz Company?"

"Well, sir, perhaps they can inform you in Wall Street, but it is not known among us."

Ignorant people! Why, my friend Stanhope Trotter, Esq., of New York, has discoursed to me by the hour, at any time within the past four years, upon his great expectations from the "Crushing." He certainly ought to know, although he may, after all, get nothing but a past participle out of his investment of $10,000.

And I was especially charged by Madame Velours to look into the "Coloradic," in which she had, in a moment of warmth, put a cool thousand, to yield her, she fondly believed, three thousand per annum, wherewith to keep the *coupé* refused by her odious wretch of a husband.

Colorado mines and mining companies, known to fame, and, possibly, to a Wall Street dividend or two, are, nevertheless, not at all familiar to men who handle the mining pick and spade about Central.

I visited the mills and smelting furnace of Lyon & Co., at present the most active and successful; also, the Black Hawk Stamp Mill, a handsome, solid, well built, and admirably ordered establishment, running one hundred and fifty stamps or quartz crushers, and a superb steam-engine.

The crushing process is recognized as very defective and inefficient for the extraction of all the precious metal from the quartz of this region, which differs from the California quartz; and the Black Hawk Company, I am informed, after doing all they can with their mineral, sell the *tailings*, as they are technically called here, to Lyon & Co., who, by smelting, extract a very appreciable quantity of ore from it.

The smelting process is, of course, more searching and thorough, and probably extracts more than any other; but it is expensive, and I seriously doubt its paying capacities. Portions of the process are, even to an unscientific eye, very crude, and it is evident that there must be ameliorations and discoveries to make mining pay in these regions. No mining company — certain it is — ever worked in these mountains that is not fully ready to subscribe to the Spanish proverb, "It takes a mine to work a mine."

In speaking of the want of success of these companies, I do not mean to say there has been bad faith or misrepresentation on their part in their statements concerning the value of the mineral. I went down into several of the mines, and examined numerous lodes. I know gold-bearing quartz and mineral when I see them. They are there, beyond question. The Central City veins are all perpendicular, and the deeper they are worked the more valuable they become.

During my stay at Central I met a distinguished German mineralogist — Mr. Herrmann, superintendent of the celebrated smelting works at Swansea, England. I do not pretend to know, but think it probable that *a part* of his mission here is to report upon the value of these mines to parties in England.

Mining companies were formed, and began to operate here, just before the war broke out. It took away labor and transportation, the right and left arm of mining. The high price of freight doubled and trebled the cost of goods and provisions. Some machinery cost nearly its weight in silver laid down in Central City. I saw a fine large steam boiler lying by the roadside up in the mountain beyond Golden City, for transportation of which to Central fifteen hundred dollars were offered and refused even this year. Sugar and coffee trebled in price, and the most ordinary board rose from six to twelve dollars per week. The common laborer, in order to live, was compelled to charge five dollars per day, and the skilled mechanic easily commanded ten and twelve.

The average yield of the mines remained the same, and the additional tax of labor had to come out of the profits. Then, for the last ounce to break the camel's back, came the Indian troubles. Regiments had to be raised within the Territory, draining the sources of labor. Increase of cost on every thing as estimated by managers, rapidly consumed the working capital of all the mines, and mining was practically suspended.

Meantime, many who had come to dig for ore, had read the fable of the old man and his sons, and turned their attention to farming. Land was broken, and fields cultivated. The number of ranches and farms increased in 1864 and 1865, and this year (1866) Colorado will raise vegetables and grain sufficient to feed every man and beast within the Territory. Labor is coming down rapidly with the price of grain and provisions.

The Pacific Railroad is stretching out its iron arm to the region of gold at the rate of a mile a day, ready to bring freight over precisely the worst part of the route for wagons. War is over; wood is growing on the spot. Every additional comer reduces the price of labor. Emigrants are coming in, and mines will be worked before next winter at one half the prices of 1865.

Full, and even liberal, allowance made for all this, there still remains in my mind — and in this I merely express an individual opinion — a suspicion that the existing processes for the extraction of gold from the ore, fall as short in efficiency as in economy. I seriously doubt that the most successful establishment in the mining region of Colorado is making money at this time. A reduction of fifty per cent. on present rates of labor and freight within six months will, of course, greatly aid. But, even then, there is a large margin left for desiderated improvement in crushing and smelting, or for some process that will supersede them.

## LETTER XII.

IDAHO, *July* 3, 1866.

NOT Idaho the Territory, but Idaho, a charming little hamlet nestled in at the meadow junction of half a dozen valleys in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, six miles from Central City and thirty-eight from Denver.

A word more, though, before we take leave of Central. I endeavored, in my last, to present, not so much the details of inquiry and search into mines and mining prospects there as the general result of my investigations. What I have said will, I am satisfied, apply equally to all this mining region, some hundreds of miles in breadth and length. A few details, to complete the subject, may properly be added. First, as to the depth reached in the mines. The mine, or shaft, of the Gregory lead (said to be the richest here) is precisely three hundred and three feet, and is the deepest mine by far in all this region. Many companies have not a foot sunk. Work is going on vigorously at the Gregory, and the company is encouraged by increase of richness in the vein as they sink deeper.

One of the reasons given for the inactivity of the miners is that most of them are waiting the result of the test trial of the two new processes, — the Lyon furnace and the Keith desulphurizer, — in order to decide which to adopt. The question is as to their economy. For the Lyon furnace it is claimed that it saves the greatest percentage of gold; for the Keith, that its economy more than balances the difference.

Meantime, people hereabouts are satisfied that, even at the present price of labor, the mines can be worked at a profit with either. This may be so, but, at the risk of repeating, I must say that I look forward to the day when some better process, at once more rapid and economical, will supersede them both.

I had intended returning to Denver by the route I came, but heard of attractions sufficient to induce me to return by Idaho and Mount Vernon. Knowing they were in a different direction (south), and that we must, therefore, take another route, I puzzled myself, looking up at the walls of mountains surrounding us, trying to guess how we could possibly get out of the town, except as Sandy went over the garden wall — " Bock agen, sir." Once started, however, we did take another route, and went up, up, up, along what had been the bed of a mountain torrent, until we looked almost perpendicularly down on Central. This bed, too, had been torn up, if possible, worse than the lower one. At the top of the hill we found water-wheels, the motives for various crushers, and gutters and small aqueducts, led hither and thither, up and down the mountain, at the behest of the " Consolidated Ditch Company " — I believe that 's the name — an enterprising corporation that, by some legislative arrangement, have managed to monopolize all the water in these mountains, and sell the privilege of its use at fabulous prices. We continued to pass through a mile or two of houses and mills, some of the latter fine stone buildings; one of them an immense frame edifice, painted blue, and looking like an exaggerated Pennsylvania barn. There was but little sign of activity among them.

Just before we turn to the left, to plunge into the Virginia Cañon, leading down to Idaho, we remark, on the summit of the high mountain to our right,

> "Where splinters of the mountain chain,
> Stood black against the sky,"

a man engaged in some occupation that no one of our party could make out.

"It 's a prospecter," said one.

"Bad place for gold," said a Centralizer, "no chance there."

"He 's digging," said another, "I see his tools."

A field-glass was brought to bear, and it was announced he had small, thin sticks in his hand, one of them quite long and half a dozen short.

"Witches' hazel wands!"

"No, he has a book spread out before him, and appears to be looking at the clouds, or the great snowy ridge."

We afterward learned it was a landscape painter, making a mountain sketch.

And pleasant it was to think that, while so many below were toiling for the yellow dross, dug out with infinite labor, to make one man rich, he was transmuting from the sky the clouds, the rocks, and the snow-capped hills, the true gold of Nature's loveliness and grandeur, to delight the eye, adorn the mind, and enrich the imagination of thousands.

A rapid descent down the cañon, with its black walls of rock and pine, a tumbling stream at their base, flowers, shrubs, gaping-wide tunnels, and heaps of gold quartz and silver ore scattered in profusion along its banks. The cañon deepens as it goes down, and before you reach the end, you look up, up, in vain, for its summits, until you emerge on a peaceful, sunny plat of prairie, through which a trout stream runs babbling.

Once out of the carriage, our first movement was to the celebrity of this region — the Hot Soda Springs. Oh, what are your Russian baths, your sea-bathing, your *Bains Chinois*, your Turkish shampooing, compared with the luxury of that hot soda bath? Yes, bubbling, sparkling soda, from 90 to 120 degrees; take your choice. I took 90, and — well, I can't do justice to the subject, except to say that as soon as railroad facilities exist, crowds will come here; old and young, lovers piscatory and lovers of the picturesque, dwellers by the Pacific and wise men from the East, especially those of them unwise enough to have the rheumatism.

These waters were well known to the Indian tribes and the early trappers. All the wild animals are extremely fond of them, and the other day a mountain sheep — a sort of American chamois — came down to them in broad daylight. They rise near the bank of a little creek which was, of course, invaded by the gold miners, who had a rather exciting time of it. The heat of the water was so great as seriously to impede work, and, finally, to drive them off. Thick gloves and india-rubber boots were of no avail; the water spoiled the gloves and melted the rubber. Two neat bath-houses are already constructed, and Denver holds its Saratoga at Idaho. As we drove up to the Beebee House, the provident and sensible landlord, aware that he had distinguished guests, sent out divers lines of invitation, and fresh mountain brook-trout came in response. I really beg pardon for mentioning it, but we had trout again this morning (July 3); not merely a few specimens, but an abundance of them, larger than any I had ever before seen, and deliciously cooked.

Charming Idaho, adieu!

DENVER, *July* 3, 1866.

WE leave Idaho through a wild mountain pass, the road leading along and down the stream. A mile or two off we found General N. B. Buford, who proffered the hospitalities of the log house he occupies at present, as superintendent for some Eastern mining company. Our return road was more interesting than the Central Road. Much fine scenery, grand views, and, what surprised us all, miles of excellent, arable land, with beautiful farms, opened upon it. The contrast with the cold and naked peaks we had left was pleasant.

"Behind we saw the snow-cloud tossed
By many an icy horn;
Before, warm valleys, wood-embossed,
And green with vines and corn."

Descending by a cañon filled with vegetation, and easy in its fall, we soon strike the interminable plain stretched out before us, and so return to Denver.

On arriving I was asked by the owner of the turn-out if I liked my "outfit."

This word "outfit" is on duty night and day, without relief, from the Missouri River to California. To cross the plains, or go to the mountains, every one must get an outfit; and, having outfitted, you become yourself an outfit. From generals it is used for particulars. The saddler who sold me my saddle assured me it was the best outfit he had furnished for some time. Bought a hat, and was told, "Well, Sir, I call that a good outfit." Went to the Planters' House in Denver to get dinner. Waiter brought me a very poor one, and, when I complained, said, "Very sorry, but can't help it — grand supper here to-night, given by the citizens to General Pope and staff, and that's the best outfit I can give you."

I showed my Smith & Wesson revolver to a native. "You've got a bully outfit there, stranger, sure." A train of wagons is an outfit; a man on a mule is an outfit; a squadron of cavalry is an outfit: a Jersey wagon, drawn by one horse, an outfit. So is a man with a cane, or a woman with a parasol.

That, namely, parasol, reminds me of the delightful sensation that came over me when I saw a waterfall on the head of a gushing young thing in Denver. I had gazed on so much nature for six weeks, that the sight of it was positively refreshing.

For one reason I am glad to leave Denver. I have been obliged, while here, to put on every day, what the prairie men call a "biled shirt." Now, with washing at three dollars per dozen, and a single "what d' ye call 'em," fifty cents, the "biled" article becomes a luxury. I say nothing of a dollar for hair-cutting, half a dollar for shaving, two dollars for the "merest drop" of Cristadoro to qualify the paleness of hair that should remain black.

Apropos of cost, a store of almost any description in Denver brings from two to three hundred dollars per month, and a moderate dwelling, where but very few are large, from fifty to one hundred and fifty dollars a month.

Notwithstanding the large area of waste land in Colorado, it is still sufficiently great and wealthy in its mineral resources to support a large population.

I am not familiar with its politics, but judge from the fact that loyal people dislike the President's veto which made rebels jubilant, that the veto was not a good thing, and that Colorado is full of loyal men.

## LETTER XIII.

Encampment near the Foot of Pike's Peak,
*July* 4, 1866.

At last we are clear of the Platte, having ascended the main stream to the fork, and then the South Fork to beyond Denver.

Soon after leaving Denver, going south, the plain quits its dead level, the country becomes rolling and broken; a large rock here and there relieves the eye; a few scattered pines, then clumps, groups, woods, forests, until we come into the cathedral-like stillness and shade of what is here called the Big Pinery, stretching in a close forest, on an average breadth of seven miles, fifty miles southeast to the Iron Spring.

Near our encampment, this afternoon, our guide showed us the spot where the notorious Jim Runnels and seven of his band were executed, in 1863.

James R. was a gentleman who, to great enthusiasm in the cause of the Southern Confederacy, and the possession of an officer's commission from that ephemeral outfit, joined an uncontrollable desire for greenbacks, and a discriminating taste in watches and jewelry. His idea of the diffusion of knowledge was to scatter the contents of United States mail-bags over the prairie, having first destroyed the coach, and murdered such of the passengers thereof as were not of his "persuasion." His headquarters, for more than a year, were in the woods toward the

Arkansas, from which he made occasional "excursions" with a select party of twenty-five or thirty. They were finally taken prisoners and tried. After trial, they were brought out of Denver in a wagon, and supposed they were going to Fort Lyon, until they saw the driver of the stage-coach they had last robbed (and some of the passengers of which they had murdered), mount the wheel-horse as teamster. "Then," says our guide, "they wilted."

All this time, while leaving Denver, we have Pike's Peak in full view, and a grand sight the old fellow is. Our road goes steadily upward, winding its way among the huge prairie billows which here roll mountain high, until, on reaching the divide between two small creeks, we find that we have attained an elevation of seven thousand three hundred feet above the level of the sea. That, for a plain, may be said to be doing its "level best." Here the view, from a height greater than the highest of the Alleghanies, is surpassingly fine.

Gradually we go down a thousand feet in a few miles, to Monument Creek, and camp near the entrance to "The Garden of the Gods."

Our encampment is a beautiful spot, and it gives me pleasure to furnish you with a grand and highly-finished picture of it — not a common painting, by any means, — but a celebrated production. You will find it at the Capitol in Washington. It is Leutze's "Westward the Star of Empire takes its Way."

I remember hearing of a remark of Leutze to an artist who spoke of coming out here: "You will recognize the scenery in the picture by the color of the high, red rocks in the foreground, identical in tint with the stone of the little church at Bacharach, and the cathedral at Mayence."

There they are, sure enough; and there, to the south of Pike, that wonderful, surging sea of mountains, swelling up in cones, walls, ridges, and peaks. The grandest of them that loomed up so magnificently this morning, a rosy light swelling all its proportions in a glorified nimbus of snow, this evening looks cold and severe in its bare outline of rock against the twilight sky.

Immediately in front of us rise the two shattered and weather-worn fragments of what was once an immense wall of red stone; they look a hundred feet distant, and fifty feet high, when in point of fact, they are not less than two thousand feet off, with an elevation of something like three hundred. Perhaps you say, "What's the matter with your eyes? Can't you tell a hundred feet from a thousand, or see the difference between fifty and three hundred?" Why, yes, I can under ordinary circumstances; but here, in this wonderful atmosphere, distance is lost.

To continue: Beyond the red stone fragments rises a high hill; beyond that, two mountains, the second higher than the first, obscuring from our view all the Peak below a point higher than the line of vegetation. The Peak appears to be so near as to be fully within the range of cannon. Very well. Now, the distance to the base of the Peak is just twenty-eight miles!

Again, to illustrate the remarkable limpidity of this atmosphere; we saw a smoke across the plain yesterday, and, after making what we considered a liberal allowance for visual deception, we — three of us — varied in our estimate of its distance from five to eight miles.

A native came riding along. We stop him.

"You see that smoke under the bluff, over there?"

"Under the bluff?"

"Yes, the smoke under the bluff. How far is it from here?"

"Well," said he, "that smoke is fourteen miles off, and the bluff is six miles beyond it!"

A most remarkable instance, and there are many on record, of this atmospheric deception, and particularly interesting just here, is the one that occurred to Pike himself at the time of his discovery of the Peak. Lieutenant, afterwards General Zebulon M. Pike, is the first American who is known to have seen the mountain which bears his name. He was charged by the Government with an exploration of those regions, soon after the cession of Louisiana to the United States by France. His expedition was made in 1806, and his party ascended the Arkansas River.

Here is his account[1] of the discovery of the Peak sixty years ago. Anticipating the present tour, I copied these passages and brought them with me, in order to verify on the spot, the phenomena mentioned by Pike.[2]

"1806, November 15, Saturday. — Marched early; passed two deep creeks and many high points of the rocks; also, large herds of buffalo. At two o'clock in the afternoon I thought I could distinguish a mountain to our right, which appeared like a small, blue cloud; viewed it with a spy-glass, and was still more confirmed in my conjecture, yet only communicated it to Dr. Robinson, who was in front with me; but, in half an hour they appeared in full view before us. When our small party arrived on the hill, they, with one accord, gave three cheers to the Mexican Mountains. Their appearance can easily be imagined by those who have crossed the Alleghanies, but their sides were whiter, as if covered with snow or a white stone. These were a spur of the grand western chain of mountains, which divides the waters of the Pacific from those of the Atlantic Ocean and it divides the waters which empty into the Bay of the Holy Spirit, from those of the Mississippi, as the Alleghany does those which discharge themselves into the latter river and the Atlantic. They appear to present a natural boundary between the Province of Louisiana and New Mexico, and would be a defined and natural boundary.

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[1] See an *Account of Expeditions to the Sources of the Mississippi, and through the Western Parts of Louisiana to the Sources of the Arkansas, Kans (Kaw?), La Platte, and Pierre Jaun Rivers*, 1805, 1806, 1807. Philadelphia: C. A. Conrad: 1810. A very scarce and rare book.

[2] See Appendix No. I.

"Before evening we discovered a fork on the south side, bearing south, 25° west, and as the Spanish troops appeared to have borne up it, we encamped on its banks, about one mile from its confluence, that we might make further discoveries on the morrow. Killed three buffalo. Distance, twenty-four miles."

The point from which Pike first saw the mountain, must be, as nearly as I can calculate from distances laid down in his journal, one hundred and thirty miles from the Peak.[1]

Pike had evidently seen no higher mountains than the Alleghanies. The white appearance he ascribes to "snow or a white stone," was due, as a matter of course, to snow, as the Peak, in towering far above the line of vegetation, is a solid mass of red porphyritic rock. The Bay of the Holy Ghost (Spiritu Santo of the Spaniards), is now known as the Gulf of California. The fork or small river on which Pike encamped, is the stream that now bears the name of the Picket Wire.

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[1] See Appendix No. II.

It is evident from Pike's entry of November 15, that the Peak, at a distance of one hundred and thirty miles, appeared as high as the Alleghanies do to a person actually crossing them. He evidently thought he was not more than twenty or thirty miles off, for, not succeeding in reaching it on the 16th, his journal for the 17th informs us:—

"Monday, November 17.—Marched at our usual hour. Pushed with an idea of arriving at the mountain, *but found, at night, no visible difference in its appearance from what we did yesterday.*"

On the 23d of November he says:—

"Concluded to ascend the North Fork to the high point of the Blue Mountain, *which we conceived would be one day's march.*"

The "North Fork" Pike speaks of was not the North Fork of the Arkansas, as he supposed, but the "*Fontaine qui Bouille*" river, marked on the maps as "Boiling Spring River." The object of his "one day's march" was still receding yet further. Accordingly he resumes, on the day following, thus:—

"November 24.—We marched at one o'clock, with an idea of arriving at the foot of the mountain; but found ourselves obliged to take up our night's lodging under a single cedar, which we found in the prairie, without water, and extremely cold.

"November 25.—Marched early, with an expectation of ascending the mountain, but was only able to encamp at its base, after passing over many small hills covered with cedars and pines."

To complete what is most interesting in Pike's journal concerning the Peak, I will close with what he says on the subject of its height: —

"December 2, 1806. — Dr. Robinson and myself, with assistants, went out and took the altitude of the mountain, on the base of a mile to an inch. The perpendicular height of the mountain, from the level of the prairie, was 10,581 feet, and admitting that the prairie was 8000 feet from the level of the sea, it would make the elevation of the peak 18,581 feet, equal to some, and surpassing the calculated heights of others, for instance the Peak of Teneriffe, and falling short of that of Chimborazo only 1701 feet. Indeed, it was so remarkable as to be known to all the savage nations for hundreds of miles around, and to be spoken of with admiration by the Spaniards of New Mexico, and was the boundary of their travels northwest. Indeed, in our wanderings in the mountains, it was never out of our sight (except when in a valley) from the 15th of November to the 27th of January."[1]

Tested by late measurements, this estimate of the height of the Peak is too great. By barometric measurement in 1862, it was found to have an elevation of 14,125 feet above the sea level. Colorado City, at the edge of the plain below, is set down by Government surveys at 6000 feet, making a difference of 2456 feet between Pike and the latest authorities, a difference readily accounted for by the superiority of modern mathematical instruments. In point of fact, the actually measured difference is but 456 feet, as Pike was obliged to assume the elevation of the prairie to be 8000 feet, when it was but 6000; for, it will be remembered, he states it hypothetically.

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[1] Note, p. 171.

The transition from barometric measurements to the subject of storm-clouds is not very violent; and, lest I forget it, I will here note one or two interesting facts in connection with the terrific thunderstorm of June 18th, during which the lightning struck our camp in two places, injuring a man and killing a mule, in the very centre of the encampment. A government train was passing on the road some ten miles ahead of us, during the same storm. A telegraph pole being blown down, the wire fell, nearly reaching the ground. A teamster, passing by, took hold of the wire to push it aside, and was killed instantly. Still further on the road, about the same time, and under precisely similar circumstances, a man took hold of the telegraph wire, passing his hand along several feet of it, and went on unhurt. Following him only a few feet came another, who, on taking hold of the wire, was struck dead instantly, and found, on examination, to be badly burned about the breast. These facts were communicated to me at Denver, a few days since, by parties who were present and in charge of the trains at the time the incidents related took place.

## LETTER XIV.

GARDEN OF THE GODS,  
(Near the Foot of Pike's Peak),  
COLORADO, *July* 5, 1866.

IN my last, I was about to tell you of the Garden of the Gods, which — although neither Olympus nor Valhalla — is a very remarkable spot; but a digression to Leutze's picture, leading me off to Pike and "his Peak," filled up my letter space. To-day, I have been enabled to remain behind our party, and have time to explore and admire it.

On any good map of the Territories, you will find laid down a small stream called Monument Creek, which ranges along the base of the mountains north of Colorado City. Ages of atmospheric work and running water have worn the rocks through which lay its former and present bed, into wonderful and fantastic shapes — bastions, battlements, half-buried marbles, towers, and castles, and here and there —

> . . . "A precipice,  
> That seems a fragment of some mighty wall,  
> Built by the Hand that fashioned the world,  
> . . . And thrown down,  
> When the flood drowned them."

Nearly the entire length of the creek presents these appearances. That portion of it called "The Garden" widens suddenly from a narrow gorge into a beautiful valley of a mile and a half in length by nearly half of that in breadth. At its southern end, narrowing again, the mountain walls approach each other as if to form a gateway. From their bases, walls of stone have been erected, leaving an open passage between them, and heightening the illusion of a grand portal. You leave behind you an open, soft, Arcadian vale, level and verdant, and vocal with the music of a pebbly brook. In front, rise huge masses of rock, walls, gigantic statues, and strange, impressive shapes in stone. To the west, on your left hand, high up go the dark mountains with sombre fringe of rock and pine.

> . . . "But, to the east,
> Sheer to the vale, go down the bare old cliffs —
> Huge pillars, that in middle heaven upheave
> Their weather-beaten capitals, here dark
> With moss, the growth of centuries, and there
> Of chalky whiteness, where the thunderbolt
> Has splintered them."

Before you, as in the interior of some vast cathedral, spring toward the sky gigantic columns, pillars, and walls of every conceivable size and shape, their effect wonderfully heightened by the variety of color in the rocks and stones of which they are composed, gray, white, blue, red, and black. Many of the pillars, admirably rounded by the action of the elements, monumental in their aspects and proportions, are from two to three hundred feet in height.

Wonderful resemblances to statues of men, birds, and animals present themselves in many of them, and a gigantic stone eagle, perched in repose on the pinnacle of a column two hundred and fifty feet high, and surveying in calm majesty the scene below, is almost perfect in his proportions.

Masses of Titanic walls stand here and there, overtopping the columns, and furnishing, in their crevices, endless suites of "marble halls," inhabited by myriads of swallows, that appear to you hardly as large as flies as they dart in and out.

As your gaze comes down for repose, it rests on a carpet of green, through which —

> . . . "The rivulet
> Sends forth glad sounds, or, leaping down the rocks,
> Seems, with continuous laughter, to rejoice
> In its own being."

Pines and oaks — fit trees for the gods — furnish shade, and wild flowers and shrubs complete the picture.

Solitude amid bleak rocks and silent hills is always impressive; but amid a scene like this, the murmur of the water, the sighing of the trees, the towering and almost speaking majesty of the grand stony figures, the grandeur of the encircling mountains, affect you far more deeply.

The gods, of course, were silent, and gave no sign; the bird of Jove moved not; the nymphs were invisible; the "tuneful Nine" now, as ever, studiously avoided me; the Naiads had, doubtless, fled at my approach; and the only thing resembling a Dryad that I beheld was a young gentleman (whom to name modesty forbids) who, having just bathed in the crystal stream of the mountain Olympus, was using his linen duster for a towel!

PUEBLO, COLORADO, July 7, 1866.

THERE is no gold at Pike's Peak.

There never was any gold at Pike's Peak.

These statements are as startling, I have no doubt, to many as they were to me.

"Why, bless my soul!" say you, taking off your spectacles, for emphasis, "what are we to believe, if not that Pike's Peak was a gold mine? What was all the excitement about six years ago? and where did the thousands of people go who started for Pike's Peak?"

Well, the excitement was about gold, and the people went to Pike's Peak, but only for a fresh point of departure. The Peak is the exponent and outpost of a grand mountain range; but the mines are in the heart of the range, eighty or a hundred miles off. Miners must pass the Peak that distance to reach the gold. No sound of pick or blast ever broke his repose, and his rock-ribbed sides rest undisturbed.

Colorado City has neither billiard saloon, restaurant, coffee-house nor theatre, and is, therefore, clearly not a mining town. It is as quiet and quiescent as an interior Kentucky village. The excitement of 1859 brought it into being, and in the first year of its existence it had one hundred and thirty houses, and three hundred inhabitants. Its population now is one hundred souls, all told. In winter it numbers somewhat more, as many of the miners then come down from the mountains. The nearest mines are seventy miles distant. Of them all the Red Mountain district is said to be the richest, although the deepest shafts sunk are only twelve feet.

Colorado City is seventy miles distant from Denver, and forty-five from Pueblo. Fully thirty miles of the latter distance are covered on both sides of the road with excellent farms — I mean the fields, not the improvements, which are wretched. Wheat, corn, oats, all grow well, the smaller grains best. I saw one field of fine wheat, of three hundred and eighty acres. No fences, and all the cultivation by irrigation, in which the Americans, for want of familiarity with the system of *acequias*, or ditches, make a mistake the Mexicans have long since learned to avoid. They dig them too deep and at too great an inclination, thus creating a current that washes out or deepens the ditch, and they use more water than is necessary — an eminently American trait, for, from housekeeping up to national finances, from the thick parings of potatoes and turnips up to the fat slices off treasury ribs, we waste and destroy more than would support the people and government of any European kingdom.

Most of the people who have settled these farms were disappointed "Peakers" — either those who had thrown down the shovel to take up the plough, or those who, with exhausted means, found a long mountain journey still before them after they had reached the Peak.

Touching irrigation, I have a story to tell, exemplifying the high esteem in which it is held in these parts.

Some twelve miles below Colorado I stopped at a ranch to get a drink of milk. Perhaps I was attracted by a group of children playing with a pet antelope — a little, delicate thing but a few weeks old, with large, soft, liquid, black eyes, and tame as a kitten. Man of the house absent in the field. Mother put on her husband's hat, and started for the milk-house as soon as my request was made. Gave us plenty of rich, cool milk, for which she positively refused a cent of compensation. She told me they were from Crawford County, Pennsylvania. "Like it here just middlin'. It's so lonesome; no women about; all men folks."

"But, Madam," said I, "you appear to have a great many neighbors here, with all these fine farms about you."

"My sakes, yes! There are thirty-two men farmin' here, and not one of them married — a set of good-for-nothing old bachelors! I just tell 'em they ought all to be took up and settled down on a dry creek!"

Now, if you consider for a moment the value and blessing of a running stream in a country whose existence depends upon irrigation, you will have some slight idea of the deep anathema conveyed by the imprecation of "dry creek." Being a wretched bachelor myself, I left suddenly, covered with shame and confusion.

To do Colorado City full justice, I will add that it has five stores and a post-office. The stores are, of course, supported by the miners and the farmers. Within twelve miles of the village two thousand more acres are put into cultivation this season than last, and they now raise more grain than their neighborhood can use. Every available quarter-section is taken up. Wheat and corn last year brought thirteen cents per pound. This year they will bring from six to eight cents.

I had almost forgotten to mention the Soda Spring[1] three miles from the city toward the foot of the Peak — not hot, like those of Idaho, but cold, sparkling, and foaming from Nature's laboratory in the deep caverns that underlie the mountain's foundation, and superior to any thing chemist ever produced.

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[1] A large slab of white rock, having three openings or holes in it — one of them a foot or more in circumference — out of which the water boils up, running over the rock into the creek. The water has an agreeable taste not unlike that of Seltzer. Analysis shows carbonate of lime 92, a small amount of carbonate of magnesia, and still smaller of sulphate of lime and chlorides of calcium and magnesia.

When you go there, — as you doubtless will, — take a little lemon sirup to put in your tumbler, and you have a "*nectar mousseux*" the gods might quaff. Indeed, I have not the slightest doubt that large quantities of it are consumed at Madame Juno's balls and receptions, over in the "Garden."

I endeavored to ascertain whence and when came the designation of the "Garden of the Gods." The oldest inhabitant of Colorado City dates only as far back as 1859, and he tells me that "they called it so when he came."

Pueblo is a modern village, on the north bank of the Arkansas, near the mouth of the Fontaine qui Bouille River, which takes its rise in the aforementioned Soda Spring. It is put down on the maps as "Boiling Spring River," although the people of the country, nearly all Americans, still call it by its French name. Pueblo dates only some six years back, and is named after an old Spanish fort that formerly existed on the opposite bank. The town is composed of some fifteen or twenty houses, three stores, a tavern, and an immense sign-board, which has evidently seen better days in some more metropolitan locality. The sign in question bears this "strange device:" —

"EL PROGRESSO."

Behind and under it is a saloon — making the prospective "progress" for Pueblo of a dubious and questionable character.

As we near the river bank, the Arkansas — like the Iser (of course you remember the story of the man who was found by Hohenlinden Campbell at the foot of a staircase, from the top of which he had just been thrown down. "God bless my soul," says T. C., "what's this?" "'T was I, sir — rolling rapidly," responded the suddenly descended); like the Iser, then — was rolling down very fast, and some hours were consumed in putting across our command, in a single scow swinging to a rope stretched from bank to bank. The Arkansas is here about sixty yards wide.

Landed on the south bank, we encamp near a magnificent grove of large cotton-woods — one of them measuring sixteen feet in circumference.

I was here struck with the remarkable versatility in the habits and physiognomy of this tree. Some of them look, in the distance, like perfect oaks — and grand ones, too — with the majestic spread of the branches and grand bearing of the monarch of the forest. Others you would take for elms, with their graceful, full heading of foliage.

# LETTER XV.

## NEW MEXICO.

RATON PASS, BANKS OF THE PICKET WIRE,
NEW MEXICO, *July* 9, 1866.

OF course you have heard of Bob Ruly (Bois Brulé)!

Likewise of his cousin Bob Long (Bois Blanc)!

As a general thing I have remarked that the pronunciation of the English language is not successfully applicable to the French. When, at St. Louis, for instance, they tell you of the Weed Bush carts that formerly came in, you are entirely at a loss to recognize Vide Poche.

The Dardanelles,[1] too, somewhat puzzles us, when informed that it is French, for we are "up" in the Bosphorus and Constantinople, and know better. Finally, when the thing is explained, and you are advised that it is a way they have of pronouncing *Dort d'un œil*, you are ready to believe any thing in distorted orthography — except, perhaps, Picket Wire.

A distinguished major-general of our army, who, after many years of arduous service as lieutenant, had reached the then high grade of brevet captain (he is quite an old gentleman now, has well-won laurels, a long, gray beard, and a little boy who domineers over him), encamped some — well, ever-so-many years ago, on the banks of this stream, and was puzzled by its name.

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[1] A well-known locality on the Arkansas River.

Picket Wire? Why Picket Wire? Picket, by itself, one could understand. But Picket Wire? Never was any wire in the country. And then it's English, while every mountain and stream in this whole region has a French, Indian, or Spanish name. Picket Wire! His sleep was disturbed, puzzling over it.

Inquiry renewed next day. Every one said they had always heard it called "Picket Wire," and that was all they knew about it. At last a native was caught, who, on being asked the name of the stream, gave it instantly its beautiful Spanish appellation, "Rio de las Animas."

Ah! here was a light. "The River of Souls." Picket Wire — corruption of the French "Purgatoire" — the transition to Picketwire not being so violent when we recollect that the Canadian and American French Creole pronunciation of *oire* is sharp, and slightly nasal. Thus, *histware*, for histoire (*a* as in fare), *voulware* for vouloir, *purgatware* for purgatoire, etc.

I gave you my theory of the origin of the word Platte. I think I can perceive that of Rio de las Animas.

In his diary of November 15, 1806, Pike speaks of encamping on a fork of the Arkansas, on the south side, bearing south 25° west, and he says, "As the Spanish troops appeared to have borne up it, we encamped," etc. South 25° west is precisely the course of the Picket Wire, and applies to no other stream that Pike could then have reached. The troops in question were probably en route to Mexico. It is evident from what Pike says that some days had elapsed since they passed. They in all probability reached it on the 2d of November, All Souls' Day, and according to their custom — instance Florida, Corpus Christi, etc. — named it "Las Animas," in commemoration of the day.

From the Arkansas, from the Huerfano, from all the intervening high points, we still see the Peak looming up more grandly to the eye than any mountain I have ever beheld. We passed not far from the spot where Pike first saw it, and could not be surprised at his deception as to its distance.

Crossing the Arkansas, we find the character of the plain suddenly changed. The sage bush grows larger, a new cactus appears, spreading, crooked, and five feet high. It is the cactus called the great cylindrical.

Yesterday we marched thirty-three miles without water.

I have not mentioned the Spanish Peaks, although they have been in full view for a week. They are not as high as Long or Pike, but of exquisitely graceful outline, and so closely resembling each other as to be called by the Indians "*Wa-wa-to-yas*," "The Twins," and by the Spaniards "*Las dos Hermanas*," "The two Sisters."

The sun shines brightly every day in this month of July. I am in latitude thirty-seven, and yet I do not expect to know what summer heat is until next year. Since coming into this region none of us have felt it. The plains rise steadily from Kansas to the Rocky Mountains, and at almost any point on the plains along their base in Colorado and New Mexico, you are at a greater elevation than on the highest of the Alleghanies, or even Mount Washington in the White Mountains. From a Government survey made in 1854, by Lieutenant Whipple, it appears that the approach to the Santa Fé Mountains, from the Missouri, is by a gentle ascent from an elevation of four hundred and sixty feet at Fort Smith, to near 6500 feet at the base of the mountains. To reach this elevation, a horizontal distance of about eight hundred miles is traversed.

Now, as to the temperature, take the thermometrical figures as recorded from day to day on our march: —

| 1866. | 3.30 A. M. | 3 P. M. | 9 P. M. |
|---|---|---|---|
| June 23 . . . | 65 | 85 | 67 |
| June 24 . . . | 58 | 83 | 69 |
| June 25 . . . | 53 | 90 | 66 |
| June 26 . . . | 52 | 78 | 59 |
| June 27 . . . | 53 | 83 | 60 |
| June 28 . . . | 56 | 80 | 60 |
| July 3 . . . | 54 | 70 | 56 |
| July 4 . . . | 50 | 84 | 83 |
| July 9 . . . | 48 | 85 | 66 |
| July 10 . . . | 58 | 89 | 58 |
| July 11 . . . | 62 | 85 | 70 |

But these figures do not express the limpidity and exhilaration of the atmosphere. In the morning we wear our cloaks, and at night we sleep under two blankets. True, we are in the open air. One, in a house, would suffice. Woolen clothes are always "*de rigueur*," and the sensation of "peripatetic bath" I used to have all summer in the States is now unknown to me.

Nor do the figures given express the degree of heat, or rather, of coolness. The warmth of summer is here greatly modified by the peculiar dryness of the atmosphere, which carries off the perspiration with great rapidity, cooling the surface of the body, and leaving of summer only that which is pleasant.

It is the most delightful summer climate in the United States, made so, doubtless, by the atmospheric influence of the grand Rocky Range.

> "The mountain wind! . . .
> . . . When in the sultry time,
> He troops him from his vast cerulean hall,
> He seems the breath of a celestial clime!
> As if from Heaven's wide open gates did flow
> Health and refreshment on the world below."

After crossing the Apishpa, we mount a divide, and, although with relation to the mountains we are at the bottom of a huge bowl, our elevation is 6580 feet over sea level. Here presents itself the most magnificent view, in extent, of a chain of mountains in all its variety of outline and elevation, that I can conceive. The eye ranges from Long's Peak to the north, passing Pike, the Sangre de Cristo Mountains, the Spanish Peaks, the Wet Mountains, down to the extremity of the Raton chain — the whole connected with intermediate groups, with the dazzling background of the Snowy Range, and the bright sky that lights the shore of the Pacific.

You have before you in this view the arc of a circle of at least two hundred and fifty miles in extent. Such a spectacle is impossible anywhere else without the condition of this exquisite atmosphere. There is, as I write, an intense delicacy and clearness in the air that I never, until now, could have imagined. The opposite side of the river is a semicircle of green fields, crowned with mountains. The vividness of color and distinct outline of the smallest object gives to the landscape, in a semicircular sweep of three miles, at a distance of four, the effect to the eye of a beautifully-executed cabinet picture on the wall of your room.

This morning we had the Raton Pass apparently just before us. You could not, by any effort, imagine it to be more than six miles. It was just thirty-four. Its highest point — an abrupt, bluff termination of the range — is its northern extremity, and called after a German artillery officer, who commanded a battery in Kearney's "Army of the West." The "Army of the West" — this was in 1846 — was composed of 2000 men all told. We have seen armies of a different size since then!

Well, Captain Fischer encamped where I am now writing, at the foot of the Peak, which he involuntarily baptized. Rising early next morning, he looked up at the bluff. To go there was, evidently, a mere promenade. He would make it. Leaving word that he would return to breakfast, he started off. There was an artillery company in camp that whole day without a captain. So there was that night, and the next day. He returned on the evening of the second day, a very tired and a wiser man. But he had started to go to the Peak — and he went there.

The distance he had to travel, going and coming, over rocky and steep ground, could not have been less than twelve miles; and "Fischer's Peak," the point, remains to this day.

Just below me, down the river, is the village of Trinidad. On entering it, I saw my first lovely Mexican women. They were not dancing, nor smoking cigaritos, nor manipulating their rebosos, nor striking "the light guitar." On the contrary — quite the reverse — they (six or seven of them) were plastering the outside of an adobe building with mud.

This is the first Mexican village we have seen. We are not enchanted. I would rather not give way to first impressions, though, and will tell you how such an "outfit" affects me after I have seen more of them.

Banks of the Rio Cimarron,
New Mexico, July 11, 1866.

Starting from the foot of Fischer's Peak this morning, we make the Raton Pass — winding among cañons, dells, gorges, rocks, and pines, up and up for fourteen miles to the summit of the divide separating the Cimarron and the Rayado, where we had a fine and farewell view of Pike and the Spanish Peaks. Intervening mountain ranges and spurs will hide them hereafter. Our road now alternates between high divides and stretches of the plain or mesa. *Mesa* is Spanish for a table. We have seen them ever since we approached the Arkansas. At first, little, conical hills, fast wearing away, and sinking down to the level of the plain; as we progress, they increase in size and height — their ends sloped off like those of a perfectly-formed bastion.

They are of horizontal strata, evidently once continuous, and forming, in bygone years, a plateau raised above the general level of the present prairie. First stripped of their trees and vegetation, and worn away by the atmosphere and the elements, they have been gradually cut up by ravines, and, finally, separated into what we now see, — table-shaped elevations, truncated cones, and flat-topped mounds.

A new ranch is going up near our encampment. It is the joint-stock concern of a Canadian and a

Massachusetts man. They have large droves of cattle, which cost them not a cent to keep, neither salt nor fodder, not even in winter. All the milk on the place they sell readily at their own door at twenty-five cents per quart, and butter at one dollar and twenty-five cents a pound.

One of them, the Canadian, confided to me his determination to get a "States' wife."

## LETTER XVI.

BANKS OF THE OCATE, NEW MEXICO, *July* 12, 1866.

A GREAT deal of banks, but very little of the Ocate. Not a drop of water in it, where we encamp; but lower down, I see a large flock of sheep driven to and from the river, there probably being water in some of the holes among the rocks.

We this morning saw three flocks of sheep (with a large admixture of goats), numbering about 8000, and shortly afterward a large gray wolf leisurely trotted across the head of our column, stopping from time to time and coolly turning to scrutinize our outfit.

Do you want to know the rate of luxuries here? I inquired the prices of several articles at the ranch near by: claret (such as you can get at five dollars per dozen), two dollars a bottle; whiskey — poor stuff — fifteen dollars a gallon; cheese, one dollar per pound, &c.

The mesas we passed over to-day were particularly fine. After traversing a very long one, we ascended a sharp, high hill to the table of another, the limits of which we could see toward the plain, the eastern outline of its elevation, doubtless, presenting the same appearance to the traveller on the plain that a still nearer one does to us.

Most of those we see are worn down to a horizontal stratum of sedimentary rock, large masses of which fall from the edges as the ground washes from under. Gradually, by this process, in the lapse of years, the entire ledge falls, leaving the deep stratum of earth beneath to the mercy of the elements, which soon sweep it away; and so on, repeating the process with the alternating strata of stone and earth, until it is brought down with the level of the prairie.

And what becomes, do you ask, or has become, of the incalculable mass of *detritus* thus worn away? For ages and ages it has been sweeping down the creeks, the streams, and the rivers, into the Platte, the Arkansas, and the Red, into the Missouri or the Mississippi, bringing lower and lower down the mouth of the latter, making heaving, spongy, and boggy swamps, above the surface of the water, which, gradually gaining the consistency of wet prairie, finally harden into solid land and create the immense tracts of territory that we now call Arkansas and Mississippi and Louisiana. And this process is still going on to-day. Millions of acres of rocks, trees, stones, and earth, disintegrated and pulverized by the elements, and washed down half across the continent, daily raise the bed of the Father of Waters, creating other new acres, and carrying the Delta of the Mississippi still out, and out, and further out into the ocean.

FORT UNION, NEW MEXICO, *July* 13, 1866.

WE marched through mist and rain all the morning. Met several Mexicans on mules and *burros* (donkeys). A Mexican or Indian on horseback is readily distinguished at a distance by the ceaseless swinging of his legs. This swing is far from according with our ideas of fine horsemanship. For that matter, there is much really good riding that departs very widely from the rules of the *manége*, or riding-school, and is by no means tolerated at West Point or Saumur. Thus, for instance, it is thought quite the thing to ride with long stirrups,—an exquisite rider scarcely touching stirrup with the tip of his long-soled boot. Now, the Cossacks, Bedouins, and Camanches are thought, by judges, to be rather good horsemen, and, at any rate, spend the greater part of their life on horseback. All these people ride with short, and some with *very* short stirrups. The ratiocination (racy-horsey-nation) of the matter is plain. They throw the lance, the lasso, or handle the sword, pistol, rifle, or bow, seated in the saddle. For such an effort the muscular strength demanded of the arms and upper part of the body cannot be successfully put forth without the leverage, so to speak, of a firm foot pressure. Swing a man in the air by his waistband, and see how far he can send a projectile. With merely a seat in the saddle he is not much better off, and needing the foothold, the Camanche, like a sensible savage, takes it.

Fort Union is about one hundred miles from Santa Fé, and on account of its situation between the plains proper and the mountains, has been made the depot of military stores for all this region. In fact it is of less importance as a garrison than as a depot.

Here, our escort and wagon train stop to recruit and fit up, while those who "have a call" to go to Santa Fé, and those who can obtain leave, start tomorrow for the capital of New Mexico.

General Davidson, Second Cavalry, remains in command of the camp. He has seen long and arduous duty on this part of the frontier. As lieutenant in the First Regiment United States Dragoons, he served in New Mexico for many years; and in 1853 commanded a detachment that had, with the Jicarilla Apaches, one of the most desperate fights in our Indian record. The action took place in the Embuda Mountains, some twenty miles southwest of Taos. With sixty men he fought two hundred and forty warriors, in a craggy mountain defile of their own choosing. No better position could have been taken by the savages in the entire range. They were, moreover, on foot, and without their families. The fight was long and desperate, and Lieutenant Davidson was obliged to draw off his men with a loss of twenty killed[1] and left on the field, and of the surviving forty, thirty-six, including himself, wounded.

Kit Carson, in speaking of the affair, says: "Nearly every person engaged in, and who survived that day's bloody battle, has since told me that his commanding officer never once sought shelter, but stood manfully exposed to the aim of the Indians, encouraging his men, and apparently unmindful of his own life. In the retreat, he was as cool and collected as if under the guns of his fort. The only anxiety he exhibited was for the safety of his remaining men."

MORA, NEW MEXICO, *July* 16, 1866.

MORA is a Mexican village embosomed in the mountains, eighteen miles from Fort Union, which I was strongly recommended to see. Rising by a rough, rocky road from the broad, flat valley in which Fort Union is situated, to the mesa west of it, some five miles across, we pass through a succession of beautiful valleys, well cultivated and irrigated, dotted frequently with flocks of cattle, sheep, goats, and burros, and hamlets in groups of adobe houses of the usual sombre complexion; wheat and corn fields, looking well, neither grain as high as we are accustomed to see at home; but few fences,— sheep, cattle, and goats being tended by herders through the day, and folded or penned at night. It was amusing to see the pigs picketed, lariat, pin and all. Piggy bears it with all the dignity of a mule. I have not seen chickens treated in that military style, but hear that it is common here.

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[1] Kit Carson informs me, "There were twenty-two; I helped bury them myself."

The architecture of a Mexican village is neither striking nor imposing. I believe I can convey a correct idea of its general effect at a short distance, by stating it thus. Take one hundred and sixty-seven brick-kilns (such as we have at home) ready for burning; divide them all horizontally, and a few in addition perpendicularly; place them about on the ground in spots, with a sickly and attenuated effort at streets — *et voila!* — there's your Mexican village. No trees, no shrubs, no grass-plats.

On our arrival in the evening, a *baile* was immediately gotten up in our honor. They used to call these things fandangoes, but we are growing genteel, and now *baile* is the word. Being expected, we young fellows went, and were received in a large, rough-looking room, scarcely recovered from its astonishment at the hasty washing it had just received. I need scarcely say that the room was on the ground floor, where all is ground floor, and cellars. Second floors and attics are unknown. Our "hall of dazzling white" had a few dim lights of oil and candle on the wall, and a

"Timotheus on high,"

with two or three assistants on a table at the upper end. The ladies fair, meekly sitting on benches and chairs along one side of the room, occasionally refreshing themselves with a *cigarito*, then and there fashioned and shaped and filled by their fair hands; men with hats on or hats off, smoking or not smoking, as best suited them; the women all well and modestly dressed, and of perfect propriety in demeanor and behavior, — the Spanish or Mexican costume evidently yielding to Americanization, a preference for reds, yellows, and the strong shades evidently prevailing, — the tints they were called upon to adorn being chocolatewards in their tendency.

The gentleman's invitation to the dance (which were quadrilles and Spanish waltz, neither gallop nor polka) — no introduction needed — being the merest intimation, as going up, and, without parley, leading off the damsel, or, possibly, standing in the middle of the floor, and beckoning her to come to him. After each dance, lady led out by cavalier to what is equivalent to a bar, for refreshments. This part of the festivity, strictly *obligato.*

To do the fair one justice, she is usually moderate, *vino* or *dulces* being her stereotyped answer to "What will the Senorita have?"

Dulces is generally a stick or two of candy, which is carefully bestowed in the handkerchief for future consumption.

"For though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind."

One of our party, though — the young Siberian, Sawemoff — had an experience in the refreshment line, rather refreshing.

A pretty Moravian, "all in white arrayed," struck his fancy, and having danced a set with her, he made an ineffectual attempt to lead her to a seat. She did not take that view of the position, and held her ground, likewise his arm.

"So," says he, "I slung her round again, and when that was over, was sure she would go. Not a bit of it, but just kept me. 'Confound it!' said I; 'here goes for a third time;' and when it was over; I just dissolved the partnership, somehow — I hardly know how myself. I had scarcely done so, when it suddenly struck me that I had n't treated her. I don't speak much Spanish, so I got L. to tender an apology, my arm, and instant reparation. Went out; asked her what she 'd have. She replied: '*Vino.*'

"'*Vino!*' says I, with emphasis, to the barkeeper.

"'*Si, vino,*' said she.

"'*Si, vino,*' I repeated, with more emphasis; and in less than three minutes I had to pay four dollars for a small bottle of the vilest champagne you ever saw."

Mora is the residence of Lieutenant-Colonel Ceran St. Vrain, one of the most distinguished of the band of early pioneer traders and trappers — Bent, Kit Carson, Bridger, Maxwell — who survives. Colonel St. Vrain's wealth in land is very great, and he owns, under a Spanish grant, one tract of land a hundred miles square, bounded by the Snowy Range, the Rio de los Animas, and the Arkansas.

St. Vrain was, with Kit Carson, found on the side of his country in the hour of trouble, and threw the influence of his high personal character, great popularity, and immense wealth, in the scale of freedom against slavery.

The population of the Parish of Mora, extending up and down the river, is 10,000, nearly pure Mexican, there being besides but few Americans, and the inevitable trader of Teutonic origin and Hebraic persuasion, who keeps store in Mora, as he does in every town in Mexico, large or small.

One of the American residents introduced himself to me before I had been there ten minutes, and, in a burst of confidence (he was not unlike Mr. Micawber in general appearance), proffered his services as guide, or bosom friend, whichever I might most need. He was, he gave me to understand, Dr. C., renowned

> "Dans tout l'univers,
> Et en mille autres lieux."

He was candid, open-hearted, unwashed, and mellow, was Dr. C. He took, he remarked, things as he found them. He also had the appearance of taking *spiritus frumenti* and *spiritus vini Gallici*. His practice was, he said, large and remunerative, but, evidently, his investments were not in dry goods.

"Ask anybody here," — he went on to inform me, — "and they 'll tell you C. is a No. 1 doctor. C.'s a great surgeon. C. drinks — that 's true; but you just get C. right, and he 's your man for a great operation.

"Sir, I have arrayed myself against this Government. I am a secessionist, Sir; I say it boldly;

I don't conceal it. A man's judgment, you see, is a good deal affected by his interests. I owned one hundred and fifty slaves, and they 'went up,' Sir — yes, Sir, 'went up.' [I was informed afterward that he never owned a slave, nor any thing else.]

"Now, Sir, this is what I say: This thing's all over; the war's done; and I say, just let the Government alone; don't disturb the Government; let the Government go on; I am willing, for one, to let it go on."

Which I thought very handsome conduct indeed on the part of Dr. C.

## LETTER XVII.

KOSLOSKI'S RANCH, RIVER PECOS,
NEW MEXICO, *July* 18, 1866.

THE bright and beautiful weather of last Sunday at Mora, brought out the rural population of the neighborhood in great force, and, as we considered it, for our inspection. We went to the church, which appears to be a modern adobe building, neat and clean interior, little or no ornament, dirt floor. When the women are tired of kneeling, they — not to put too fine a point upon it — squat. But they do it gracefully.

After church, I amused myself an hour or two going through the groups crowded about the market-place — men, women and children, and burros, in picturesque confusion. Saw no beauty, either masculine or feminine. The reboso appears to have given way to the ordinary shawl, which the women use to shield themselves equally against the rays of the sun and impertinence of stare. They use no other head-covering. The principal female occupation, as I passed among them, appeared to be chattering, nursing the babies, and passing their lit cigaritos from mouth to mouth.

Leaving Fort Union, and passing on beyond the divide which separates the waters of the Arkansas from the Rio Grande, and in sight of Las Vegas, we come to the field of Burnside's fight with, and defeat of, the Apaches.

Las Vegas (or Begas, as it is pronounced here, the Mexicans not having the fear of the Spanish Academy before their eyes, and calling Vegas, Begas, and Vicente, Bisente), a village of some two thousand souls, is prettily situated on the side of the mountain that rises to the west.

Here is the distinctly marked termination of the plains, which, as we look north upon them, fall in gentle, green and grassy undulations, — stretching like the ocean, as far as the eye can reach. Like islands in the sea, isolated buttes and solitary mesas rise from its surface. Crossing the stony bed of the creek, and passing the alternating fields and adobes, we enter the Plaza. English and Spanish signs intermingled, meet the eye. "*Vienta de las Vegas*," "*Bakery*," "*Effectos*," &c.

It was in this Plaza, just twenty years ago, that General Kearney, entering New Mexico with a small army of 2000 men, told the assembled alcalde and people: "I have come among you, by the orders of my Government, to take possession of this country, and extend over it the laws of the United States. We come among you as friends, not as enemies — as protectors, not as conquerors. . . . I shall not expect you to take up arms and follow me, but I now tell you that those who remain peaceably at home shall be protected by me in their property, their persons, and their religion, and not a pepper [those who know a Mexican's fondness for *chile* (chile) *Colorado* and *chile verde*, will appreciate the favor] nor an onion shall be disturbed or taken by my troops without pay, or by consent of the owner. But, listen! he who promises to be quiet, and is found in arms against me, I will hang!"

General Kearney made himself clearly understood on the occasion.

Soon after leaving Las Vegas, we strike the pines, and our road winds among them two miles, until we reach the Puerto Cito Cañon, where it sweeps boldly and gracefully to the right, on a floor as smooth as a ball-room, into the gorge, which, evidently, from the water-marks high up on the inside walls, was, of old, the outlet of some lake or river.

Two miles further, is another gorge, equally fine, where the mountains of red sand-stone rise in horizontal strata more than a thousand feet above us. Every variety of the pine, from the majestic green spire fit for the deck of some tall admiral, to the modest and useful nut-bearing piñon and cedar, grow here luxuriantly.

It was just before reaching the Raton Pass that the peculiar growth of cedar in this country attracted our attention. Much of it resembles perfectly our large apple-trees in size and habit. Where they grew sparse and scattered, it was difficult to persuade yourself you were not in an apple orchard.

The afternoon brought us to Tecalote. Quaint old adobe church on the Plaza; the *fonda*, or tavern, opposite; and around, the usual slices and sections of an unbaked brick-kiln.

The open portal of a dwelling opposite gave us a view of the interior court, or *patio*, with its surrounding gallery and rooms opening out above it, answering precisely the description of a Moorish interior, from which — through the Spaniards of Andalusia, the glorious home of Boabdil el Chico — it is doubtless, architecturally descended or copied. On the roofs were four or five women with their faces covered — Moorish again — by their *rebosos*, as the Oriental women hide theirs with the *yashmak*.

Is *yashmak* right? Perhaps not, for I have no Lalla Rookh to refer to. At any rate, I am fully certain it's neither *bulbul* nor *yataghan*, and feel quite as much at ease about it as Mrs. Nickleby was concerning the name she knew so well: —

"If it was n't Murphy, it was Rogers, and that was the only doubt she had."

At twilight, the driving into the village of the flocks and kids to be milked and folded for the night, told us plainly we were in a pastoral country. It was just such a scene as you might look on at Martigny, or any other Alpine village, in Switzerland.

Soon after our arrival, one valid and one invalid fiddle, aggravated by a husky guitar, emerge from a portal, traverse some of the devious paths of the city, and return across the Plaza. That is the "Invitation to the Waltz," they give in Tecalote. It does n't at all resemble Von Weber's, and constituted an announcement that a ball was to come off that evening.

Fifteen miles further on is San Jose, a large and flourishing village on the Pecos. I remarked near the road, in a gloomy defile, a large pile of stones, surmounted by a cross. It marks the spot where a Mexican of Santa Fé, named Pino, was assassinated a few years since. He was returning from San Miguel, where he had won a large amount of gold at "monte." He had gone by San Jose, while his murderers took across the country and waylaid him at nightfall.

Ascending the hill just before reaching Kosloski's, you have a beautiful view of the Pecos Valley, in the midst of which stands a natural elevation surrounded and partially covered by two remarkable ruins — the Pueblo village, and the ancient Catholic church, built by the Spanish Franciscans in the last century. They are referred to and admired by all the explorers and travellers who have written on this country. I will return to them in a future letter.

No emigration of farmers and permanent settlers has as yet reached New Mexico from our older States. Quite a number of Americans have ranches and farms, but they are, almost without exception, soldiers who have served here in our armies, become accustomed to the country, partially learned the language, and, in some cases, married Mexican wives, and finally purchased land and settled. Nevertheless, inducements to come here are not wanting. An admirable climate, in one of the most beautiful pastoral countries the eye ever rested upon, where two crops a year are often obtained, and where cattle and sheep can be kept out the year round, are some of them.

Our host this evening is a Pole, who came a boy to this country, served many years in the First Regiment United States Dragoons, and after his discharge settled in this valley, where he now has about him wife, children, flocks, herds, and lands.

ARROYO HONDO (six miles from
Santa Fé), *July* 19, 1868.

ARROYO HONDO means deep creek, although *arroyo* is generally a dry gulch or ravine. Between *rio* (river) and *arroyo*, I do not find any Spanish word in use here to express what we mean by creek.

The rain of yesterday hung with diamonds and gems the beautiful cotton-woods and pines we enter soon after leaving the Pecos. The valley is well cultivated, and a rich farm, more than a mile in length, extends up to Pigeon's Ranch. Pigeon is the nickname given to a Frenchman named Vallé, who formerly owned it. From this point the road leads into Apache Cañon, a remarkable gorge, some ten miles in length, with hills on either side from one to two thousand feet in height. The Cañon is remarkable as the scene of two battles, one of which was fought, and the other was not fought. It is rather a nice place for fighting, as there is no point of its width out of cannon-shot, and you are, almost anywhere, within point-blank gunshot fire. The action that was not fought, was when Armijo, with 4000 men and six pieces of artillery, took position there in August, 1846, to check the advance of Kearney's small army, and "hurl back the foul invader." The position taken up by Armijo could have been made impregnable with four hundred men. But Armijo did not choose to stay, and instead of point-blank artillery, Kearney received a letter from Armijo's lieutenant-governor, informing him that Governor Armijo had travelled, and that he (Vigil) would be most happy to extend to him the courtesies of Santa Fé. The battle that did come off, was that of Pigeon's Ranch, or the Glorietta (March 2, 1862), between the Texas rebels, sixteen hundred strong, commanded by Sibley, and our forces, consisting of two companies of the First Colorado Regiment, and a few regulars, under command of Brigadier-General Slough, formerly of Cincinnati, and now Chief Justice of this Territory. The fight lasted nearly all day, and was settled by a detachment of our men who scaled the mountains, got around to the rebel rear, and destroyed all their wagons, ammunition, and stores of every description. This detachment was commanded, virtually, although not nominally, by Major Lewis, of the Eighteenth United States Infantry. I never heard that he was either brevetted or promoted for his gallant and efficient conduct. Served him right for not being on duty in some comfortable, quiet place. If he could have had a nicely cushioned, patent revolving arm-chair to sit in during the war, he might have been a brigadier-general at least.

The top of the mountain gives us, with an excellent road, a picturesque drive among the tall pines, and great masses of rock, among which, the granite, almost a stranger to our eyes, crops out profusely. The view of the Rio Grande Valley, in the warm light of an afternoon sun, opens beautifully as you descend. It is here some thirty miles broad, widening, as it goes south, to more than a hundred. To our right, the mass of round-topped mountains that overlook Santa Fé, themselves overlooked by El Pilcne; to the left, down the valley, the gracefully outlined Gold Mountains, and the heavy bluff of San Lorenzo, at whose foot lies Albuquerque.

And so, winding through narrow streets, lined by adobe houses, fields, and gardens, among which the irrigating acequias go murmuring and gurgling, we enter Santa Fé.

## LETTER XVIII.

ALGODONES, NEW MEXICO, *July* 27, 1866.

I HAVE been in New Mexico nearly three weeks, have made an industrious, if not an intelligent and effectual use of eyes and ears, have had facilities for going and coming, and have gone and come a great deal — asked questions innumerable, and received answers various, *de rebus omnibus, et quibusdam aliis*, reaching conclusions decided on some subjects, while holding opinion in abeyance upon others.

Much that I shall have to say concerning Santa Fé, is applicable to all New Mexico. I shall, therefore, defer for the present reporting my notes here, and when I have seen more, will communicate results afterward, under appropriate headings and grouping of subjects.

Meantime, like unto the honest and liberal tradesman who giveth weight full and measure overheaping — although the extreme scope of my trip is announced as "St. Louis to Santa Fé," I will add a journey to Albuquerque, and a trip to the Zandia and Gold Mountains, among the mines and placers, making altogether some two hundred additional miles of travel.

That concluded, I shall return to Santa Fé, and endeavor to give you a pen-and-ink panorama of the same, adding thereto such information as I have been able to obtain, and such conclusions as I reach, upon some or all of the following New Mexican topics: History, Religion, Manners and Customs, Amusements, American Influence, Agriculture, Mining, Pueblo Indians, etc.

This morning we left Santa Fé, and, passing through suburbs of adobe houses and grain fields, we found ourselves, at the end of four miles, out on the sandy plain covered with cactus, scattered and stunted cedars, and liberally intersected by *arroyos* (dry beds of streams — generally what we call gullies, although sometimes, as in the case of the Arroyo Hondo, large enough for a creek). At about eighteen miles, we perceive quantities of igneous stones, scoriæ, and lava; but little grass, large masses of wild verbena, asters, and the purple flower *Cleome integrifolia.*

We cross the Galisteo and other creeks, and see but little water in their broad, pebbled, and stony beds, with sands of primitive rock and ravaged banks showing their mountain origin.

At thirty-six miles we strike the Rio Grande. Acequias now begin to appear, and we are soon among cultivated fields of corn and wheat belonging to the Pueblo Indians of San Felipe. An "outfit" of a wagon, and two mules preceding us, stopped to "noon" by the roadside, and the animals were let loose quite "contagious" — as Rory O'More has it — to a corn-field. The operation made a damaging prospect for the crop. A little further on I thought I saw some bushes moving, on an elevation to our left, and I made out two young Indians, signaling to some one behind them. Presently, over the crest of the hill came a mounted Pueblo in full gallop. With his knees well gathered up on his Indian pony, and body slightly bent forward, he made the best of time toward the mule outfit. How they settled it I did not stop to see. These watches over their crops are constantly kept up, as they must not only protect the fields from intruders (the fields it will be remembered, are fenceless), but the acequias from accident.

Presently we come to a field from which the wheat had just been cut, and which a Pueblo is planting in beans. His costume is rudimentary and not oppressive. It consists of a shirt and a hoe.

A few miles further, and I fell upon one of those rare, sunny scenes, carrying us back to pictures of Arcadia, in which poets and painters delight, and the like of which can only be found in the meridional countries of Europe.

On the grassy bank of a large acequia, under the shade of a spreading cotton-wood, were a Pueblo man, woman, and girl. The Indian, finely formed, with long, black hair, naked to the hips, dressed in short tunic, loose linen pants, and deer-skin leggings, stood leaning on his bow and arrows, looking down at the woman, who, seated, was receiving from the hand of a pretty Indian girl of fourteen a draught of water from one of those classic-shaped earthen vases made by the Pueblos, the sight of which takes one back to Etruria and Egypt. The papoose at the woman's back peered round at us with its little black beads of eyes, the girl returned our "*buenos dias*," and the picture faded from view, but not from memory. I always look at these Pueblos with pleasure. There is no scent of carnage, rapine, or cruelty about them. I have, moreover, invariably found them pointedly respectful and polite to our American uniform.

Algodones is forty-five miles from Santa Fé, immediately on the east bank of the Rio Grande, and furnishes two fondas, or taverns, as the exponents of a population of some seven hundred souls. It is situated, apparently, at the foot of the Zandia Mountains, which are, in fact, fifteen miles off. The main elevation of this short range (Zandia) is 7000 feet above the river, and 12,000 feet above the sea level. At the fonda I was waited on at supper by an Apache Indian woman — not an uncommon circumstance in New Mexico. The Utes and Pueblos, friendly Indians, who in their fights with the Navajoes, Apaches, and Camanches take children among their prisoners, almost invariably sell them to the Mexicans for slaves. This question of Indian slaves is one of the first subjects that engaged my attention in New Mexico, and I have endeavored by inquiry to ascertain their number. The estimates of persons most likely to know, vary so widely that I find it impossible to reach any satisfactory conclusion. Kit Carson told me he thought they did not exceed 2000. General Carleton estimates their number at 4000. As we sat in the placita, or open interior square of the house, after supper, we were much amused and not a little edified at a discussion that suddenly sprang up between a Mexican (Señor Guttierez), who speaks English very well, and a former high official of the Territory. The question was as to the condition of the Indian children sold as above stated. The official presented their position as we used to be accustomed to hear slave-holders speak of that of their slaves — they were very happy, well cared for, well fed, treated kindly, and all the usual bosh talked south of Mason and Dixon's line, and, unfortunately, too much north of it, on the subject. The Mexican cut the matter short by saying, —

"You know as well as I do, sir, that although they are sometimes kindly treated, it is generally the reverse, and, get round the matter as you may, they are, after all, slaves, and nothing but slaves."

At this place, I met with the padre, or parish priest — Padre Hays, who was educated at the St. Louis University. He has been here nine years, and is the only American priest in the Territory. He has acquired the Spanish language so thoroughly that he says he would rather preach in Spanish than English. The Pueblo Indians of the neighborhood are under his charge.

It is really refreshing while at this place, to hear a word terminating in *es*, as Algodones, pronounced as it should be — simply, naturally, in consonance with the language — and not put to the torture. The pronunciation of the terminal *es* that has of late years come into vogue in the United States is, to say the least, painful to listen to. Some people cannot tell you of Demosthenes, Æschines, the Andes, or Carl Formes, without racking your ears with Demosthe*neeze*, Æschi*neeze*, the An*deeze* and Carl For*meeze*. Gentlemen from Cambridge and Yale do this thing with coolness and imperturbability, and, indeed, rather appear to enjoy it. These half-Indians of Algodones pronounce their town's name as Christians should. Even the pagan Greeks never talked about Demosthe*neeze*. If one must needs of *es* make *eeze*, why not, to be consistent, say at once, as the Yorkshire country bumpkin is made to in English farce, "Yeeze, zur, I wool."

ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO, *July* 28, 1866.

FROM Santa Fé to Albuquerque, a distance of seventy miles, you descend 1500 feet. Consequently, the gentle zephyrs are of warmer temperature here — as our sensations and the thermometer both informed us immediately on our arrival. At Algodones, Fahrenheit, at six A. M., said sixty-five degrees. Here, at Albuquerque, this P. M., he says eighty-two degrees.

Soon after leaving for Albuquerque, we pass through another Pueblo village — Zandia — a collection of adobe houses, not greatly differing from those of a Mexican village. Some things are done differently. For instance, the bake-ovens are built on the tops of the houses. Built on the ground, the dogs rather affect, infest, and infect them as dormitories. Besides, there are sun*dry* other reasons for elevating them on to the roof.

Hereabout (Zandia) commences the Rio Abajo, or (the country) down the river. The fields now spread out, the ranches and haciendas are closer together, walls hem in the road until it narrows to a mere lane in places, corn grows higher, fruit-trees appear, and you begin to see the vine. If the walls by the roadside were of stone, and the houses whitened, you might imagine you had caught a glimpse of Italy. Houses, fields, and people begin to look more characteristically Mexican. The walls and adobe fences are now frequently topped or crowned with long branches of the cactus — more effectual against intruders than spike nails or broken glass.

Here I saw a Mexican plow. It is a monumental affair, with wood-work enough in it to furnish the rafters of a small house, and worthily and ponderously matches the Mexican cart. Before they pass away — there is no great hurry though, you will have time enough, for your Mexican has not yet begun to move rapidly — a specimen of each should be preserved, and handed down to posterity, duly certified by credible witnesses. Their agricultural use and employment might otherwise be disputed by coming generations.

Bernalillo, another village through which we pass, has a good-looking church and some neat and pretty residences. It is celebrated, in these parts, for its wines, some of which I have tasted. These wines are capable, with proper treatment, of being made excellent, but the grapes, though superior, are badly pressed, the juice inexpertly handled, and not kept sufficiently long. There are no cellars, and the wine is used almost as fast as made. Old wines are almost out of the question.

Albuquerque lies near the river, on a low, sandy *vega*, and is little more than a collection of alternate brick and adobe houses. You take it to be all suburb until informed you are in the town. Travellers, as far back as Pike, in 1807, speak of the beauty of the women. I have found, in my travels, nothing so evanescent and capable of eclipse as this local reputation for beauty. You never happen to see it just at the period of your visit.

Kendall, in his Santa Fé expedition (1841), speaking of the entry into Albuquerque of the procession formed by his fellow-prisoners and their guard, describes the population of the place flocking out, and, among the rest, a beautiful girl of fifteen standing on an adobe wall to look at them pass by, the taper fingers of her right hand supporting a huge pumpkin upon her head, while her left was gracefully resting upon her hip. With a tear of pity in her eye, she gives the pumpkin to a passing prisoner, etc. The description of her peerless beauty, I recollect, occupies some three pages — one of those little impromptus labored at leisure — and closes by saying that the prettiest girl he ever saw was selling woolen socks at twenty-five cents a pair at Holmes' Hole, and her twin sister in beauty was standing in her bare feet on a mud wall at Albuquerque.

I have only to remark that I also, twenty-five years later, on the same spot, saw the population of Albuquerque swarm out on a more attractive occasion; and if that young lady of the pumpkin, bare feet, taper fingers, hip, and all that sort of thing, left daughters resembling herself, I certainly did not see them.

## LETTER XIX.

ALBUQUERQUE, *July* 29, 1866.

THIS will never do! Thermometer 70° at six A. M.; 83° in the shade, and 125° in the sun at two P. M. We have not come down 2000 feet for nothing, and I reiterate my opinion about the gentle zephyrs. Ungrateful wretch that I am, too. I never once gave thanks, nor even remarked that we had no flies at Santa Fé until they began to torment us here. The difference between an elevation of 6346 and 4800 feet is, for us, too plainly perceptible.

Albuquerque is an uninteresting village of some 1000 inhabitants. A few nice adobe dwellings, and the old church in the Plaza with its modern façade, form the sum total of its architectural interest. This church — above other Mexican churches — is quite aristocratic in having a board floor. Some half-dozen long kneeling benches used for pews at the upper end, show the extent of American innovation. I entered in expectation of hearing a Spanish sermon. The Padre, however, after reading the gospel of the day in Spanish, and making a few remarks upon it, announced there would be no sermon, "*En consideracion del mucho calor.*" This Padre (Rev. Mr. Truchard) is spoken of by both Americans and Mexicans here, as deserving the greatest praise for his labors, his admirable example, and the useful reforms effected by him.

Portions of the service were sung in the most remarkable music I ever listened to. The "Gloria," "Credo" and "Sanctus," chanted in a sort of droning recitative, decidedly nasal, by one voice, were accompanied by a violin and two guitars — the same symphony or interlude being repeated at all the intervals. The violin might be characterized as scratchy, and the guitars, who were opposite each other, played as to tune and time as if each one wished it distinctly to be understood that he had "no connection with the establishment over the way."

I saw the performers, afterward, as they came out, and felt ashamed of my levity, as they passed — three gray-haired old men, bending under the weight of years. It looked as though the Padre, who is said to be progressive, had allowed them, out of kind pity, to remain with the chanting and strumming they had been accustomed to for forty years, and which they had inherited from the seventeenth century. Their guitars, by the way, might have had something to do with their bending, for they were monumental in size, and contained wood enough to make a table. The band of the 5th United States Infantry (brass instruments) was present, and performed some solemn airs — its full, rich tones in remarkable contrast with the Mexican chant — so that I may say I thus heard the music of 1666 and that of 1866 together. As usual in Mexican churches, the sexes were separated, the women to the right, men to the left, and the demeanor of all was serious and edifying.

We heard the band again that evening in the Plaza. Among other pieces, they gave "*Ah! tu* *che a Dio spiegasti l'ali"* — from Donizetti's "Lucia," with its andante introduction. Something about their manner of rendering it induced me to inquire into the personal, or, rather, national organization of the band, and I was informed that five of them were Frenchmen — deserters from the French army in Mexico. They had made their way from Chihuahua to El Paso, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles, doubtless aided by the native population, who are strongly on the Juarez side. A large part of the garrison of Fort Bliss is, I am reliably informed, composed of the same class of deserters.

I met here, yesterday afternoon, my Indian friends the Zunis, whom I had frequently seen while at Santa Fé, and as I had happened to be present with General Carleton and Colonel Kit Carson at a council held with them, they naturally took me for a Big Indian among the whites. Imagine my dismay and discomfiture — knowing me as you do for a modest young man — when I found them drawn up in front of a house I was just entering, and heard them greet me with three stunning yells of recognition and welcome.

Later in the day, I saw a band of thirty-seven Navajoes — their enemies — who were not so cheerful. They had just come in and surrendered, being forced to it by sheer starvation. Their gaunt, famished looks told their story plain enough. Their wants were speedily administered to, and they will be sent to the Bosque Bedondo, a reservation specially set apart for them. All who come in and surrender are kindly treated and put there. On condition of their remaining, lands, implements, seed, provisions, and houses are furnished them, and those who are on the reservation — some 7000 — are successfully cultivating the arts of peace, and can soon support themselves solely by agriculture and industry. With those who refuse to come in, and who continue their depredations on the Mexicans and Pueblos, it is war to the knife. And this alternative of surrender and migration, or relentless and ceaseless war, will be found the only solution of our Indian difficulties.

ALBUQUERQUE, *July* 30, 1866.

THERMOMETER at 6 A. M., 68°; at 2 P. M., 82°. Nothing but the obligation of having accepted an invitation to a grand *baile*, given by the citizens in honor of the arrival of Major-General Pope, commanding the department, who was most enthusiastically received here, could have induced me to remain another day. That festivity terminated, I shall vamose at once.

CAMP IN VALLEY OF THE TUERTO MOUNTAINS,
(Forty miles southeast of Santa Fé,) *July* 31, 1866.

AT twelve last night I tore myself away from the gayety of the *baile* given at the handsome residence of Señor Salvador Armijo, and soon after, traversing four miles of sandy vega, we were galloping across the mesa which stretches its smooth, hard floor to the foot of the Zandia Mountains, rolling its even surface for miles to the south. Entering the mountains we soon strike the Cañon Carnuel, or El Infierno, which, I believe, is the route selected as one of the most favorable passes for the Pacific Railroad.

A brilliant moonlight favored us, and the stars shone brightly, enabling me to see objects with perfect distinctness. The scenery is bold and picturesque. At a turn of the road we pass the base of a precipitous cliff several hundred feet high. It was well the moon shone, for our road, which mainly laid in the bed of the mountain torrent, had been severely washed by late rains. Rising rapidly, and by an easy grade, we pass some hamlets and fields of wheat and corn that look well, although without the advantage of irrigation.

Approaching a group of houses about three o'clock in the morning, we met men and women returning, evidently, by their festive attire, from a *baile*. Two miles further on we passed the scene of gayety—the pursuit of pleasure under difficulties.

The summit of the divide is well covered with grass, and interspersed with cultivated fields. As we approach San Antonita, a beautiful view, stretching off to the east and south, rewards us for our night ride. From this point the road rolls down, by an easy grade, through the Valley of San Pedro, until we reach the village of Tuerto, or the New Placer. It is a collection of some ten or a dozen adobes, in the centre of which is an extensive shed, surmounted by a large pipe, plainly indicating a furnace below. In 1845–6 this place had in it more than a hundred houses, and twenty-two stores transacting more business than was done in Santa Fé. The secret of this activity was the gold washings, or placer, near it, about a mile southwest from the town, at the foot of a naked granitic mountain—the Bonanza.

The old placer, ten miles northeast toward Santa Fé, was discovered in 1828, and worked until 1839, when it was mainly deserted by the thousands who toiled there, for the new one. Large quantities of gold were taken out by the imperfect hand-washing.

Many large lumps, or nuggets, were obtained, some worth $500, $700, $1500, and one, in particular, of $3400, which its finder sold for $1400.

From the village we went back the road we came a short distance, and struck off into the valley to the east four miles, where we camped amidst a grand forest of fragrant pine-trees, growing out of a soft carpet of rich grama, and other grasses.

Thermometer at 8 P. M., 68°.

CAMP IN THE VALLEY, *August* 1, 1866.

THERMOMETER at 5 A. M., 58°. Compare that with your degree of heat on the same day, and tell me if you were not to be pitied. It is scarcely possible to exaggerate the beauty and delightful temperature of this climate. Of course, there is a difference in this respect between the mountains and the lower part of the Rio Grande Valley. Nevertheless it is everywhere temperate and even healthy. At Albuquerque the other day we saw the thermometer 83° in the shade, and lower down the valley it sometimes reaches 100°. Nevertheless, even there the nights are always cool and pleasant. For an invalid, or a person in delicate health, I should think Santa Fé in summer, and some point lower down in the valley in winter, unsurpassed in advantages. The atmosphere of summer at Santa Fé is always dry, and except for an occasional shower, the sky clear.

After breakfast we started to see the old Mexican mine (gold), and get the view from the summit of the Tuerto. A broad wagon-road leads to the mine, which, half-way up the mountain, opens wide its mouth to receive you. A sort of out-door chamber, of some ten feet deep by fifteen feet square, appears to have been excavated in the rock before commencing the mine in the side of the mountain. From this open space the mine is entered by four arches in the rock, in which a wide and high chamber is excavated, supported by pillars of the ore. The *gang* is iron ochre and crystallized quartz, of which I brought away some fine specimens. The ore is certainly rich in gold. From this point we ascended by a well-worn track (the route of the burros who packed the ore across the mountains to the rough mill formerly used), to the summit of the Tuerto. Here is one of the most magnificent views I ever beheld. We are elevated some five thousand feet above the valley. As I stand facing the south, to my right, in the distance, looms up the Sierra del Pecho, with the singularly-shaped elevation answering to its name, the valley of the Rio Grande and the mesas on either side stretching between us as one apparently smooth plain.

Carrying the eye further south, the Zandia Mountains cut off a section of the valley. At their lower end we see, over the gorge made by the Carnuel Cañon, the highest of the Ladrones range beyond Socorro, and overlooking Fort Craig. The San Ysedro, just in front of us, cuts off our lookout due south. But southeast, east, and northeast, stretches off a magnificent plain, whose horizon is indented, at intervals of many miles, with the Mal Pais, Cañon Blanco Mountains, and the Salada. Six large lakes, salt and fresh, shine like mirrors in the sun to the southeast. We see seven towns and villages, Tejon, Tuerto, Santa Fé, San Pedro, San Antonita, Madera, and Chimal, and the rivers Rio Grande and Galasteo.

The immense pine forests clustering around the base of the mountains and stretching far into the plains, look, from this height, like patches of box-plant in a garden. Turning to the north, on the left beyond the river, we have the Hemos Mountains, west of the Gold or Placer River, separated from us by an apparent strip of green, which, however, is four miles wide. Just over the eastern slope, we have the range of the Santa Fé Mountains, and that of the Mora, extending to Las Vegas, and beyond; to the north, a section of the Taos Mountains — making, in all, a grand visual circular sweep of from sixty to one hundred miles in every direction. A brilliant sun and clear atmosphere light up the entire picture, shaded only by grand masses of white, billowy clouds, and five narrow strips of black, miles apart, athwart the horizon to the north and northeast, denoting as many distinct and heavy rains.

SANTA FÉ, *August* 2, 1866.

WE found the summit of the Tuerto thoroughly prospected, and holes, piles of stones, and initialed boards, show that its entire surface is claimed for mineral wealth. Returning to camp for dinner, which we ate reclining on the grass, we saddled up in the afternoon and reached Real de Dolores, or the Old Placer, at seven P. M. There we found a mill in which a battery of five stamps was pounding industriously on the gold ore. The mill and mine are the property of the New Mexico Mining Company, which has lately resumed operations with some activity. The old placer of which I speak above, is but a few rods off. The road passes through it; and although there has been no digging and washing there for twenty years, the ground, up and down for miles, looks as though it had been torn up yesterday by an earthquake.

Here I fell in with Candelaria, an aged shepherd, who in the palmy days of mining stumbled upon a lump of gold worth $750. "Straightway," he told me, recounting his luck, "straightway all the men bowed to me, the women courtesied, the *comerciantes* took off their hats when they met me. My name grew like a gourd. From Candelaria it became Don Juan, Don Juan Candelaria, Señor Don Juan Candelaria, Señor Don Juan Candelaria, Caballero! This lasted three weeks. My gold lasted twenty days. On the twenty-second day my name was flattened out to *Old* Candelaria, and now I herd sheep. Adios, compadre."

We were hospitably entertained at the house of Dr. Steck, the superintendent, and although the five stamps marked time vigorously all night, we slept well.

From this point, twenty-seven miles to Santa Fé we descend the plain for some miles, going due north. The road lies over a red and brown sandstone, and where we strike the creek, large masses of petrified wood, branches, and large trunks of trees, lie scattered about.

Soon after crossing the Galisteo we come to two springs, in one of which is sienite, and in the other fresh-water limestone. To the left, on an elevation, are the ruins of an ancient Pueblo — or rather the vestige of the ruins, for you can only trace the large inclosure, two hundred feet square, by its stone foundation, and perceive portions of the walls of the buildings. This ruin is so ancient that it was old when the Spaniards first came to the country. By dint of search I found some fragments of Pueblo pottery which I brought away. They were doubtless fashioned by Indian hands, before Montezuma was born.

To the stranger coming to Santa Fé, I would earnestly recommend the trip by the Old and New Placers to the summit of the Tuerto, as the most interesting he can make from that point. It requires only two days, presents more variety, and gives a better idea of the country, both mountain and plain, than any excursion he can make.

On our return here, we find the Navajoes (pronounced Navahoes) we saw at Albuquerque. They are making their way, under escort, to the Bosque Redondo.

The thermometer yesterday evening at 8 o'clock, at the Old Placer, stood at 68°; this morning at 5.30, at 58°; at 2 P. M. (Santa Fé), 72°.

I cannot but again speak of this climate.

Mere existence — breathing — is a pleasure in it.

At this season neither warm nor cool, and yet fresh and elastic; it must be the spot Sam Slick described, initially, as an A. P. (Airthly Paradise) compared with Cincinnati or New York.

## LETTER XX.

SANTA FÉ, NEW MEXICO, *August* 3, 1866.

SANTA FÉ was first settled by the Spaniards (I like to be precise), no one knows when. Rather an unsatisfactory date, you think? The period can only be approximated. Thus: The Spaniards first came to New Mexico in 1595, and this city was doubtless settled within one or two years after that event, thus making it two hundred and sixty-eight years old. It is, doubtless, the oldest town in the United States, except St. Augustine, Florida, and was in existence before the Pilgrims landed in New England.

According to accepted tradition, it was an Indian pueblo when the Spaniards reached this part of the valley. In connection with this first question of date, a few remarks may properly be made here, applicable to, and, in some measure, explanatory of, every historical question arising concerning New Mexico that, in subsequent letters, I may touch upon or refer to. Instead of the history of New Mexico, readers must fain accept the following apologetic explanation of its non-existence:—

### HISTORY.

In 1581, Captain Francisco de Leyva Bonillo, at the head of a band of adventurers, returned to Mexico from a reconnoissance of this country. The

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accounts given to the Spaniards of its appearance, mountains, Indians, and mineral wealth, warranted them in calling it New Mexico, from its resemblance to the portion already conquered by them.

Juan de Oñate of Zacatecas, famed for his deeds of arms, was sent in 1595 by the Viceroy, Count de Monterey, to take formal possession of the country, and attach it to the Spanish crown, with authority to establish *presidios* (forts) and colonies. It was not difficult for the warlike Spaniard to reduce the people. During the following three quarters of a century, towns were founded, military posts established, great numbers of mines opened and worked, and the country was tranquil, apparently, under the Spanish rule.

### INSURRECTION OF 1680.

Suddenly, without premonition or warning, there broke out a violent and bloody insurrection. The Spaniards, young and old, were massacred wherever found, and their commander, Don Antonio Otermin, retreating from Santa Fé with his command — a mere remnant of the Spanish forces — fought his way down the valley of the Rio Grande as far south as the present Texan frontier, near which, on the west bank of the river, with the aid of some friendly Indians, he laid the foundation of the town of El Paso del Norte. During this revolt all the Spanish archives and documents perished. The vengeance and destructive power of the natives were particularly directed against these special signs and attributes of the superiority of their conquerors. The few scattered fragments taken with them by the flying survivors of the massacre, to El Paso, never returned here.

### RECONQUEST.

It was not until 1693 that the Spaniards, under Don Diego de Bargas, reconquered the country. Previous to 1693 (the date of the oldest document in the archives of Santa Fé), the history of the country — so far as there found — is a total blank. I have seen several documents in the writing of Diego de Bargas. His manuscript, unlike the old Spanish documents, which are generally beautifully engrossed, forces on you the reflection that as he carved his way through the country with the blade of his sword, he did his writing with the hilt.

Under these circumstances, the history of the country has never been written; and to obtain information concerning even its most salient points, I find myself compelled to consult tradition and a few scattered books, that, after all, only treat the subject incidentally and superficially. Indeed, the writers could not well do otherwise. The future historian of New Mexico cannot therefore satisfactorily labor without access to scattered documents at El Paso, Chihuahua, Mexico, Madrid, Seville, and, perhaps, Rome.

### THE ARCHIVES.

Nevertheless, there is a mass of rich material even here. I have examined piles of documents belonging to the archives, and cannot but regret, for the sake of history, that some use is not made of them. There are papers and correspondence relating to the missions, pueblos, mines, Indians, etc., in large quantities; correspondence with the governors, general instructions to military commanders, reports of expeditions of exploration, warfare, etc. Among the remarkable papers I saw, is one giving a description of all the routes, trails, rivers, fords, and mountain passes from Sandia to Long's Peak. The startling discoveries we have from time to time, of late years, heard of passes and cañons hitherto unknown, would have been no news to the sons of Cortes.

Before Plymouth Rock had a name, the Spaniards had reached the Rocky Mountains, penetrated its passes, and become familiar with the sources, fords, and cañons of the Gila and Colorado — rivers that within a few years only have attracted so much interest as geographical novelties. And I am inclined to believe that if the historic material, printed and manuscript, from Coronado down to Escalante, were collected and put in proper form, the Spanish, military, Franciscan, and Jesuit explorers of the deserts now called New Mexico, Arizona, California, and Utah, would far outshine the English of Virginia and the Pilgrims of Plymouth in bravery, enterprise, daring, and fortitude.

To cite but a single instance, take the expedition of Fernando Alarchon, who in 1542 discovered and entered the Rio Colorado of the West from the Gulf of California. He ascended the river eighty-five (85) leagues, when his progress was stopped by a dangerous and lofty cañon, through which it was impossible to draw the boats.

The river has only been ascended in our day by an expedition provided with a small iron steamer built for the express purpose, and with all the aid in men and money that a liberal and wealthy government alone could furnish. (See the interesting Report of Lieutenant Ives, published by Congress.)

### MATERIALS FOR HISTORY

are abundant. The earliest narrative, except that of Baca, and the one most frequently referred to, is that of Pedro Castañeda de Nagera, a soldier in the expedition to Cibola, commanded by Francisco Vasquez de Coronado, undertaken in 1540, under the direction of Don Antonio de Mendoza, then Viceroy of New Spain. Translated from the original Spanish manuscript found in the collection of Uguina, it was first published in French in 1838 by Ternaux Compans.[1]

Among the numerous Memoirs, Letters, and Reports, are prominent: —

I. Relation of Alvar Nuñez Cabeza de Baca or Vaca (1528–1536), who travelled from Florida to Sonora.

II. Narrative of Father Marcos de Niza, who started from San Miguel, Province of Culiacan, March 7, 1539. His companion was Friar Honoratus, and he travelled, in the words of his journal, 3
"as the Holy Ghost did lead." He penetrated 3 3
through New Mexico far into Arizona.

III. Letters of Antonio de Mendoza to the Emperor Charles V.

IV. Narrative of Captain Juan Jaramillo.

V. Friar Juan de la Ascuncion (1538).

VI. Father Jacob Siedelmeyer (Oct. 1744). Went to the Gila.

VII. Friar Augustin Ruys, a Franciscan (1581).

VIII. Antonio de Espejo (1583).

IX. Friar Francisco Garces.

X. Don Juan de Oñate (1604).

XI. Michael Venegas. "Notizia de la California, escrita por el R. P. Andres Buriel." Madrid, 1754. Gives an account of expedition of 1683, when two Jesuit fathers, Salvatierra and Kuhn, — the latter a learned astronomer from Ingolstadt, — went to California. In 1701–1703, Kuhn made his celebrated exploration to Northern California and the Rio Colorado. At this time Philip V. of Spain gave $13,000 annually to the Jesuit missions for these wilds.

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[1] *Voyages, Relations, et Mémoires, etc.*, par H. Ternaux Compans. Paris, 1838.

XII. Interior exploration made by Father Guilen (1719).

XIII. Interior exploration made by Father Ugarte (1729).

XIV. Journey from Sonora to California and exploration of the Rio Colorado (of the West), by Father Consag (1746).

XV. "Relaçion Historica de la Vida del R. P. Junipero y de las Misiones que fundó en la California Septentrional," vol. Mexico, 1787. Gives an account of the progress to California of the Visitor General Galvez, with thirty (30) Franciscans.

XVI. "Cronica Apostolica del Colegio de la Santa Cruz de Queretaro," Mexico, 1799. Exploration of the country west of the Sierra Madre, the sources of the Colorado, country of the Navajoes, and the Gila; by the Franciscans Dominguez and Escalante (1777). Escalante has left a manuscript journal of a journey from New Mexico to Utah (1776).

XVII.[1] Journal of Father Pedro Font (1775), containing notice of the Great House called Montezuma's, on the Gila.

XVIII. "Historia de la Comp. de Jesus en Nueva España;" by Alegro.

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[1] Nos. 2, 3, 4, and 17, are published in the collection of Ternaux Compans.

XIX. Memoir of Fernando Alarchon.[1]

Two valuable papers lately brought to light here, contain accounts of the insurrection of 1680, and the reconquest of New Mexico by Bargas, in 1691. The latter document is entirely in his own handwriting, of which I have just spoken. At the opening of his narrative, he announces himself as "General Don Diego de Bargas, Zapata y Lujan Ponze de Leon, Gobernador y Capitan General de esta Reyno y Provincia de la Nueva Mexico, Conquistador y Reconquistador y Castellon de sus Fuerzas y Presidios, para su Majestad."

Two peculiarities will be remarked here: Ponce — as usually written — is here spelled with a *z*, and New Mexico — from feminine — is now made masculine. In these respects, this paper does not differ from other manuscripts of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

I am satisfied, too, from my own observation, that many valuable sources of historical information are scattered throughout the territory in churches, pueblos, and the hands of private individuals and retired officials. Padre Truchard at Albuquerque, permitted me to examine the records of the parish church there, going back nearly a century. They are in excellent condition, and contain much that would be valuable to the local historian. The records at Taos and Santa Fé, I doubt not, are equally valuable. The baptismal register (de la Villa de Alburquerque[2]) goes back to 1743, and although in the different handwritings of some twenty successive parish priests, the manuscript is uniformly clear and beautiful. Its handsomely engrossed title page reads:

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[1] Several other memoirs on the early exploration of New Mexico may be found in Schoolcraft's *History, Condition, and Prospects of the Indian Tribes.*

[2] In the New Mexican documents of the last century, it is always spelt Alburquerque, not Albuquerque.

"BAPTISMOS DE ESPAÑOLES,
INDIOS, MESTISOS,
CAYOTES, MULATOS,
1743–1818."

The earliest entries are baptisms of 1. Apache. 2. Cayote. 3. Espanola. 4. Mulata. 5. Mestiza. 6. Mulata. 7. Apache. 8. Espanola. The entry "*Padres no conocidos*" occurs occasionally.

The names Mestiso, Cayote, and Mulato, sufficiently indicate the different varieties of mixed parentage. The last, however, must be a combination of two of the preceding varieties, as there were no blacks or Negroes in the country at that early day.

## LETTER XXI.

SANTA FÉ, *August* 3, 1866.

IN speaking of the archives, I refer particularly to the collection of books and documents in the office of the Secretary of State at Santa Fé.

Besides these there are many valuable papers in the office of the Surveyor General, the oldest of which bears the date of 1682. By industrious and careful research among these writings, which are for the most part grants and title deeds, a complete chronological list of all the governors and captains general commanding in New Mexico, has been made. It is the work of Surveyor General John A. Clark and his assistants, and a valuable contribution to the history of the country. I give the substance of it, adding my own remarks.

1. A document dated 1683 refers to "Enrique de Abilu y Pacheco" as having "governed" New Mexico in 1656.

From 1595 when Oñate conquered the country, down to 1656, a period of sixty-one years, the reports of the governors of New Mexico must present peculiar interest, as showing the precise condition of the country and its inhabitants. It is highly probable that many of these reports might yet be found in the archives at Madrid or Seville.

How long Pacheco governed, is not known; nor is it known who succeeded him, for it is more than probable he had successors during the twenty-four years following 1656.

2. The revolt of 1680 found Antonio de Otermin Governor and Captain General. Forced to retreat to El Paso, he probably took with him the then existing archives, which never returned.

3. Bartolomeo de Estrada Ramirez. Governor and Captain General, 1683.

"B'me de Estrada Ramirez, caballero de la orden de Santiago, gobernador y capitan general de la Nueva Mexico," &c.

4. 1684 to 1689, and, most probably, to 1692.

"El señor gobernador y capitan general, Don Domingo Jironza Petroz de Cruzate."

5. 1692 to 1698, and again found in documents of 1703 and 1704.

"'El General Don Diego de Vargas[1] Zapata Lujan Ponce de Leon, marquez de la naba de Brazinas, gobernador y capitan general de este reyno y provincias de la Nueba Mexico, su Nuevo Restaurador, conquistador á su Costa, reconquistador y Poblador en el, y castellano de sus fuerzas y presidios, por su Majestad,' &c. This title embraces probably in the word 'reconquistador' a reference to the formidable Indian insurrection of 1689 in New Mexico, an attempted repetition of the revolt of 1680."

6. 1694 and 1695. Again in 1722, but whether a new term of office or continuation from 1695, does not appear.

"Don Gaspar de Sandoval Zerda Silva y Mendoza, conde de galve, gentilhombre de la camara de su Majestad, comendador de Salamea y Zedavin en la orden y Caballeria de Alcantara, virey, y gobernador y capitan general de esta Nueva España, y presidente de la real audiencia de ella," &c.

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[1] Usually Bargas in Mexico, where they commonly substitute B for V. Thus Baca for Vaca, Bisente for Vicente, Las Begas for Las Vegas.

7. 1697 to 1703.

"El señor gobernador y capitan general, Don Pedro Rodriguez Cubero."

8. 1703 to 1710.

"El Duque de Alburquerque, virey, y gobernador y capitan general de esta Nueva España," &c.

9. Juan Paez Hurtado. His name appears in 1704, 1712, 1716, 1717, and 1735.

"Lieutenant-governor in 1704. Commissioned by the Marquis de la Peñuela as governor and captain general in 1712, and as inspector general in 1716."

10. 1705–1707.

"'El General Francisco Cuerbo y Valdez, caballero de la orden de Santiago, juez oficial, real tesorero, factor de la real hacienda y caja de la ciudad de Guadalajara, Nuebo Reyno de la Galicia, gobernador y capitan general de este reyno de la Nueva Mexico y sus provincias, castellano de sus fuerzas y presidios, por su Majestad,' &c. Appears as governor and captain general *ad interim* in 1705 and 1706."

11. 1708–1712.

"'El Almirante Don Joseph Chacon Medina Salazar y Villaseñor, caballero de la orden de Santiago, Marquez de la Peñuela, gobernador y capitan general de este dicho regno [del Nuevo[1] Mexico] y sus provincias, y castellano de sus fuerzas y presidios, por su Majestad,' &c. Signed sometimes as 'El Marquez de la Peñuela' and sometimes as 'Peñuela.'"

12. 1712.

"'Don Fernando de Alencaster Noreña y Silva, Duque de Linares, Marquez de Valdefuentes y de Govea, conde de Portoalegre, comendador mayor de la orden de Santiago en el Reyno de Portugal, gentilhombre de la camara de su Majestad, y de su consejo, su virey, lugar teniente gobernador y capitan general de esta Nueva España, y presidente de la real audiencia de ella,' &c. Was viceroy of New Spain in 1714 and 1715."

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[1] Here we first remark the change in the gender from feminine to masculine. In all previous records it is *La Nueva Mexico.*

### 13. 1712 to 1715.

"Juan Ignacio Flores Mogollon commissioned civil and military governor of New Mexico by the King, Felipe V., at Madrid, September 27, 1707, for five years; salary, $2000; qualified at Madrid, October 9, 1707, and went into office at Santa Fé, capital of New Mexico, October 5, 1712; commissioned by the viceroy, at the city of Mexico, captain general for the balance of the term, February 9, 1712, and went into office October 5, 1712. Tried at Santa Fé in 1721 for malfeasance in office; sentence sent to the viceroy at the city of Mexico for revision, Governor Mogollon in the mean time to pay one hundred dollars costs of trial; but the officer reported no effects found wherewith to satisfy the bill of costs, and the ex-governor himself *non est inventus*, supposed to be absent at the city of Mexico."

### 14. 1714.

"General Don Antonio Balberde Cassio, capitan vitalicio del real presidio del Paso del Rio del Norte, gobernador y capitan general interino, de este reyno y provincias de la Nueba Mexico."

### 15. 1715-1716.

"Commissioned at the city of Mexico by the viceroy for and during the pleasure of the King, Felipe V., as governor and captain general of New Mexico, *vice* Mogollon, who was relieved from office by command of his Majesty, October 5, 1715. Governor Martinez qualified at Santa Fé December 1, 1715."

16. **Juan de Estrada y Austria, 1721.**

"His Majesty's residentiary judge, acting governor and captain general during the trial of ex-Governor Mogollon for malfeasance in office."

17. 1721 to 1724, 1727, 1728, 1730, 1731, and 1738. Juan Domingo de Bustamente.

"Gobernador y capitan general de este reyno de la Nueba Mexico y castellano de sus fuerzas y presidios, por su Majestad," &c.

18. Gervacio Cruzat y Gongora, Governor and Captain General, 1730 to 1736.

19. Henrique de Olavide y Michelena, Governor and Captain General, 1738.

20. 1739 to 1743. Don Gaspar Domingo y Mendoza, Governor and Captain General. (This and the following documents say "La Nueva Mexico.")

21. Don Joachin Codallos y Rabal, Governor and Captain General, 1744 to 1749.

22. Francisco Huemes y Horcasitas, Governor and Captain General *ad interim*, 1747.

23. 1749 to 1754, 1762 to 1766, 1773. Don Thomas Velez Cachupin.

24. Francisco Antonio Maria del Valle, acting Governor and Captain General, 1761, 1762.

25. Don Pedro Fermin de Mendinneta, de la orden de Santiago, coronel de los reales ejercitos, gobernador y capitan general de este reyno del Nuevo Mexico, &c., &c. 1762, 1767 to 1772, 1775, 1778.

26. Juan Bautista de Anza, Civil and Military Governor, 1780–1787.

27. Fernando de la Concha, Civil and Military Governor, 1788–1800 (except 1794, 1798 and 1799).

28. Lieutenant-colonel Fernando Chacon, Civil

and Military Governor, de la provincia del Nueva Mexico, &c., 1794, 1798, 1799, 1800 to 1805.

29. Joaquin del real Alencaster, Governor 1805 to 1808. The Duke of Alencaster sent out the expedition that brought Lieutenant Z. M. Pike, U. S. A., a prisoner into Santa Fé, March 3d, 1807. He appears to have been a man of ability. See page 234 for an account of Pike's Expedition.

30. Lieutenant-colonel Don José Manrique, Governor or Governor *ad interim*, 1808 to 1814, 1819.

31. Nemecio Salcedo, Commanding General of Department with civil jurisdiction, 1811. Headquarters at Chihuahua.

32. Alberto Maynez, Civil and Military Governor, 1815, 1817.

33. Pedro Maria de Allande, Civil and Military Governor, 1816, 1818.

34. Facundo Melgares, Civil and Military Governor. The last one under the crown of Spain, 1818 to 1822. This appears to be the same Facundo Melgares who, as Lieutenant, commanded the escort in charge of Lieutenant Z. M. Pike, U. S. A., taken as a prisoner to Chihuahua. He is described by Pike and his friend Dr. Robinson, as a gentleman and gallant soldier.

35. Inspector General Don Alejo Garcia Conde, General commanding and Political Chief (gefe superior politico), 1821.

36. Antonio Viscarra, Gefe Politico, 1822, 1823.

37. Bartolome Baca, 1824, and to September 13, 1825.

38. Antonio Narbona (a native of British Province of Canada).

39. Manuel Armijo, Gefe Politico, 1827.

40. José Antonio Chavez, Gefe Politico, 1828–1830.

41. Santiago Abreu, Gefe Politico, 1831–1832.

42. Francesco Sarracino, Gefe Politico, 1833 to May 14, 1835.

43. Mariano Chavez, acting Gefe Politico for three months, 1835.

44. Albino Perez, Gefe Politico. From a territory, New Mexico was erected into a department of the republic in January, 1837. As department, went into operation in May, 1837.

45. Albino Perez, Governor, 1837, assassinated by the Pueblo Indians at Santa Fé, August 9th, during an insurrection. August 10th, José Gonzalez proclaimed Governor of New Mexico by the insurgents, and as such placed in possession of "the palace" at the capital. Gonzalez deposed by the military under Manuel Armijo, and executed with several of his followers, January 27, 1838. Armijo having established himself Governor, was soon recognized as such by the national government in the city of Mexico.

46. Manuel Armijo, Governor, 1838 to 1845. Suspended from office in January 1845, by the Inspector General.

47. Mariano Martinez, acting Governor from January to September 18, 1845.

48. José Chavez, acting Governor from September 18, to December, when Armijo was elected Governor, 1845.

49. Manuel Armijo. The last Governor under Mexican rule. In office until August 18, 1846, when the United States troops took formal possession of New Mexico, when, by proclamation of the com-

manding officer of the United States forces, the following provisional government was proclaimed: —

| AVISO. | NOTICE. |
|---|---|
| Hallandome debidamente autorizado por el Presidente de los Estados Unidos de America, por la presente hago los Siguientes nombramientos para la gobernacion de Nuevo Mejico, Territorio de los Estados Unidos. | Being duly authorized by the President of the United States of America, I hereby make the following appointments for the Government of New Mexico, a Territory of the United States. |
| Los Empleados asi nombrados seran obedecidos y respetados segun corresponde. | The officers thus appointed will be obeyed and respected accordingly. |
| **Carlos Bent** será **Gobernador.** | **Charles Bent** to be Governor. |
| Donaciano Vigil será Secretario del Territorio. | Donaciano Vigil to be Sec. of Territory. |
| Ricardo Dallam será Esherif mayor (alguacil). | Richard Dallam to be Marshal. |
| Francisco P. Blair será Promotor fiscal (mayor). | Francis P. Blair to be U. S. Dist. Att'y. |
| Carlos Blummer será Tesorero. | Charles Blummer to be Treasurer. |
| Eugenio Leitensdorfer será Yntendente de cuentas publicas. | Eugene Leitensdorfer to be Auditor of Public Accounts. |
| Joab Houghton, Antonio José Otero, y Carlos Baubien seran Jués de la Suprema Cortede Justicia y cada uno ensu Districto sera jues de circuito. | Joab Houghton, Antonio José Otero, Charles Baubien, to be Judges of the "Superior Court." |
| Dado en Santa Fé, capital del Tterritorio de Nuevo Mejico este dia á 22 de Setiembre 1846 y el 71° de la Independencia de los Estados Unidos. | Given at Santa Fé, the Capital of the Territory of New Mexico, this 22d day of September, 1846, and in the 71st year of the Independence of the United States. |
| S. W. KEARNY,<br>General de Brigada del Ejercito de los E. Unidos. | S. W. KEARNY,<br>Brig. Gen. U. S. A. |

## LETTER XXII.

Santa Fé, New Mexico, *August* 4, 1866.

Santa Fé is in latitude north 35° 44′ 6″. From observations made in 1846, by Lieutenant-colonel Emory, U. S. A., the mean of all the barometric readings at Santa Fé indicates its height above the sea to be 6846 feet. The neighboring peaks to the north are many thousand feet higher. In looking at its position on most maps, it appears to be on the Rio del Norte, whereas the river is twenty-two miles to the west. A creek or *arroyo* runs through the town, with a wide pebbly bed, showing capacity for frequent mountain torrents. In ordinary seasons its waters are lost in the granite sands, some five miles below town.

A low range of sand-hills to the west, with the high mountains on the east, form the valley of Santa Fé proper. It is narrow, varying from 1000 feet to a mile or two in width. The entire valley of the Rio Grande, of which this smaller valley forms a part, is about thirty-five miles in width.

The population of Santa Fé is about 5000. I should say that was the maximum. With the exception of about twenty-five American families, a few Germans, and the men of the garrison and the quartermaster's department, the inhabitants are pure Mexican. The houses are of adobes,[1] or mud-brick,

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[1] The material and mode of building are precisely the same as adopted by the ancient Assyrians. You may find the perfect counterparts of the

one-story high, with but two or three exceptions. Nothing can be more sordid, monotonous, and unarchitectural than the exterior of these buildings. They are built flush, as the carpenters say, with the street, presenting a naked wall with but one or two openings, surmounted with spouts which, in a rain, pour the contents of the roof some three feet into the street. Not a tree, shrub, paling, or any thing for the eye's relief. The portal, or main entrance, opens upon an interior square (*patio* or *placita*), around which is a gallery, upon which the rooms of the house open. In this square is frequently a well, and sometimes a few plants. Nevertheless, these houses are convenient, being all on one floor, and from the thickness of the walls (three feet) warm in winter and cool in summer. Seen at a distance, they present the general appearance of sliced brick-kilns. Pike's simile is also very good. He says when he
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first entered Santa Fé, it presented the appearance
373 of a fleet of flat-boats, moored at the foot of a mountain. Cellars are unknown here in domestic architecture.

The Plaza, some three hundred and fifty feet square, was an open space of mud and dust, until the advent of the Americans in 1846. Soon after 1863
(7) that, trees were planted, of which eight only survive, on the north side. They are now large and handsome cotton-woods. The remainder of the square has been lately planted with trees, and inclosed with a neat railing. With its waving foliage and rich

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common adobe houses, to-day, on the banks of the Euphrates and the Nile. The Spaniard in Mexico built his adobe as he had it in Andalusia, whither it was brought by the Moors from Africa, who, in their turn, had received it from the East.

+ Martinez 1845

carpet of Alfalfa (known in some parts of the United States as Chili clover), growing three feet high and bearing a purple blossom, it affords repose and pleasure to the eye, coming from any other part of the town. On the north side of the Plaza is the palace; the governor's palace, if you please; a long adobe, one story high, and one or two rooms deep. Notwithstanding the American portico in front, it has the aspect and general effect of a dilapidated rope-walk.

The three remaining sides of the square are occupied by the principal stores of the place, the *fonda*, or hotel, and the inevitable saloon, coffee-house, and billiard-room, where *los Americanos* most do congregate.

Two streets, of American breadth, run from the east and west side of the Plaza, to the hills bounding the town on the north; on one of which, to the east, are the ruins of Fort Marcy, built in 1846. These two streets are planted with trees, and upon them front the buildings of the garrison, hospital, artillery houses, flag-staff, and government corral; between them, at the upper end, is the new state house, built of stone, and but partly finished; behind it the new cemetery, inclosed by the Masons and Odd Fellows; further over to the west, the Baptist church, and a few neat American dwellings.

A street or two east of the Plaza is the cathedral, or ancient parish church, somewhat over one hundred years old. The queer little pigeon-houses on its top, as shown in Abert's sketch, are now replaced by square towers, having the appearance of stone. Of its interior I will speak in a future letter. With the exception of two old churches in a distant part of the town, there are no other public buildings. The few American families here reside mostly within two or three squares of the Plaza, to the south and west of which the town mainly extends. The creek, of which I have spoken, runs west, and divides the town unequally, the northern part being the larger. Over this creek there is of course — *costumbre del paes* — no bridge. Houses alternate with wheat and corn fields that grow larger as you reach the edge of the town, and, in separate ranches, finally melt into fields and vegas until you reach the sandy desert a few miles below. A refreshing feature of Santa Fé is made by the *acequias* or streams of running water used for irrigation, which pleasantly, and in unexpected places, ripple and babble at your feet as you wander through the town.

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The most striking animated feature of Santa Fé is found in the strings or droves of donkeys, *burros*, who are at once the cart, carriage, saddle-horse, draught-horse, wagon, buggy, stanhope, drosky, jaunting-car, calesa, sled, sleigh, furniture-car, dray, and wheelbarrow, of the Mexican. They bring in incredible loads of marketing, fruit, grass, wheat, corn, wood, and every other conceivable thing. Patient, docile, gentle, and long-suffering, living on next to nothing, they comprise, to the Mexican, the wealth of the Arab in his camel, the Bedouin in his horse, the Peruvian in his llama, the Icelander in his reindeer, and the Irishman in his pig.

There goes a fleet of them past my window, loaded with wood from the mountain, each one bearing more than two men can carry. I am never tired of looking at their picturesque ugliness. Of all the dark colors, mouse prevailing, with their mild eyes and long ears, telegraphing all the sights and sounds within their observation, they always present a comical though sad appearance. But if the old donkey is comical, the little young one is the embodiment of all that is funny and cunning. These animals bring in all the fire-wood used in Santa Fé, the load selling at fifty cents, and rising in winter to one dollar. Judging by the eye, I should say that this was equivalent to seven dollars a cord.

I made a point to visit the markets, to see how the people live. Let us reduce the word at once to the singular number. Formerly, the rancheros and Pueblos brought in their market wares to the Plaza, and all the early American descriptions gave us pictures of them standing patiently wrapped in their serapes, smoking their cigaritos, mingled up with their wares and burros. It was all very picturesque, but very dirty. The Plaza had been, time out of mind, the market, and it was predicted, while the new market-house was going up, that the people would never be got into it. Well, the market-house was hardly completed when there was a stampede for it which astonished the knowing ones. The secret was that there was a scramble for the best places. It is open every day. But a small portion of the provisions used is sold in it, the greater part being ordered and brought directly to the houses.

More than one half the butter used here comes from the land whence, in New Mexico, every thing good is believed to come, namely, "The States." Here is the Santa Fé price current: Butter, one dollar per pound; beef and mutton, ten cents; kid (entire), seventy-five cents to one dollar; eggs, seventy-five cents to one dollar per dozen; milk, twenty cents per quart; goat's milk, five cents; flour, per hundred weight, fifteen to eighteen dollars — (probably be lower with new crop); salt, one dollar per bushel.

The Pueblo Indians bring in fruit, trout, and game from the mountains, and, also, nearly the sole industrial productions of the country, — jars, dishes, and cups of pottery, some of it painted so as to impart an almost Etruscan or Egyptian air. Of apples there are scarcely any. Apricots are excellent, although cultivated carelessly. Peaches, ordinary. Plums and melons plenty, but inferior. Grapes, brought from below, both white and purple, are said to be very fine. Piñones, the fruit of the nut-bearing pine (*Pinus monophyllus*), are brought in slightly dried by baking. The people make bread of them. *Chile verde* and *chile colorado*, our green and red pepper, *queso* (cheese), onions, *punchi*, an inferior tobacco, which grows much higher than our tobacco, mostly used by the women, who, with *hojas* (corn-husks), neatly cut and trimmed, make their cigaritos at home, in the street, at the theatre or halls, and smoke them, too, then and there. The *chile* is not used as a mere condiment or seasoning, but as a dish. This and the onion are of a mildness and sweetness that make them different vegetables from ours. The onions are of great size. I like them. "I say it without hesitation; I say it boldly" — I like them, and when I get married I intend to have *chile colorado* frequently. This, however, is strictly confidential, as in my letters to my sweetheart I speak, in terms that I shall not repeat here, of having no will but hers, of—

> "Two hearts that are linked in one heavenly tie,"

and all that sort of thing.

I hope she 'll like the *chile colorado.*

## LETTER XXIII

SANTA FÉ, NEW MEXICO, *August* 4, 1866.

THERE is an impression in the mind of every American visiting New Mexico that, as he is going to a Territory of the United States, he is about to see, what most of the other Territories are — a new country. On the contrary, quite the reverse. It is the oldest within the limits of this government; for well-settled history takes us nearly three hundred years back to its settlement.

There are but few things connected with the daily life of the people of New Mexico that are changed since 1594, and least of all, their agriculture. The small number of tools, implements, and vehicles used by them are of the rudest and most primitive construction, the models of many of them going back, not three hundred, but three thousand years.

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I can imagine no objects that would attract more interest and wonder at an American agricultural fair, than a New Mexican cart, plow, and yoke — not to mention some smaller things. The plow takes you back at once to Biblical simplicity. In looking at its heavy beam, some sixteen feet long, with a small forked piece of wood attached, you wonder, first, how it could ever be moved, and, secondly, what earthly (the proper word in that connection, I think) good it could ever effect. The cart is made of the brittle cotton-wood, in a manner that shows a general absence of tools in its construction. Neither steel, iron, nor nails are used, and strips and strings of raw hide fasten the pieces together. For the wheels, a clumsy, thick, oblong block of wood is pinned by wooden pegs to two segments of a circle; through these a hole is hacked to pass the axle-tree. The circle is, of course, never attained, an approximation to it being all that is thought desirable. No grease. Excruciatingly vocal, and murdering sleep within a circumference of a mile. A supply of heavy axles is loaded into the cart for any journey beyond a day, so that it is frequently half filled with them.

The Mexican yoke consists of a straight piece of timber placed directly on the heads of the oxen behind the horns, to which it is fastened with strings of raw hide. The piece of wood is fastened in the same manner around its centre, the end of the thong attaching it going to the tongue of the cart, or, if there is more than one yoke, to the cattle behind. The cattle thus push, not pull, heavy loads with their heads. In the good old times, and it is still done in many places, the cattle were driven thus: a man or boy went ahead of them with as much vocal inducement as he could throw into an unremitting stream of cries and whoops; two more followed, flanking the cattle with more vehement language and pointed persuasion in the shape of sharp sticks; and thus, with a cart like an ark, drawn by two or four oxen, driven by three or four men or boys, they might, possibly, effect in four hours what a small American dirt cart would do better in twenty minutes. Some improvement, however, has been effected, for one of the first things you notice is the "gee-haw" of the Mexicans, who speak not a word of English, but drive their oxen as an American does. They sometimes add words of vehement profanity, which they take, I imagine, to be the necessary complement of "gee-haw." Most of them have become quite expert thus, in the employment of American trains crossing the plains, and the science of ox-driving is becoming diffused.

The soil of the valley of the Rio Grande does not look rich to one accustomed to see the Miamis, the Muskingum, and the Scioto; it is generally sandy, and looks thin, but under the Mexican treatment of irrigation, even without manure, produces remarkably abundant crops of wheat, corn, oats, beans, melons, chile, onions, etc., two crops a year being frequently obtained, particularly in the lower part of the valley. Tomatoes, cabbage, and beets are excellent, and of large size — the beets enormous. We have no onions in the United States that can compare with the New Mexican onion in size or mildness of flavor. Pumpkins also do well, but the potato, for some reason I could not ascertain, does not thrive.

I could not obtain any precise information, although I frequently asked the question, as to the average yield of grain per acre, but, judging by the eye, I should say that thirty bushels of corn to the acre would be a good crop. But little pains are taken in any part of the process of raising one. The earth is merely scratched, and corn sown almost broadcast. The corn is small and hard, and troublesome and dangerous feeding for horses and mules not accustomed to it.

The amount of land now cultivated in New Mexico is about two hundred and fifty square miles. Vacant land, susceptible of cultivation (not including the immense tracts occupied by the Moquis, Navajoes and other tribes), is estimated at about five hundred square miles. These seven hundred and fifty square miles cultivated as usual here, would no doubt support a population more than twice as large as the present.

Probably not more than one third of the bottom land in the valley of the Rio Grande susceptible of cultivation, is under irrigation. Besides this, there are innumerable fertile spots in the vicinity of springs and among the mountains capable of good production. Passing through the Carnuel Cañon and San Pedro Pass, I saw some as fine-looking fields (*temporales*) of corn and wheat as the most of those in the valley.

The model, and at the same time, the largest farm in New Mexico, is that of Maxwell, the well-known trapper, hunter, and guide. Mr. Maxwell cultivates 5000 acres, and employs some five hundred hands. On the ten miles square which his property embraces, he is said to have upward of 1000 horses, 10,000 cattle, and 40,000 sheep. Among his cattle and horses are some fine specimens of imported blooded stock. His ranch is situated on the Cimarron River, a small stream in the northern part of the Territory.

Irrigation is effected by damming the streams, and throwing the water into first large, and then smaller ditches (*acequias*), intersecting and running through all the land under cultivation. Under the Spanish government, grantees with large grants were obliged to take a good proportion of *temporales* (that is, land dependent upon the seasons and rain for water) along with the acres susceptible of irrigation.

Inhabitants of villages usually locate their lands, as nearly as possible, together, so as to enjoy the advantage of the common labor on the acequias.

No engineering science is used in their construction, and it is marvelous with what skill these ignorant herdsmen conduct the streams hither and thither, through and over hills, plains, and valleys. I have frequently heard Americans say that the Mexicans make water run up-hill!

These acequias are the most important features of the country. The subsistence of the people depends upon them, and the laws protecting them fill many pages of the statute book. Thus, no mills can be placed on a stream used for irrigation. All owners of tillable lands must labor on acequias, whether they cultivate their own lands or not. All animals, when not corraled, must be accompanied and guarded by a shepherd or herder. Any injury resulting to fields or acequias from animals, must be paid for by the owner of the animals.

A person owning land that he wishes to irrigate can take water wheresoever he finds it, and construct his ditches through any private property, paying assessed value of land so used. Where a number join together, there is no assessment.

An overseer of acequias is elected in every precinct, who fixes the number of laborers to be furnished by each proprietor, apportions their work, distributes the water, taking into consideration the nature of the seed, crops, and plants cultivated, sees to regulation of currents of water, etc.

There are five legislative acts and nearly fifty sections, some of them quite long, regulating this water question.

Manure is never used, and when their cattle, goat, and sheep-folds — inclosed circular or square spaces, surrounded by poles stuck in the ground — become offensively full of it, the remedy is simply to pull up stakes and corral the animals elsewhere. I have heard of but one case of a Mexican using manure on his fields. There may be others, but, on inquiry, I was unable to ascertain them. Señor Salvador Armijo, of Albuquerque, had 2000 loads hauled last spring and distributed over six hundred acres of land. He has also put into use American plows and other agricultural instruments, and imported American seed-corn.

Hoes, axes, sickles, and the other agricultural tools used are of indescribable forms, and incomprehensible adaptation to their use. A story is told of an American who hired himself to a Mexican, and quit instantly on having handed him a hoe to cut wood, and an axe to cut grass with; I have myself seen quartermasters' proposals for hay, specifying that the hay should be cut with a scythe — not with a hoe.

The Mexican axe is a curious tool, resembling our common pick. The sickle is the only implement used for harvesting, and does duty for cradle, scythe, etc.

Cattle do well, are easily raised, and increase rapidly, but the stock is coarse, inferior, and not properly cared for in any respect. New Mexico is essentially a pastoral country, and yet milk in Santa Fé is twenty cents a quart. This is somewhat better than in Texas — also a pasture country — where milk is almost unattainable.

Pigs in New Mexico have somewhat the appearance of a cross between a wild animal and a distinguished visitor, being generally seen in a single specimen with a leather collar about the neck, to which is attached an iron chain or rope whose extremity is securely picketed to the ground. I can imagine the shrug of contempt that would pervade a Kentucky drover's shoulders at the sight of one. The breed is certainly not choice.

Sheep need but the absence of the wild Indian and the slightest care in the introduction of choice breeds to enable New Mexico to control the wool market, not only of the United States but of the world. They are kept in immense herds, and feed themselves the year round. Two boys, with two shepherd dogs, will guard a flock of from two to three thousand, going out upon the mesas with them, and sometimes not returning home for months. Goats are generally mingled with the sheep, for the reason that they will lead boldly into places where the sheep cannot be driven. The proprietors of some of the largest haciendas own flocks of from 20,000 to 30,000. They are more healthy here than any place I know of in the United States, and their only dangerous enemy is the Navajoe and the Apache. When the Americans first came to Santa Fé, sheep could be had for twenty-five cents. Now, the unshorn sheep-skin alone sells for about thirty-five cents.

An official estimate, made in 1851, makes the number of sheep stolen by the Indians in eighteen months prior to September 1, 1850, amount to 47,300.

In the year 1863, 24,389 sheep, 21 horses, 205 mules, and 402 cattle were taken by the Indians; with a *per contra* of 24,266 sheep, 152 horses, 232 mules, 215 cattle, and 27 burros taken from the Indians by the troops.

In like manner, in 1864, 4250 sheep, 26 horses, 150 mules, and 132 cattle taken by the Indians, against 12,284 sheep, 2472 horses, 35 mules, and 31 cattle taken from them.

The high mesas, or table-lands, indefinite in extent, furnish illimitable pasturage of the best description. They are unfit for cultivation, but are covered with a rich carpet of curled gramma, the most nutritious grass in the world, affording unsurpassed pasturage nearly the whole year round. This grass, (*Atheropogon oligostaclyum*) is indigenous only to this section of America, and its nutritious qualities are so remarkable that horses and mules will leave grain to feed upon it. Our teamsters pronounce it superior to either redtop or timothy. Made into hay, it is purchased by our quartermasters at forty to fifty dollars per ton. Its stalk grows from ten to fourteen inches high, and gives off near the top, at right angles, a stem two or three inches long bearing the seed vessels.

The wines of El Paso del Norte are frequently referred to, and have attained a certain reputation. El Paso is on the Mexican side (west) of the Rio Grande, near the southern boundary of New Mexico. Several varieties of the grape grow there in great luxuriance, and its culture is successful all the way up the valley of the Rio Grande to the neighborhood of Bernalillo, just north of Albuquerque and miles from El Paso. It is not grown as far north as Santa Fé. I have already referred to the vineyards about Bernalillo. The vines, I remarked, are neither staked nor trellised. In the autumn they are cut or trimmed down close, and in spring shoot out from the stump, so that all the fruit hangs very low.

During winter, the best cultivators cover them with straw. I have tested numerous specimens of wine, both white and red, made from these grapes, and find that it is capable of being made excellent. The color is fine, the body very good, and the aroma pleasant. The Mexicans and Pueblos who manufacture a great deal of it, add sugar for immediate use, and it is difficult to obtain any that has age.

With intelligent manipulation and good cellars, superior wines may yet be made throughout the wine growing portion of the valley. I drank some Bernalillo wine at Albuquerque that was quite as good as any made at El Paso.[1]

I, unfortunately, leave too early to see the grapes, which are said to be delicious. They are brought in quantities to Santa Fé, and sell for three to four dollars a bushel. The wine readily brings four to five dollars per gallon, although some sold at that price is quite inferior.

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[1] See Appendix No. III.

## LETTER XXIV.

### "MANNERS AND CUSTOMS."

SANTA FÉ, NEW MEXICO, *August* 6, 1866.

JUDGING from the effect upon myself, I should say that it produces a confusing and disastrous impression upon the youthful mind to be obliged to read and recite, at school, long accounts of the manners and customs of foreign nations, whose people are described as saluting each other by knocking their chins, butting their foreheads, rubbing their noses, or spitting on the ground with the aid of their fingers, as some of the (not entirely uncivilized) tribes of North America are described as doing. I say it produces a confusing effect to call these performances manners, when they are, clearly, no manners at all, highly impolite, and utterly at variance with the best traditions of good society.

I cannot undertake, on the strength of not quite a month's sojourn in New Mexico, to describe, or pronounce upon, the customs of the country. Imperfect and insufficient premises unduly magnified are likely to lead to deceptive conclusions, etc., etc.

What I saw yesterday might not make the tale for "all the year round." The situation of one man is not, necessarily, the condition of the whole community, and the intelligent traveller who, passing through a village, saw a drunken man at the town-pump, may not have been correct in entering this memorandum in his journal: "Inhabitants of Frumentus addicted to drunkenness, but very fond of water." And, I might not be strictly veridical if I were to tell you that all the women in New Mexico, when riding on the same horse with their cavalier, sit before the gentleman, who with one hand supports the lady, and in the other carries her hoop-skirt! This attention is both delicate and considerate; for the lady could not ride with the hoops, nor do without them on reaching her destination. I saw one such case. I remark that the Mexican women ride on the right side of the horse; with us, ladies ride on the left.

Nevertheless, an excellent chapter, very properly headed *Manners*, might be truthfully written on the New Mexicans, for their manners are excellent. A more sincerely polite people I never saw.

You may speak to the most humble rustic or peon, and you will receive an answer not only respectful and attentive, but scrupulously polite. With the women this is still more marked, and you may often find, in their mud hovels, the manners and grace of a duchess, adorned with no drapery but the two strictly essential garments of the sex. And this politeness has a solid basis of kindness and true charity. I mean the real Christian virtue.

The respect of children (even if they themselves are old enough to be fathers and mothers) for their parents is something beautiful, and most worthy of imitation in the great republic at home. In like manner, respect for old age is strikingly exhibited.

In the matter of costumes I find the reality of 1866 very different from the descriptions and pictures of travellers, even as late as ten years ago. In nothing has American influence so strongly shown itself as in the changed and changing dress of both men and women in New Mexico. Less than fifteen years since the universal dress of the women was, first, the essential, or the indispensable; second, a petticoat, more or less worked or ornamented, according to the means and condition of the wearer; third, the reboso, a sort of scarf, worn to cover the head and greater part of the face, the ends falling in front, with one of them thrown gracefully back over the shoulder. If a head-dress was used, the reboso was worn around the shoulders. The article has almost entirely disappeared. I have seen but two or three, although I am told there are some rich and handsome ones kept in reserve for gala days. The American black shawl now replaces the reboso, dresses obtain, and hoop-skirts appear to find ready sale at the mercantile emporiums of Isaac, Jacob, and Abraham.

One cause of this change of costume is, I make no doubt, the cessation of trade with Mexico, and particularly with the cities of Durango, Saltillo, and Chihuahua. From these places came the rebosos, serapes, handsomely worked blankets, saddles, shoes, and a variety of other articles essentially Mexican.

The men formerly wore a jacket and trousers handsomely slashed or ornamented up the outer seam with silver buttons, or some richly colored cloth or velvet.

The serape was worn at all seasons, but is now only seen in winter, and in the towns is becoming displaced by overcoats and cloaks. Doubtless, American example and influence are the main cause of these changes, and it were to be wished they were always as healthy and beneficial.

## LETTER XXV.

SANTA FÉ, *August* 7, 1866.

NEW MEXICO is very rich, not only in metallic ores, but in mineral products not metallic. Among the former she has mines of gold, silver, copper, and iron; and among the latter, bituminous coal, anthracite coal, kaolin or porcelain clay, and salt. I have seen all these products here, some of them in the localities where found; and, considering the facility of reaching their deposits, and the incontrovertibly rich yield to be obtained from them, I cannot but wonder that they should be allowed to remain comparatively undisturbed, and almost unproductive.

### GOLD MINES.

The knowledge of the existence of gold mines in this country is coeval with its earliest exploration in 1581. During the entire period of both Spanish and Mexican occupation they were worked to great advantage, and almost without intermission.

The country is full of abandoned mines, many of which have not been worked since the Indian rising and massacre of 1680, which is said, by some authorities, to have been brought about by the tyranny of the Spaniards in compelling the people to toil in them. Most of them were filled up, and their entrances concealed by the Indians, who looked upon them as the cause of their servitude and oppression. Of many of these, all trace but a vague tradition has been lost, and the hunter or trapper occasionally discovers one by accident.

Under the Mexican government there was much that was arbitrary in the administration of this frontier province. Its mineral wealth and proximity drew to it a great many Americans and foreigners from the United States; and although many succeeded in mining operations, a much greater number were obliged to abandon their pursuits, and frequently their property, in consequence of the avarice and injustice of the authorities. The Americans were, generally, the most capable and successful; but no sooner had they succeeded in overcoming all the obstacles that Mexican laws threw in their way, and made their enterprise profitable, than the government, or rather the officials, were sure to interfere, and on some pretext — or no pretext at all — coolly eject them.

Among the principal mines that are known, and of which the ore has been thoroughly and satisfactorily tested, are the two Placers, Old and New, only twenty-seven and thirty-seven miles from Santa Fé, the Pinos Altos mines, the San Juan, those near Taos, the San José, those near Fort Stanton, and many others. As I write, exciting reports of fresh and rich discoveries of gold near Fort Stanton are coming in. The washings at the Old Placer were worked by thousands of people from 1829 to 1846, and the amount of gold taken from the two Placers was estimated, some years, at $40,000, and others at $60,000, rising in value, toward 1845, as high as $250,000. The gold washings at the Old Placer were discovered by accident in 1828, and filled with people, until, in 1839, the discovery of the New

Placer, ten miles south, caused a partial stampede of the diggers. Here, at the New Placer, there was no water; and, although every drop used was transported some distance by burros, the washing was profitable. A large town sprang up immediately, containing more than a hundred houses and twenty-two stores, transacting more business than was done at Santa Fé. Meantime, both at the Old and New Placer, quartz mining and washing were carried on to a considerable extent, and several mills put in operation.

The process used was of the most primitive description. The ore was carried up in bags made of skin, loaded on burros, and taken slowly and laboriously over the mountains to the mill — in one case (the San Pedro) nine miles. It was first pounded or ground up by hand, then put in the mill, a small, circular basin formed with large stones (generally of porphyritic rock) and one or two millstones, turned by mule power. The millstones, placed on their face, revolved round a centre-pole turned by the animal. To the imperfectly-powdered ore, water, and then quicksilver, were added, and the usual amalgamation took place. They used to work in this way seven hundred and fifty pounds of the ore daily, and obtain from it about twelve dollars' worth of gold. No labor but that of peons could make such an operation pay. By such a process the ore could not be made to yield fifty dollars per ton, whereas by the disintegrating and desulphurizing process it would yield three hundred and fifty dollars per ton, and the very refuse or tailings were worth far more than was first obtained from them. Thus, the Black Hawk Mill, at Central City, Colorado, one of the finest stamp mills in the world, finds ready purchasers for its refuse quartz or tailings, in parties who pay liberally for it, and make money on it, by the smelting and desulphurizing process.

The points and places I have indicated as mines, are, in fact, localities of numerous mines rather than separate and distinct ones. Thus, at the Old and New Placer are the Ortiz, the Cunningham, the Ramirez, the Tunica, and many other veins, discovered, but not yet opened. At Pinos Altos are the Mosten, the Santa Pieta, San José, and numerous others.

The most available of all these mines are probably those of the New Placer. They are of easy access by a good road from Santa Fé, at a distance of thirty-eight miles. Two lodes have been opened here. One of them, called the Ramirez, has been worked for nearly a hundred years. I described the appearance of this mine in my letter of July 31. It is of great width, and some of its excavations go down sixty feet. I examined the mill down at the village of Tuerto, where its ore had been roughly worked since 1846. I understand it averaged thirty dollars per ton, the ore assaying fifty-seven dollars.

A short distance up the mountain from the Ramirez, is the San Miguel lode, lately opened. Its ore is very rich, averaging two hundred dollars per ton, some of it yielding seven hundred.

A large tract of land, embracing these and other mines, has lately been purchased from its Mexican proprietor, Ramirez, by an American company, who propose to commence operations as soon as possible. They will, most probably, open new lodes in other parts of the mountain (the Tuerto), which is about three miles long and one mile wide, and might almost as properly be called the Gold Mountain as the Iron Mountain of Missouri be named as it is. The veins of gold-bearing quartz are visible in every direction, and the ore is easily got out at almost any point. The want of water is said to be the only drawback, and a proposition has been made to tap the Pecos River, and bring its waters, nearly sixty miles, to the mines. I think it highly probable that the inhabitants of the banks of the Pecos, below the point to be tapped, would object to any such little aquatic arrangement, and I venture to express the opinion that, at one eighth of the expense and trouble, a tram railway could be built to carry the ore to the Rio Grande, a much shorter distance, where the mill could be erected and carried on to the best possible advantage. Suppose it cost $50,000, $100,000, or even $200,000. What if it did? Such a sum as the highest of these would be a trifle for those who work these mines successfully. It was in their vicinity that many lumps, ranging from $200 up to $3400 in value, were found in gulch mining. I remark that a detailed description of these mines is given by Lieutenant-colonel Emory, in his military reconnoissance, published by Congress, in 1848.

A very old, and, it is said, very rich, silver mine, worked by the Spaniards and Mexicans in former days, is found in the Cerillos, or Little Hills, situated between the Old Placer and Santa Fé. I am informed that one of the shafts, upwards of one hundred and fifty feet deep, is now full of water, and that lately a canoe was discovered in it—formerly used, it is supposed, for passage from one shaft to another.

The San Adelia and Stevenson mines, in Organ Mountain, are more modern, and known to be quite rich. The former has been merely prospected, giving one hundred and fifty dollars to the ton of ore. The latter has been worked by five different lodes for its argentiferous galena. Other openings have been worked for their copper ores, and for malachite. The lodes of argentiferous galena are never less than two feet wide, ranging up to five and even six feet.

Argentiferous galena also abounds at Pinos Altos, the Stone Corral, and Apache Pass; and old silver mines formerly worked by the Spaniards in the neighborhood of Taos are full of long and extensive galleries, some of which have been worked in of late years.

The mines of copper best known are those of Santa Rita and Hanover. Santa Rita, after having been worked for nearly two centuries by the Spaniards and Mexicans, is said to have yielded a fortune to a subsequent owner, who retired to Chihuahua to enjoy it. The native copper is found by Professor Owen to be as pure as that of Lake Superior.

The Hanover mine is quite near the Santa Rita, and yields from oxide of copper fifty-eight per cent. of copper. The work at both these mines has been put an end to, of late years, by hostile Indians. The Hanover mine, until thus stopped, was worked by a Mr. Hinkel, a practical German (Saxon) metallurgist, whose losses by the savages have compelled him to sell out his interest in the mines. The copper from this mine is well known to the trade in the United States, and has always commanded as high a price as that of the best Russia copper. There is also an abundance of iron ore near the Hanover mine.

The neighborhood is rich in grazing land, timber, pines, walnut, and oak; also marble, sandstone, and limestone. Nothing is needed to develop and make useful all these sources of comfort and wealth to a numerous agricultural and mining population, but the removal of the Indians. With their disappearance, every thing needful would follow — population, emigration, labor, capital, and all the rest.

The Jemez copper mines, only forty miles west of Santa Fé, are also excellent, yielding from the vitreous copper sixty per cent. of metallic copper.

Iron is found, in ore, at the Old Placer (gold) and Hanover (copper) mines, and various other points.

I have seen a great many specimens of apparently fine coal, both anthracite and bituminous. They both exist in large quantities within a short distance of Santa Fé. Of the bituminous, I saw a large bed cropping out near the Tuerto village. It is within the purchase of the company owning the gold mines. At the Raton Mountain there is a bed of the bituminous five feet thick. It is also found near Fort Craig, and various other localities. I must here state that I have no personal knowledge of the burning qualities of any of these coals, and have heard it stated that they cannot be used to advantage. On the other hand, Professor Owen speaks of the anthracite near Santa Fé as a true anthracite, not semi-bituminous, but as entirely destitute of bitumen as the Pennsylvania variety.

Porcelain clay or kaolin, found near the San José copper mines, is in a bed of about four feet in thickness, and probably running through the entire breadth of the mountain. Professor Owen says it is a layer of beautifully white and decomposing feldspar, in the porphyritic granite, sufficient to supply many works for years with the best material for porcelain.

Salt in most countries is obtained with difficulty, whether, as at Cracow, by deep mining, in England by boiling sea-water, or at Syracuse or Kanawha by wells and pumping.

The New Mexican has none of this trouble.

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"All the salt lakes within this territory, and the salt which has or may accumulate on the shores thereof, is, and shall be, free to the citizens, and each one shall have power to collect salt on any occasion free from molestation or disturbance."[1]

And section second of the same act makes it felony to interfere with any person gathering salt, or going to or returning from the salines. Imagine, if you can, the astonishment of an official of the French Régie, or of the Austrian Salz-Kammergut, at such a state of things as this! Salt for the taking! No tax on it! No *oberhaupt inspectoren, assessoren, und dergleichen!* What is the world coming to?

Accordingly, your Mexican, or any other man living in New Mexico, takes his ox-team and wagon to a point some eighty miles southeast of Santa Fé, on the high table land between the Rio Grande and the Pecos, where there are extensive salines, or salt lakes. Arrived there, all that is to be done is to drive into the bed — dry at certain seasons — of one of the lakes, and shovel in the salt (muriate of soda) until his wagon is full. The salt is used precisely as it comes from the bed, without purification or preparation of any description. I asked some of the butchers in Santa Fé concerning it, and they tell me they use it for their corned beef and other salted meats with perfect success. It is coarse, varying in size and color between the Kanawha and Liverpool, and closely resembles the common alum salt. It is sold at Santa Fé for fifty cents to a dollar per bushel. The largest of the lakes from which this salt is obtained is over five miles in circumference. The deposit is in immense beds, of unknown and unascertainable depth.

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[1] *Laws of New Mexico:* Act of February 1, 1854.

Turquoise, called by the ancient Mexicans *Thalchuitl*, and highly prized by them, is found in veins running through a light colored trachyte in the Cerillos, where exists the silver mine described in a preceding paragraph. It is greatly valued by the Indians, for ornament, and it is said that numerous moccasin tracks in the neighborhood of the mine show that it is frequently visited by them at night.

Garnets are found on the Pecos (Fort Sumner), and near Fort Canby; chalcedony and agates, near the Cañon Bonito, Fort Cummings, and many other places. Of the agates, I saw nearly a wine-glassful in the possession of one person. In this mineral connection may be mentioned the numerous

### WARM, HOT, AND IRON SPRINGS.

The hot springs of Las Vegas (125° Fahrenheit) have long been celebrated. Those at Ojo Caliente are 150° Fahrenheit. The water in the central basin is eight feet deep, and a scientific analysis of it shows the following result: Free carbonic acid gas, bi-carbonate of lime, bi-carbonate of magnesia, chloride of sodium, sulphate of magnesia, sulphate of soda, and a trace of carbonate of the protoxide of iron.

All this is but a sketch of a full enumeration of the mineral wealth of New Mexico. The mining laws of New Mexico are very liberal. The country is open — no lands having, as yet, been surveyed for sale. And all these riches are to be sought, not under a torrid zone; not where sickness, fever, and miasma prevail; not where a stifling heat or noxious vapors paralyze effort and bring disease; but under clear skies, a healthful and delightful temperature, an atmosphere light, dry, and electrical, that renders mere existence enjoyable, and breathing a pleasure; where miasma is unknown, and fevers do not come; where flies almost absent themselves, and mosquitoes are not seen; where artificial soda fountains are not desired, and a blanket is needed every night in the year; and where you are not compelled to make a peripatetic bath of yourself, and linen coats are at a discount.

## LETTER XXVI.

SANTA FÉ, *August* 8, 1866.

THE theatre is an amusement attainable but twice a week at Santa Fé. I mean, of course, the Spanish, or Mexican theatre, for there is but one.

Starting to go to it at eight o'clock, I was informed by a knowing one that I would be early if I went at nine. Going at nine, the performance began at ten — an hour sufficiently advanced to stamp it as fashionable.

The edifice consisted of the open space, or placita, of a large house, covered with muslin for a roof, and fitted up with rough benches.

For a curtain, two or three veteran reserve counterpanes sewed together, which an old man, "seen of all beholders," at his post from beginning to end of the performance, stood by to "let go" at the proper moment.

For scenery, some strips of painted canvas.

For lights, a few flaring and giddy candles.

For orchestra, quarter section of a brass band.

Entrance, one dollar.

Where these people got their respective dollars, was beyond my comprehension, and, having obtained them, I equally wondered at their spending them here; for they were the *plebs, oi polloi*. Among the audience, and not far from me, were two colored women, from the States, of course, both of whom spoke Spanish fluently; also, some six or eight of my friends, the Zuni Indians, whom I had seen in the morning. Throughout drama, farce, and interlude, they sat silent and never moved a muscle, nor their seats.

After divers polkas by the brass section, the curtain rises on an ecclesiastic who indulges in an unnecessarily loud monologue. To him a servitor, who announces "El Rey."

Majesty comes in, monopolizes the conversation, and says less in more words than I would have thought it possible for any one to do. He talks well, though, and in good Spanish. He is the King of Arragon, and is uneasy in his mind about some little marriage arrangement.

The King being gone, enter a large lady dressed in black velvet. All large ladies — I advance the proposition boldly — all large ladies in black velvet are interested in some marriage question, and this one was no exception to the rule. She was bent on vexing the ecclesiastic, and flatly contradicted him on several important points. Whereupon he astonishes her by reading a document he had somewhere about his person. Whereupon she demolishes both him and his document with a little piece of paper she likewise had concealed nearly at the top of her person. Ecclesiastic is vexed, works himself up to desperation, unlocks that well-known secret drawer, and produces manuscript number three. At which, large person is astonished, but not silenced; as she proves, by going him two better, and producing a pair of little *billets doux* from some deep and more intimate recess near the same top of her person, the which *billets doux* seem bitter unto ecclesiastic, effectually settle the h — I mean the matter, and visit him with "astonishment and unknown pangs."

Large lady in black velvet leaves him with a swing of crinoline and a speech that brings down the house.

Act Second — El Rey, surrounded and followed by a numerous and brilliant retinue of courtiers and grandees (stage just twelve feet square), enters, leading by the hand the young person (all in white arrayed) he is to marry. To him enters the Pope's Nuncio, who reads the largest document yet produced, and creates a serious, though decided, sensation.

The King puts in a demurrer couched in much finer language than any to be found in Chitty's Pleadings.

Nuncio overrules it with a wave of his hand.

Young woman faints.

Large woman in black velvet pretends to be sorry for her, and "lets on" as though she were administering consolation, when she is, in fact, only sticking pins in that young person — a thing I have known frequently to be done by various women of assorted sizes, as well off, as on, the stage.

King rages, and goes on terribly; admits handsomely that the Pope has a certain amount of jurisdiction in his own States, but that he ("Yo El Rey") is King of Arragon and sovereign thereof; and as the curtain falls on his troubles, the sectional brass band strikes up "John Brown's body lies a-mouldering," etc.

When the drama opened, and I obtained a vista of endless monologue and prosy dialogue, with little or no dramatic action and effect — as far removed from what would suit the New York Bowery theatre as any thing that can be imagined in that line — I could not understand how such an audience could sit it through. But they did, and appeared to enjoy it vastly. The further removed from them all the sentiments and associations of the play, the more they liked it. They listened attentively to the longest passages, and the more elevated in tone, language, and sentiment, the more it delighted them.

One large Mexican woman near me, whose consumption of cigaritos increased with the interest of the drama, warmly espoused the cause of the young woman, against her husband, and when the play was over, repeated to him with great effect two or three lines from it, in which man's constancy was spoken of in a manner "quite sarcastical."

There was no noise, but a decorous applause, save only from a specimen of the omnipresent American rowdy, who, of course, was there drunk, and with a pistol in his pocket.

A farce followed. The King of Arragon was now a merry cobbler — the lady in black velvet, the cobbler's wife. There was a difference of opinion, and a consequent row in the family, which produced the most hilarious mirth. And now the Mexicans were as merry as before they were attentive and serious; and when all was over they dispersed as quietly as if "meetin'" was out, disturbed only by my respected countryman, who was ready, he said, to "whip any d—d greaser."

The art of making a flourish in the play-bills, or programme, appears to have reached this secluded valley. Here is the announcement of a performance of a few nights ago:

"*Teatro Mejicano! Gran Funcion para la noche del Domingo 5 de Agosto de* 1866. The representation" (I translate) "given to-night is of one of those dramas in which every thing respires life, youth, and enthusiasm. Its author is the eminent Victor Hugo, who, like another Lord Byron, has centered upon himself the attention of his own country and of all Europe. People rush in crowds to witness his pieces when represented in the theatres, his countrymen honor him, and he is called by them the Father of the French Romantic School."

I did not see it, but the illumination must have been a grand affair on that stage. "Pay as usual," and "commence at the usual hour." Now there is an edifying specimen for you of the good understanding that should exist between an impressario and his audience! "Commence at the usual hour, weather permitting."

*Bailes* I have described in a former letter. When the Americans first came they were called *fandangos;* but that name is now considered low and vulgar. 192 *Bailes* differ in style, quality and composition, and distinctions must be made. I will endeavor to classify them. There is, —

First, the *baile* proper (which is improper).

Second, the *gente baile.*

Third, the *gente fino baile.*

Fourth, the *baile gente fino decente.*

The sex attending No. 1 is, simply, not "on the street." Those of No. 2 are exclusive "for a term of months or years," as the case may be. Those of No. 3 are all American attachments, and are pointed out as Judge A.'s, Mr. B.'s, Captain C.'s woman, etc., as the case may be. The Mexicans, with a dash of sarcasm, sometimes designate them as "*Las wayfas Americanas.*" No. 4 are, as the designation eloquently expresses it, not only exclusive, but what is more and better, decent. Newly arrived Americans look upon the *baile* as a Mexican institution; but I am assured by Mexicans that it exists only by, through, and for "*Los Americanos.*"

Take away the Americans, and the *baile* would be of the things that were, just as *Mabille* and the *Jardin des Fleurs* would suddenly depart life if the strangers left Paris. The *baile*, class four, might be properly taken out of the category of *bailes*, as it is usually given at a private house, and is, in fact, merely a respectable social party. At the three other classes the Mexican (man) *pur sang* is scarcely ever seen. American dollars alone keep them alive.

It is but little trouble to get them up. A tavern or coffee-house keeper sweeps out a hall, sticks up a few sconces, pays two or three musicians, and makes money in the operation, by the sale of his liquors for the men, and "*dulces*" for the women, every cavalier "treating" or refreshing his partner at the end of each set, which, I will do them the justice to say, are all unconscionably long.

The women? *Traviata!*

And yet, poor *traviata* as she is, I never saw, in any society, more perfect decorum and modesty (yes, I mean modesty) of demeanor. I remember a mild joke in vogue some years ago, of calling a fashionable party at home a "low-neck and short-sleeve" affair. Nothing of the kind here. The dresses are high and long; a shawl—generally the *pièce de résistance* of the toilet—is worn while they sit, and put off when they dance, and both investiture and divestiture are done with grace and gravity. If there is an undue pressure from personal contact in waltzing, the cavalier is gently pushed back with one finger to his shoulder. There is no loud talking, and absolutely no laughing. No introduction is required, and, indeed, I have seen men stand out on the floor, and simply beckon a desired partner. If there is an altercation or violent quarrel, bordering on a fight, they stand motionless as statues. When not on the floor dancing, they sit around the wall, conversing with each other, or smoking their cigaritos, which is here, for women of all classes, perfectly proper.

The scarcity, and sometimes almost total absence, of American female society, has had much to do with keeping up these balls. Americans who come here make no secret of leaving their strict notions of morality behind them. Females with no marriage certificate at home, are called by the name of their protectors; and the gentlemen in question make no secret at all of the matter, and coolly call *costumbre del paes* that which they themselves foster and, to a great extent, create.

I had something to say about the American ladies I met in New Mexico, but can not properly write it in this connection, nor in this chapter. I am perfectly well aware that this matter of *bailes* may be considered what is called "a delicate subject." Nevertheless, I have no apology whatever to make for discussing it. It forms too large and prominent a feature in American life here to be overlooked or passed over in silence; and while giving due credit to the poor creatures referred to, for a propriety of demeanor that elevates them far above the corresponding class with us in the States, it is well to understand, on the other hand, that vice is only the more insidious and strong, when stripped of its repulsive features.

The Danse Macabre is over!

## LETTER XXVII.

SANTA FÉ, *August* 9, 1866.

SECTION 3 of the Bill of Rights ("Laws of New Mexico," page 636) declares "That all men have a natural and indefeasible right to worship Almighty God according to the dictates of their own conscience; that no person can ever be hurt, molested, or restrained in his religious professions if he do not disturb others in their religious worship; and that all Christian churches shall be protected and none oppressed; and that no person on account of his religious opinions, shall be rendered ineligible to any office of honor, trust, or profit."

Section 3, Act of July 12, 1851, enacts that "No religious test shall be required as a qualification to any office or public trust in this Territory."

Section 4, same act: "No law shall be enacted binding man to worship God contrary to the dictates of his own conscience; no preference shall be given by law to any religious denomination; and it shall be the duty of the Legislature to enact the necessary laws to protect equally all religious denominations, so that they may be undisturbed and secure in the practice of their institutions."

From all which it appears that man is free to worship God as he lists in New Mexico.

The religion of the great bulk of the people is the Catholic. From all that I hear, their faith must

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have been sorely tested under the *régime* of the former Mexican priesthood—a sorry set of fellows, from all accounts. I do not know but that they might as well be dismissed with the same obituary discourse that was once delivered at the funeral of a notorious sinner by a country parson who had a distaste for the job.

"My friends," said he, "I have been urged, entreated, and implored, to preach the funeral sermon of the man who lies here dead. I did not want to do it. He was a bad man, and everybody knows it. He kept horses, and he run 'em; he kept cocks, and he fit 'em. But I *have* heard he was occasionally useful at fires. The bearers will now carry out the body. The choir will sing—

> 'Believing, we rejoice
> To see the cuss removed.'"

With the advent of *los Americanos* came a changed state of things in the Church. It was not without reason that several Mexican priests were more than implicated in the rising or insurrection of 1847 against the Americans, in which Governor Bent was massacred at Taos. The annexation of New Mexico to the United States brought it under their Catholic ecclesiastical authorities, and they knew well what to expect from any bishop who might come from us. They understood "Diana of the Ephesians." The insurrection failed. A bishop was sent from the United States. There was a general suspension, unfrocking, dismay, and howling among those Mexican priests (and it would have been difficult to find the exceptions) who "kept cocks and fit 'em," had cards and played 'em, indulged in housekeepers of an uncanonical age, and had more nieces than the law allowed.

These things were not done by them in a corner. They were seen and known of all men, and it is unnecessarily squeamish to deny or gloss them over. Matters are changed since then. These irregularities have disappeared, and the New Mexicans now have a learned, pious, laborious, and edifying priesthood, mostly missionaries from France.

I spoke, in a former letter, of the improvement made of late years in the exterior of the parish church — now the cathedral — at Santa Fé. The amelioration of the interior is even greater, judging from Lieutenant-colonel Emory's sketch of what he saw in 1846: "Not a word was uttered from the pulpit by the priest. The interior of the church was decorated with some fifty crosses, a great number of the most miserable paintings and wax figures, and looking-glasses trimmed with pieces of tinsel. The band — the identical one used at the fandango, and strumming the same tunes — played without intermission."

This statement, I make no doubt, was perfectly correct in 1846, but things have greatly changed, for two Sundays ago (just twenty years later) I attended service there, and of wax figures and tinsel and looking-glasses, there was no sign. I do not see any particular harm, except as a matter of taste, in fifty crosses. Nevertheless, there are now but one or two in the church. Fandango music was not there; none, in fact, but the severest plain chant, in whose intonations the Church Gallican was plainly perceptible.

A sermon was so far from wanting that we had one an hour long, in which the preacher, in the best Castilian, talked to the people in what we call at home "plain English," and made them "walk Spanish" on the subject of tempation and sin. He did not appear to stand in the slightest awe of those "ears polite" within whose hearing such subjects as judgment, and sin, and hell, should not be mentioned. Indeed, some of my Mexican neighbors appeared to be quite as ill at ease as was Captain Dugald Dalgetty, of "provant" memory, when he listened in the chapel to the "twenty-fourthly, twenty-fifthly, and to conclude" of the preacher.

"The young women," continues Colonel Emory, "whom we recognized as having figured at the fandango, counted their beads, tossed their heads, and crossed themselves, to the time of the music."

I, too, like Colonel Emory, had been at a fandango the night before (my dear Colonel, we don't call them fandangoes now; the world moves — nothing but *baile* will do here at present), and I saw at church a very different style of female physiognomy. Anonyma of the fandango is not now church-going.

The women sit, or kneel, to the right; the men, to the left. I was wedged in between a Mexican and an Indian, and acquired a higher estimate of their piety than of their domestic water privileges.

A few pews in the upper part of the church had the appearance of a concession to American custom, and I remarked some three or four of the few American ladies in the place who appeared to be members of the congregation.

The Baptist, Episcopal, Methodist, and Presbyterian churches have all, at various times since 1846, established missions in the country. They have all failed, and there is no vestige of them, that I could hear of by diligent inquiry, now left, except the Baptist church at Santa Fé. It is rather a nice-looking building, and with its fallen-in roof and nailed-up windows, irresistibly reminded me of the professional view of matters ecclesiastical taken by the Mississippi pilot, who, on being asked by that inquisitive passenger who always will get into the wheel-house: " What church is that ? " — at the same time pointing to a sad-looking meeting-house high up on the river bank, — replied, " She 's Baptis', but they don't run her now."

There are fully three hundred American Protestants in Santa Fé alone, and it is a subject of frequently expressed surprise that they should have not a solitary place of worship.

There is a flourishing Masonic Lodge at Santa Fé, also one of Odd Fellows. The two societies have purchased a large and handsome lot in the upper part of the town, dedicated it, and laid it off very handsomely for a cemetery. In a few years, when its trees and shrubbery shall have grown up, it will be one of the chief ornaments of the city.

The Mexicans, who naturally associate the graveyard with the church, call the lodge "the American church," and wonder, first, why it is only open at night, and, secondly, why the American ladies don't go to it!

Several pages of the statute book are filled with provisions and laws on the subject of the education of children, one section, I remark, making it compulsory. Nevertheless, whether through my fault or not I am unable to say, I have not been able to hear of any public schools, as we understand them. Probably funds are wanting. Yet there are schools, and good ones, at Santa Fé, Mora, Taos, and Albuquerque, and probably other places. The large school of the Christian Brothers, at Santa Fé, has some three hundred pupils, mostly free. The Sisters of Loretto (from Kentucky) have a very large boarding and day school, in which about the same number of girls are taught. They established their institution some fourteen years ago, when four of them came on, — or rather started to come, for one died, and another fell sick on the route.

They now have Mexican accessions to their community, and count some twenty-four members. The perfect order and neatness of the establishment, and its beautiful orchard and garden, make it the pleasantest spot in Santa Fé. The Sisters of Charity — four of them from Cincinnati — also have a hospital, orphan asylum, and free school, and are of the same good and devoted class of women so well known to the wounded soldier of the Army of the Cumberland, and the sick stranger in all our large cities. Their hospital here, I am told, is likely to be a sinecure. New Mexico is too healthy for its success. But the Sisters have their hands full, with orphans, aged, infirm, and poor scholars.

When we think of those heroic women, taking up their line of march like a soldier's forlorn hope, crossing the desert, affronting every danger, falling in the ranks, or dying at their posts, with no name to leave for a bulletin, and all for neither honor, money, glory, nor fame, but for the sake of God and suffering humanity, I must confess that I, for one, become impatient at the exaggerated praise of Florence

Nightingale. I do not wish to detract one iota from her real merit; but we have, in this country alone, a thousand nobler women than Florence Nightingale, in their devoted graves, and thousands more following in their path of heavenly charity.

## LETTER XXVIII.

### PUEBLO INDIANS.

SANTA FÉ, NEW MEXICO, *August* 10, 1866.

THE question is raised, "Were the Pueblos placed in villages by the Spaniards, or did the Spaniards find them in pueblos (towns) on coming into New Mexico?"

It appears to me there needs but slight examination for one to be satisfied that, on their arrival, the Spaniards found these people living in villages, many of which still exist. The descriptions given by Alvar Nuñez, Cabeza de Baca, and by Castañeda, in his account of the expedition of Coronado (1538–1541), relate clearly to the villages of the Moquis, to Zuni, and even to Jemes.

The people of these pueblos are, doubtless, of the old Mexican stock, and the population of old Mexico, found by Cortez, are described to have been, in their main characteristics, essentially the same race. A comparison of the accounts given by Cortez with those of Baca and Castañeda, appear to establish identity of race, religion, and customs, between the indigenous population of Old and New Mexico. And a similar comparison of the descriptions of Baca and Castañeda with what we have before us, equally establishes the identity of the Pueblos they found, with those of to-day. The Pueblos then, as now, were a distinct people from the wild, roaming savages. They lived in villages, cultivated the soil, and had trade and manufactures.

The Navajoes and Apaches of to-day are as easily distinguished from the Pueblo as in the time of the earliest conquerors of New Mexico.

Again, we find the village life of the native Mexican recognized in the earliest Spanish records of the conquest; and within four years after the landing of Cortez, provision by royal decree made for the protection of the system. It is true that the language of the decree gives the impression that the Mexicans were then for the first time to be placed in pueblos; but a careful scrutiny of subsequent decrees, and of the accounts left by Cortez, will show that they were, in fact, already living in small and scattered villages, and that for safety, defense, economy of government, and facilities for religious instruction, they were brought into larger communities.

Passing over the edicts of June 26, 1523, of 1533, and of October 26, 1538, here is part of the decree of Charles V., issued from Cigales, 21st March, 1551:[1] —

> "The effort has been made with much care and particular attention, to make use of such means as are most suitable for the instruction of the Indians in the Holy Catholic faith and scriptural law, to the end that forgetting their ancient rites and ceremonies, they might live in fellowship under established rule; and in order that this object might be obtained with the greatest certainty, the members of our council of the Indios and other religious persons on different occasions met together, and in the year 1546, by order of the Emperor Charles Fifth, of glorious memory,

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[1] Vide La Leg. I., title iii., lib. 6, de la Recopilacion de Indios.

there convened the prelates of New Spain, who, desiring to render service to God and ourselves, resolved that the Indians should be brought to settle — reduced to pueblos — and that they should not live divided and separated by mountains and hills, depriving themselves of all benefit, spiritual or temporal, without aid from our agents, and that assistance which human wants require men mutually to render one another.

"And in order that the propriety of this resolution might be recognized, the kings, judges, presidents, and governors, were charged and commanded by different orders of the Kings, our predecessors, that with much mildness and moderation they should carry into effect the reduction, settlement, and instruction of the Indians, acting with so much justice and delicacy, that without causing any difficulty, a motive might be presented to those who could not be brought to settle, in the hope that as soon as they witness the good treatment and protection of such as had been reduced to pueblos, they might consent to offer themselves of their own accord, and order was given that they should not pay higher duties than was established by law; and whereas the above was executed in the large part of our Indies, therefore we ordain and command that in all the other portions care be taken that it be carried into effect, and the agents should urge it according to and in the form declared by the laws of this title."

Philip Second, in consequence of the intention of the Emperor Charles, published a statute on the founding of settlements, and in articles 34, 35, and 36, which are found inserted in Leg., title v., lib. 4, de la Recopilacion de Indios, he says expressly: —

"We ordain that when it is ordained to settle any province or territory of those which are now under our authority, or may hereafter be discovered, the settler shall take care and observe that the country is healthy, ascertaining if there may live in it men of great age, and youths of good complexion, disposition, and color; whether the animals and flocks are healthy, and of ample size; the fruits, and articles of food, good; the land suitable for sowing, and harvesting abundant; whether there grow things poisonous and hurtful; whether the skies have good and happy constellations, clear and benignant; the air pure and soft, without objection or alternation; the temperature free from excess in heat or cold, and, having an inclination for one or the other state, selecting the cold; whether there is pasturage for the growth of flocks; mountains and trees for wood; material for houses and other buildings; and water abundant, and suitable for drinking and irrigation; Indians and natives to whom the Gospel may be preached, as the chief motive of our intention.

"Finding a concurrence of these questions or the principal of them, they may proceed to a settlement, observing the laws of this book."

The royal edict of June 4, 1687, recites various interesting facts concerning the history and management of the Pueblos. Here is an extract: —

"Whereas, as in my royal council of the Indios, they are advised that the Marquis of Folces, Count of St. Stephen's, Viceroy of the Province of New Spain, issued an ordinance on May 28, 1567, by which he ordered that each of the Indian Pueblos as might need lands upon which to live and sow, should have given to them five hundred varas, and more should it be necessary; and that from that time forward there should not be granted to any one lands or grounds unless they should be located a thousand varas, cloth or silk measure, away from and separated from the pueblos and houses of the Indians, and the lands five hundred varas removed from said settlement, as is obvious from the evidence of said ordinance which has reached the Council — have been contrary to custom,

x An English Ell - Ellison

The Castillo (vara) measure is 8 pr Ct. shorter
than the English & American yard.
Toledo vara - same as Am: yard Ellison

order, and practice — have been encroached upon by owners of estates and lands, thereby depriving the Indians of them, and seizing upon them sometimes violently, sometimes fraudulently, for which cause the miserable Indians have lost their houses and towns, which is what the Spanish seek for and desire; and obtaining these thousand or five hundred varas, which have to be apart from the towns, they measure from the church or public house (ermita) which the people generally have in the centre of the place, and which happens to comprehend in them the whole plat of the town, whereby they lose what had been given to them, it being necessary to understand the last five hundred varas by the four winds, which is arranged and commanded in the Laws XII. and XVIII., title xii., lib. 4, de la Neuva Recopilacion de Indios; and on account of the many difficulties, losses, and injuries which thus befell these poor natives, it has been thought proper to command that such Indian Pueblos as might need lands to live upon and cultivate, should have given them not only five hundred varas, as the said ordinance provides, but whatever might be necessary, measuring them from the farthest limits and houses of the place, outwards, by the four winds — thus, five hundred varas east, as many west, north, and south, leaving always the plat of the pueblos included as vacant place, giving these five hundred varas of land not only to the chief or capital pueblo, but all the rest that may ask for and need them, as well in the pueblos already inhabited, as those which might hereafter be founded and peopled; so that thus all might have land to cultivate, and upon which their flocks may graze and feed, it being just and of my royal charity to have a regard for the Indians, who, I am informed, suffer so much injustice and trouble in view of their being those who render more services, and enriching my royal crown and all my vassals; with which design, and seeing what in view of them and the said testimony and Laws XII. and XVIII. of the Neuva Recopilacion de Indios, the acting general of my said council of the

Indians has said and alleged, I have thought it best to order and command, as by these presents I do, that in conformity with the ordinances which the Viceroy, Count St. Stephen, formed and decreed on the 24th May, 1567, and the compiled law referred to, that there shall be given and assigned generally to all the Indian pueblos of New Spain for their farming lands, not only the five hundred varas round the place of settlement, and these measured from the church, but from the farthest house of the place, as well eastward and westward as north and south; and not only the said five hundred varas, but a hundred varas more, up to full six hundred varas; and should the place or settlement be more than ordinarily contracted, and should not seem sufficient for all, my Viceroy of New Spain, and my royal court of Mexico, shall take care, as I now charge and command them to do, to set them apart a much larger quantity, and that they shall mark off and assign to the said place and settlements, as many more varas of land as shall be necessary, without limitation.

"And as regards the pasture land, it is my will and order that there shall not only be separated from the settlement and Indian places, the thousand varas mentioned in the said ordinance of May 26, 1567, but even a hundred varas more, and that these one thousand one hundred varas shall be measured from the last house of the settlement or place, and not from the church."

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### ORIGIN OF THE PUEBLOS.

The most acceptable opinion concerning the origin and race of the Pueblos is, that they are of the same people and stock as the Mexicans found by Cortez. Separated from their more favored brethren of the Valley of Mexico (who far surpass them in the arts of civilization) by two thousand miles of mountains and uninhabited regions, they yet evidently were of the same origin, religion, and language — left, doubtless, in the Valley of the Rio Grande at the time when the forefathers of those who fought Cortez were progressing southwardly. As to any discussion of this question further than to recognize these people as descendants of the natives found by the Spaniards in possession of the country, I respectfully decline it.

Learned treatises have been written on the subject; some contending that the Pueblos are of Aztec, others that they are of Toltec origin.

A decision is not likely to be had soon; certainly not before the settlement of a previous question, — "Were the Tarquins Etruscan or Roman?" Tarquinius Superbus the Latin is also Mastarna the Etruscan. Müller in his work on the Etruscans claims the Tarquinian dynasty to have been Etruscan; so that it was the Latin subjugated by the Etruscan rather than the contrary. But Niebuhr maintains that the Tarquins were Latins.

And the solution of this vexed question, also, must, in the order of time, be postponed to the claims of another and older historical problem, namely, "Who were the Pelasgi?" The historian Grote sums up the inquiry by saying, "If any man is inclined to call the unknown ante-Hellenic period of Greece by the name of Pelasgic, it is open to him to do so." And treating the Pueblo origin question after this manner, if any man is inclined to assign to the Pueblo an Aztec rather than a Toltec origin, or the contrary — it is open to him to do so.

Here is the substance of their own account of the matter, as frequently stated by them to officers of our army. According to tradition, they first appeared

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at Shipop, the northwest source of the Rio Grande. Whence they came is not known. They were wandering without fixed abodes, and sought shelter among the cañons of the river, in caves which yet remain. They sojourned awhile at Acota, the birthplace of Montezuma, who became leader and guide of the subsequent emigration. He taught them to build pueblos with lofty houses and estufas, and to kindle sacred fire, to be guarded by priests. This was the first pueblo he established, and from here he proceeded southward, forming settlements. Acoma was built and strongly fortified by him. Pecos was one of the principal towns; and, while there, Montezuma took a tall tree and planted it in an inverted position, saying that when he should disappear a foreign race would rule over his people, and there would be no rain. But he commanded them to watch the sacred fire until that tree should fall, at which time white men would pour into the land from the east, to overthrow their oppressors, and he himself would return to build up his kingdom; the earth would again be fertilized by rain, and the mountains yield treasures of silver and gold.

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From Pecos, which, seeming to have fulfilled its destiny, is now desolate, Montezuma continued southward, spreading pueblos far and wide, till he reached the city of Mexico. There, they say, he lived till the arrival of the Spaniards, when he disappeared. "Since then," said the Pueblo narrating, becoming excited by his story, "the prediction has been verified, and the tree at Pecos fell as the American army was entering Santa Fé! The Indians there had long been dwindling away, and soon after, an old priest, the last of his tribe, died at his post, and the sacred fire was extinguished."[1]

The latter part of the tradition is probably the foundation of the good-will and respect so constantly manifested by the Pueblos to Americans, departed from only in 1847, at the revolt of Taos, organized by the Mexicans, and in which the Pueblos near Taos were induced to join.

### LANGUAGE.

Classed by dialects, the Pueblos of New Mexico at the period of the arrival of the Spaniards spoke four separate and distinct languages, called the Tegua, the Piro, the Queres, and the Tagnos. Of these the Tegua (pronounced (*te-wa*) alone is certainly known still to exist recognized by its ancient name. The Pueblos of San Juan, Santa Clara, Nambé, San Ildefonzo, Pojuaque (pronounced *poy-a-kay*), and Tesuque speak this dialect, and call it the Tegua. The Tagnos have become extinct, and the Piro and Queres, if they still exist, are no longer known by the people under those names. In all, there are now five different dialects spoken by the Pueblos. I could not hear of a Mexican or American who understands any of them; nor can any Pueblo understand another of a different dialect. Classing the villages by language, we have, —

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*First*, Sandia, Isleta, Picuris, and Taos.

*Second*, Cochiti, Santo Domingo, San Felipe, Santa Aña, Zia, Laguna, and Acoma.

*Third*, Jemes (pronounced *Haymes*).

*Fourth*, Zuni.

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[1] See "Report on the Indian Tribes," *Pacific R. R. Report*, vol. 3, p. [illegible]

*Fifth*, those already mentioned as speaking the Tegua.

Thus, by language, these Indians are nearly all cut off from verbal communication, not only with Mexicans, but with Pueblos of a different dialect.

Some of their people speak Spanish, and that language has to be used by them in communicating with other Pueblos of a different native tongue. It does not follow that the groups by dialect correspond with their geographical grouping; for, frequently, those furthest apart speak the same, and those nearest speak different languages. Thus, Taos and Sandia speak the same, and Tesuque, nearly half-way between them in the Rio Grande Valley, a different one. When the remnants of the Pueblos on the Pecos were obliged to leave its ruins, they passed through many intervening villages of their nation to join those at Jemes who spoke the same tongue.

In order to give some idea of the utter diversity of these Indian Pueblo dialects, I select a few words from the vocabulary prepared by Cruzate[1] (1692), and by Lieutenant Simpson, U. S. A.

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[1] Don Domingo de Cruzate, Governor of New Mexico from 1684 to 1692.

SELECTIONS FROM THE INDIAN PUEBLO DIALECTS, ARRANGED TO SHOW THE DIVERSITY.

| English. | Santo Domingo, San Felipe, Santa Aña, Zia, Laguna, Acoma, Cochiti | San Juan, Santa Clara, San Ildefonso, Pojuaque, Nambe, Tesuque. | Taos, Picuris, Sandia, Isleta. | Jemes and Old Pecos. | Zuni. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Earth. | Hah-ats. | Nah. | Pah-hau-nah. | Dock-ah. | Ou-lock-nan-nay. |
| Man. | Hats-see. | Say-en. | Tah-hah-ne-nah. | Shu-o-tish. | Oat-se. |
| Head. | Nash-cau-ne. | Pum-bah. | Pi-ne-mah. | Chit-chous. | O-schuck-quin-nay. |
| Eye. | Kan-nah. | Chay. | Che-nay. | Saech. | Too-nah-way. |
| Mouth. | Tsee-kah. | Sho. | Clah-no-e-nah. | E-ae-quah. | Ae-wah-tin-nay. |
| Tongue. | Wah-at-chin. | Hah. | May-oon-on-en-ah. | Ain-lah. | Ho-nin-nay. |
| Hair. | Har-tran. | Poh. | Pah-hau-nay. | Fore-lah. | Ti-ah-way. |
| Arm. | Kah-u-may. | Ko. | Hah-en-nay. | Hah. | Ar-se-way. |
| Breast. | Quaist-pah. | Pe-ah. | Pah-ah-kay-nay-ne-may. | Pay-lu. | Po-at-tan-nay. |
| Foot. | Kar-tay. | Ah. | E-en-en-nah. | Awn-dash. | Wake-que-a-way. |
| Dog. | Tish. | Cher. | So-dor-nah. | Can-nu. | Wat-se-tah. |
| Buffalo. | Moo-shats. | Kah. | Kah-nah-neem-mah. | Toss-chach. | Too-she-kay-one-na-nay. |
| Fire. | Kah-kan-ye. | Fah. | Pah-an-nah. | Fwa-ah. | Mack-ke. |
| Bread. | Pah.[1] | As in Spanish. | Ah-coon-nah. | Zo-tane-bae-lah. | Moo-lun-nay. |
| Water. | Tseats. | Ogh. | Poh-ah-oon. | Pah. | Ke-a-o-way. |

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[1] Probably a corruption of the Spanish Pan.

## PUEBLO HOUSES.

The Pueblo manner of building is very peculiar, and the fact that the houses (of one of the primitive races) still existing in parts of Old Mexico — those described by Castañeda and Cabeza de Baca, and those now found in the Pueblo villages of New Mexico — are of perfectly similar construction and distribution, goes far to fix the identity of the Pueblo people with a primitive Mexican race.

On my visit to the pueblo of Tesuque we entered a large square, around which the dwellings are erected close together, so as to present outwardly an unbroken line of wall to the height of three stories. Viewed from the inner square it presents the appearance of a succession of terraces with doors and windows opening upon them. Asking to see the cazique, we were directed to mount a ladder some ten feet in height. This brought us on to a terrace about six feet wide, extending around three sides of the square, and forming the roof of a series of rooms on the ground floor, which being without doors, could only be entered by descending through a trap-door. The second story recedes from the first by the breadth of the terrace described, and, in like manner, can only be entered by mounting another ladder. So also for the third story. All the stories have doors and windows, but no stair-way. The ladders being drawn up at night, the place is comparatively safe from assault or intrusion.

This general description is applicable to all the Pueblo villages, however they may differ in size, position, and nature of the ground — some being on bluffs, some on mesas, and most of those in the valley of the Rio Grande on level ground.

Parts of Old Mexico five hundred to a thousand miles distant from the New Mexican pueblos, are covered with the ruins of villages built in the same manner precisely, and Clavigero, in his history of Mexico, referring to the extensive ruin on the San Miguel River in Chihuahua known as the "Casas Grandes," says: "The building, according to popular tradition, was erected by the Mexicans in their peregrination, and consisted of three (3) floors with a terrace above them, and without any entrance to the lower floor. The door for entrance into the building is on the second floor, so that a scaling-ladder is necessary."

### NUMBER OF VILLAGES AND POPULATION.

Time, decay, and want of proper care, are rapidly carrying off forever many documents of great importance — sole survivors of many more — yet remaining in the archives (?) of Santa Fé. Papers of value known to have existed there some years since have disappeared, many others are in a perishing condition, and it is said that in 1846 Armijo used up a large quantity of them for cartridges. Among these documents the statistical are particularly numerous and satisfactory. Under the Spanish governments the whole military, civil, and ecclesiastical administration was admirably carried out, and the official reports are models of completeness and brevity. I have made or obtained copies or translations of a number, and from among them select a few of the most important illustrating the history of the Pueblos. Two reports made in 1796

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and 1798 by the missionaries, in the original Spanish, are valuable, as showing the entire population of New Mexico, as classified by Missions. The following are correct copies from the original documents:—

| PROVINCIA DE EL NUEVO MEXICO. | NUMERO 1º. | MISIONES DE LA CUSTA DE LA CONVERSION DE SAN PABLO. |
|---|---|---|

NOTICIA DE LAS MISIONES QUE OCCUPAN LOS RELIGIOSOS DE LA REGULAR OBSERVANCIO DE NTRO S. P. SN FRANCO PERTENECIENTES A LA VEFERIDA CUSTODIA QUE DEPENDE DE LA PROVA DEL STO EVANGELIO, SUS PROGRESOS EN LOS AÑOS DE 1797 Y 1798. NUMERO DE MINISTROS QUE LAS SIRVEN, SINODOS QUE GOZAN, Y TOTAL DE ALMAS, CON DISTINCION DE CLASES Y SEXOS.

| MISIONES. | Ministros. | Sinodos. | | | Indios. | | | Españoles y Gente de otras Clases. | | | Total de Almas. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | De Real Hacienda. | De Obra Pia. | Total de Sinodos. | Hombres. | Mugeres. | Total. | Hombres. | Mugeres. | Total. | |
| Pecos | - | - | - | - | 0070 | 0068 | 0189 | 0072 | 0075 | 0150 | 00309 |
| Tesuque | 01 | 0330 | - | 0330 | 0074 | 0081 | 0155 | 0079 | 0069 | 0148 | 00303 |
| Nambe | 01 | 0330 | - | 0330 | 0097 | 0081 | 0178 | 0011 | 0009 | 0020 | 00138 |
| Pusuaque | - | .... | - | - | 0045 | 0034 | 0079 | 0111 | 0118 | 0229 | 00308 |
| St. Ildefonso | 01 | 0330 | - | 0330 | 0144 | 0107 | 0251 | 0116 | 0109 | 0225 | 00476 |
| Santa Clara | 01 | 0330 | - | 0330 | 0098 | 0095 | 0193 | 0425 | 0419 | 1840 | 01033 |
| Villa de la Cañada | 01 | .... | - | - | - | - | - | 1343 | 1251 | 2594 | 02534 |
| Abiquin | 01 | 0330 | - | 0330 | 0090 | 0086 | 0176 | 0783 | 0790 | 1573 | 01749 |
| San Juan | 01 | 0330 | - | 0330 | 0090 | 0112 | 0202 | 0982 | 0989 | 1971 | 02173 |
| Picuries | 01 | 0330 | - | 0330 | 0127 | 0124 | 0251 | 0266 | 0300 | 0566 | 00637 |
| Taos | 01 | 0330 | - | 0330 | 1263 | 0268 | 0531 | 0392 | 0398 | 0789 | 01316 |
| Totales en 1798 | 09 | 2640 | - | 2640 | 1098 | 1077 | 2175 | 4580 | 4521 | 9101 | 11276 |
| Existian en 1796 | - | - | - | - | 1083 | 1006 | 2089 | 4491 | 4293 | 8734 | 10823 |
| Diferencias | - | - | - | - | 15 | 71 | 86 | 189 | 228 | 367 | 453 |

Por la demostracion antecedente se acredita que huvo de augmento en los Indios de estos Misiones 86 personas, y en los Españoles y gente de otras clases 367 que pinta una partida con otra resultan 453 almas mas en el total.

En los dos años se verificaron en las referidas misiones 48 casamientos de Indios, se bautizaron 180, y murieron 129.

Asimismo en los Españoles, y gente de otras clases huvo 120 matrimonias, se bautizaron 748, y murieron 324.

FR FRANCO DE HEZIO,
Custo.

✠

| PROVINCIA DE EL NUEVO MEXICO. | NUMERO 3º. | MISIONES DE LA CUSTª DE LA CONVERSION DE SAN PABLO. |
|---|---|---|

NOTICIA DE LAS MISIONES QUE OCCUPAN LOS RELIGIOSOS DE LA REGULAR OBSERVANCIO DE Nᴛʀᴏ S. P. Sɴ FRANᴄᴏ PERTENECIENTES A LA VEFERIDA CUSTODIA QUE DEPENDE DE LA PROVᴬ DEL Sᴛᴏ EVANGELIO, SUS PROGRESOS EN LOS AÑOS DE 1797 Y 1798. NUMERO DE MINISTROS QUE LAS SIRVEN, SINODOS QUE GOZAN, Y TOTAL DE ALMAS, CON DISTINCION DE CLASES Y SEXOS.

| Misiones. | Ministros. | Sinodos. | | | Indios. | | | Espanolas y Gente de otras Clases. | | | Total de Almas. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | De Real Hacienda. | De Obra Pia. | Total de Sinodos. | Hombres. | Mu-geres. | Total. | Hombres. | Mu-geres. | Total. | |
| Santo Domingo . . | - | - | - | - | 0196 | 0288 | 0483 | 0121 | 0136 | 0257 | 00740 |
| Cochiti . . . . . | 01 | 0330 | - | 0330 | 0252 | 0253 | 0505 | 0206 | 0219 | 0425 | 00930 |
| San Phelipe . . . | 01 | 0330 | - | 0330 | 0172 | 0117 | 0282 | 0217 | 0207 | 0424 | 00718 |
| Santana . . . . . | - | - | - | - | 0303 | 0331 | 0634 | 0044 | 0040 | 0084 | 00718 |
| Zia . . . . . . | - | - | - | - | 0132 | 0130 | 0262 | - | - | - | 00262 |
| Xemes . . . . . | 01 | 0330 | - | 0330 | 0139 | 0133 | 0272 | 0179 | 0135 | 0314 | 00586 |
| Laguna . . . . . | 01 | 0330 | - | 0330 | 0409 | 0393 | 0802 | 0010 | 0005 | 0015 | 00817 |
| Acoma . . . . . | - | - | - | - | 0371 | 0386 | 0757 | - | - | - | 00757 |
| Zuni . . . . . . | 01 | 0450 | - | 0450 | 1346 | 1370 | 2716 | 0003 | 0004 | 0007 | 02723 |
| Belen . . . . . . | 01 | 0165 | - | 0165 | 0055 | 0069 | 0124 | 0574 | 0709 | 1283 | 01407 |
| Yaleta . . . . . | 01 | 0330 | - | 0330 | 0241 | 0238 | 0479 | 0250 | 0238 | 0488 | 00967 |
| Villa de Albuquerque | 01 | - | - | - | - | - | - | 1195 | 1084 | 2279 | 02279 |
| Sandia . . . . . | 01 | 0330 | - | 0330 | 0120 | 0116 | 0236 | 0206 | 0178 | 0384 | 00620 |
| Totales en 1798 . . | 09 | 2595 | - | 2595 | 3735 | 3822 | 7557 | 2975 | 2955 | 5930 | 13847 |
| Existian en 1796 . . | - | - | - | - | 3639 | 3725 | 7364 | 2789 | 2644 | 5433 | 12797 |
| Diferencias . . . . | - | - | - | - | 96 | 97 | 193 | 186 | 311 | 497 | 1050 |

Por la demostracion antecedente se acredita que huvo de augmento en los Indios de estos Misiones 193 personas, y en los Españoles y gente de otras clases 497 que pinta una partida con otra resultan 690 almas en el total.

En los dos años se verificaron en las referidas Misiones 122 casamientos de Indios, se bautizaron 525, y murieron 340.

Asimismo en los Españoles, y gente de otras clases huvo 106 matrimonias, se bautizaron 535, y murieron 196.

Fr. FRANᴄᴏ DE HEZIO,
Custo.

Here is a very interesting report made by Governor Chacon in 1799. His reasons in the ninth section for supposing that the Pueblo idioms do not differ much are not satisfactory. Indians, Pueblos,

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Mexicans, and Americans, frequently intertrade in total ignorance of each other's language. For that purpose merely a few signs and isolated words are all-sufficient.

| PROVINCE OF EL NUEVO MEXICO. | NO. 325. | MISSIONS UNDER THE CUSTODY OF THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL. |
|---|---|---|

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STATEMENT GIVEN IN PURSUANCE OF THE ROYAL DECREE OF JANUARY 31ST, 1784, OF THE ACTUAL STATE OF THE MISSIONS AND TOWNS IN THE TERRITORY OF THE PROVINCE OF NEW MEXICO UNDER THE CUSTODY OF THE FRANCISCAN RELIGIOUS OF THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL.

| NAMES OF THE JURISDICTIONS | Ministers. | Royal Treasury. | Spaniards, etc. | | Indians. | | Total. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | Male. | Female. | Male. | Female. | |
| City of Santa Fé, Royal Garrison, and vicinity | 3 | 1 | 2,087 | 2,107 | 144 | 170 | 4,508 |
| City of La Cañada and vicinity | 7 | 6 | 3,771 | 3,580 | 564 | 515 | 8,431 |
| City of Alburquerque and vicinity | 3 | 2 | 1,989 | 2,031 | 296 | 307 | 4,623 |
| Jurisdiction of La Alameda | 3 | 3 | 750 | 740 | 739 | 774 | 3,003 |
| Jurisdiction of Jemes | 1 | 1 | 223 | 175 | 574 | 592 | 1,564 |
| Jurisdiction of San Geronimo de Taos | 2 | 2 | 658 | 693 | 390 | 392 | 2,133 |
| Jurisdiction of Laguna and Acoma | 1 | 1 | 10 | 5 | 780 | 779 | 1,574 |
| Jurisdiction of Zuñi | 1 | 1 | 3 | 4 | 1,346 | 1,370 | 2,723 |
| Pueblo of El Paso del R. del N. and vicinity | 4 | 3 | 2,452 | 2,491 | 307 | 280 | 5,530 |
| Totals | 24 | 20 | 11,943 | 11,826 | 5,140 | 5,229 | 34,129 |

Total Indians, 10,369. 23,769 Spaniards, etc. 28,549

23,769
4943
18,826

## NOTES.

1ª. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .

2ª. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .

3ª. With exception of the three cities, which are Alburquerque and Cañada and the capital, and the pueblo of El Paso, all the Missions are endowed with three hundred and thirty dollars annually, which are satisfied out of the royal treasury; the only variation is that of Zuñi, which being situated afar off is granted four hundred and fifty dollars.

4ª. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .

5ª. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .

7ª. The spiritual administration so far as relates to the Indians is in full decadence, there being very few who confess, except it be at the hour of death and through an interpreter. They are viewed with little care and affection on the part of the religious and missionaries ever since corporal punishment at will was prohibited and the custom of serving them.

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8ª. To every Indian pueblo is assigned one league of land, although at some missions much more is enjoyed. In these are planted wheat, corn, and all kinds of vegetables, — keeping up the precaution of reserving two or three harvests in view of the calamities which may come upon them.

But they do not know the use of money because it circulates but very little in the province. In some pueblos blankets of wool and cotton are manufactured with which the women are clothed. As a general thing they own many flocks both horned and woolen, with sufficient number of horses, which is more or less increased as they are attacked by the enemy.

9ª The Pueblo Indians are of various races or stocks and are distinguished as Queres, Teguas, Taños, Taos, Pecos, and Genizaros. . . . Their idioms although distinct do not differ much, as they trade one with another without much difficulty. The Spanish language all understand, but few determine to speak it, it is not known whether from dullness or soberness.

10ª. Since the year of '98 seven settlements of families (from forty, sixty, and eighty families) according to the extent of territory and water.

God keep you, &c.

To His Excellency Pedro de Vava.

SANTA FE, 18*th July*, 1799. FERNANDO CHACON.

Fernando Chacon was civil and military governor of New Mexico in 1799 and until 1805, when he was succeeded by Joaquin del Real Alencaster.

## STATEMENT OF THE MISSIONS AND CURACIES ACTUALLY EXISTING IN SAID PROVINCE, WITH EXPRESSION OF ITS MINISTERS, SYNODS, AND THE NUMBER OF SOULS CONTAINED.

| Ministers. | Synods.* | | Missions. | Indians. | | | Spaniards. | | | Grand Total of Souls. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Total. | No. | | Male. | Female. | Total. | Male. | Female. | Total. | |
| 1 | 330 | 1 | San Geronimo de Taos | 253 | 256 | 509 | 668 | 669 | 1,337 | 1,846 |
| 1 | 330 | 1 | San Lorenzo de Picuries | 124 | 126 | 250 | 8 | 9 | 17 | 267 |
| 1 | 330 | 1 | San Juan de los Caballeros | 94 | 100 | 194 | 938 | 930 | 1,868 | 2,062 |
| 1 | 330 | 1 | Santo Tomas de Abiquiu | 70 | 64 | 134 | 607 | 611 | 1,218 | 1,352 |
| 1 | 330 | 1 | Santa Clara | 96 | 90 | 186 | 503 | 464 | 967 | 1,153 |
| 1 | 330 | 1 | San Ildefonso | 93 | 82 | 175 | 95 | 81 | 176 | 351 |
| 1 | 330 | 1 | San Francisco de Nambé | 71 | 72 | 143 | 18 | 19 | 37 | 180 |
| - | - | - | Neustra Senora de Guadalupe de Pojuaque | 51 | 49 | 100 | 94 | 83 | 177 | 277 |
| 1 | 330 | 1 | San Diego de Tesuque | 61 | 70 | 131 | 91 | 97 | 188 | 319 |
| 1 | 330 | 1 | N. S. de los Angeles de Pecos | 51 | 53 | 104 | 195 | 207 | 402 | 506 |
| 1 | 330 | 1 | San Buena Ventura de Cochiti | 320 | 336 | 656 | 201 | 296 | 497 | 1,153 |
| - | - | - | Santo Domingo | 193 | 140 | 333 | 68 | 72 | 140 | 473 |
| 1 | 330 | 1 | San Felipe | 151 | 138 | 289 | 225 | 215 | 440 | 729 |
| 1 | 330 | 1 | N. S. de los Dolores de Sandia | 153 | 161 | 314 | 209 | 196 | 405 | 719 |
| 1 | 330 | 1 | San Diego de Jemes | 139 | 125 | 264 | 152 | 185 | 337 | 601 |
| - | - | - | N. S. de la Asumpcion de Zia | 120 | 134 | 254 | - | - | - | 254 |
| 1 | 330 | 1 | Santa Ana. | 215 | 235 | 450 | 38 | 30 | 68 | 518 |
| 1 | 330 | 1 | San Augustin del Isleta | 201 | 218 | 419 | 197 | 181 | 378 | 797 |
| 1 | 330 | 1 | Neustra Senora de Belem | 52 | 55 | 107 | 850 | 738 | 1,588 | 1,695 |
| 1 | - | - | Capital City, Santa Fé | - | - | - | 1,475 | 1,488 | 2,963 | 2,963 |
| 1 | - | - | City of La Canada | - | - | - | 1,152 | 1,036 | 2,188 | 2,188 |
| 1 | - | - | City of Alburquerque | - | - | - | 2,124 | 2,170 | 4,294 | 4,294 |
| - | - | - | San Estevan de Acoma | 365 | 366 | 731 | - | - | - | 731 |
| 1 | 330 | 1 | San Josef de La Laguna | 495 | 445 | 940 | 68 | 70 | 138 | 1,078 |
| 1 | 450 | 1 | N. S. de Guadalupe de Zuni | 707 | 763 | 1470 | 2 | 3 | 5 | 1,475 |
| 1 | 480 | 1 | Royal Garrison | - | - | - | 392 | 386 | 778 | 778 |
| 4 | 900 | 3 | Jurisdiction of El Paso and pueblo | - | - | - | 3,117 | 3,092 | 6,209 | 6,209 |
| 26<br>22 | 7,530<br>6,540 | 22<br>19 | Total last of December, 1805<br>Total last of December, 1804 | 4,094<br>4,314 | 4,078<br>4,294 | 8,172<br>8,608 | 13,507<br>10,687 | 13,328<br>10,614 | 26,835<br>21,301 | 35,007<br>29,909 |
| 4 | 990 | 3 | | 220 | 216 | 436 | 2,820 | 2,714 | 4,534 | 5,098 |

* All of the Royal Treasury.

SANTA FE, 20th *Nov.* 1806.

J. RL. ALENCASTER.

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Following closely in the order of time we have the Duke of Alençaster's report, which includes the entire population of New Mexico (see preceding page).

As Lieutenant Whipple's Indian Report (see part 3, pp. 10 and 12, vol. iii. Pacific R. R. Surveys, 35th parallel) gives Cuyamangue and Chilili in the list of pueblos, and Alencaster's report just cited does not include them, it may be as well to clear up the contradiction. A deed of 1704 (see No. 733, Archive Catalogue of the Surveyor-General of New Mexico 1857–8) thus speaks of one of these towns: "Cuyamangue, a pueblo abandoned and in ruins since the insurrection in 1696 by the native Tegua Indians of said pueblo." A Mexican town of that name is given in the census return of 1844, and has evidently been mistaken for a Pueblo village.

As to Chilili, it has not been known since 1696, not even as a town built on the site of a pueblo. Here is an official list of pueblos by Governor and Captain-General Mendoza — the results of his visit to the pueblo in May, 1742.

Taos, Picuries, San Juan, San Ildefonso, Santa Clara, Pojuaque, Nambe, and Tesuque, north of Santa Fé; Pecos, east, and Galasteo south of Santa Fé; Cochiti, Santo Domingo, San Felipe, Santa Ana, Zia, Jemes, Laguna, Acoma, Zuni, Isleta, south or west of Santa Fé.

Neither Cuyamangue nor Chilili appear in it. Galasteo is given by Mendoza in 1742 but not by Alencaster in 1805, for the reason that it had been abandoned in the interval, the survivors intermarrying and settling with the Pueblos of San Domingo. On the other hand Alencaster enumerates Sandia, which is not given by Mendoza. The reason is that Sandia was founded in 1748, under very peculiar circumstances, a full account of which has fortunately been preserved. The report is interesting as throwing much light upon the government and management of the Pueblos by the Spaniards, and I give it entire in the excellent translation of Mr. D. S. Miller of Santa Fé: —

## THE SANDIA PUEBLO.

Destruction
Davis Conq 324

*Petition of Friar Juan Miguel Menchero, Preacher and Delegate Commissary-General, for the establishment of the Pueblo of Sandia.* 1748.

*To His Excellency Don Joachim Codallos y Rabal:* —

Friar Juan Miguel Menchero, Preacher and Delegate Commissary-General, by patent from my diocese, present myself before your Excellency according to law, and in the manner most convenient to me in the present petition, and state: That for six years I have been engaged in the work of converting the Gentiles, and notwithstanding innumerable trials I have succeeded in planting the seeds of the Christian faith among the residents of the pueblos of Acoma, Laguna, and Zia; and for all of which I hold instructions from the most excellent Viceroy of New Spain, to construct temples, convents, and pueblos, with sufficient lands for each, water, watering places, timber, and pastures, which I have obtained for all of those whom I have been enabled to convert. And having converted and gained over three hundred and fifty souls from here to the Puerco River, which I have brought from the Moqui Pueblos — bringing with me the cacique of these Moqui Pueblos, for the purpose of establishing their pueblo at the place called Sandia. Having received the permission of the most excellent Viceroy, which order is on file in that government, I therefore ask that possession be given me of the

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aforementioned place of Sandia, which I have already examined and found unoccupied, so as to prevent my converts from returning to apostasy, as by locating them at any other point they may escape to their former homes, being the most remote. By doing which I will receive the grace, favor, justice, I ask at the hands of your Excellency. I swear that the above is not done through malice, and in whatever may be necessary, etc.

(Signed) FRIAR JUAN MIGUEL MENCHERO,
*Delegate and Missionary and Commissary-General.*

SANTA FÉ OF THE NEW MEXICO, *April* 5th, 1748.

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IN the city of Santa Fé on the fifth day of April, 1748, before me, Don Joachim Codallos y Rabal, Sergeant-Major, Governor and Captain-General of this kingdom, the foregoing petition was presented, accompanied with the superior disposition of the most excellent Viceroy of this New Spain, by the Most Reverend Friar Juan Miguel Menchero, retired Preacher-General, Delegate Commissary, and Attorney-General of this Holy Custody of the Conversion of Saint Paul, etc.; which being seen by me, and the plans proposed by the said Reverend Father for the construction of the temple, convent, and pueblo referred to by him, and the conveniences which are offered to the Moqui Indians reduced to the locality and site called Sandia being known to me, which pueblo shall be partly fortified in order to prevent the invasions which are occasionally made by the Gentile enemies, whose place of entrance is at the aforementioned spot: in view of which, and having received certain information concerning said conquered Indians which are distributed among several pueblos of this kingdom asking that a pueblo may be established for them, in which the aforementioned Moqui nation may construct their houses and form a settlement:

Therefore, and in order that the foregoing decree of the most excellent Viceroy and the petition of the aforesaid Very Reverend Father Delegate Commissary may be carried into effect, I hereby give such ample and sufficient authority as is required in such cases to the Lieutenant-General Don Bernardo de Bustamente to proceed to the aforementioned site of Sandia with ten soldiers, and with the coöperation of the aforesaid Very Reverend Father Delegate Commissary, to personally examine, calculate, and reconnoitre the aforesaid site, and distribute the lands, waters, pastures, and watering places, sufficient for a regular Indian pueblo as required by the royal orders concerning the matter, setting forth the boundaries thereof. And the aforesaid Lieutenant-General shall also proceed to give authentic, royal, and personal possession to the Very Reverend Father Missionary who may be assigned by his prelate to the new Mission — having given the lands to the conquered Indians of the aforesaid nation as aforementioned. In case any dispute or objection is raised by any person or persons claiming title to said lands, he will report the same to this government in order that such legal steps may be taken in the premises as is necessary. And having recorded his doings in the premises immediately following this decree, the aforesaid Lieutenant-General will take a correct copy thereof, which he will deliver to the aforesaid Very Reverend Delegate Commissary — returning the original to this government, in order that it may always appear. Furthermore, it being necessary to appoint a judge to administer justice in said settlement, to protect the Indians, hearing their cases, and give them such legal remedies as they may require: I hereby declare said pueblo of Sandia for the present to be under the jurisdiction of the town of San Felipe de Alburquerque in order that the lieutenant thereof or his lieutenant shall strictly comply with the duties herein imposed; and the Senior Justices will cause the conquered Moqui Indians, who may be within their respective jurisdictions, to attach themselves with all possible dispatch to the aforesaid pueblo of Sandia to be established, the construction of which will be commenced during the early part of May, of the present year 1748.

I have so provided, ordered, and signed with my attending witnesses, with whom I act in the absence of a public or royal notary — there being none in this kingdom. To which I certify.

(Signed) JOACHIM CODALLOS Y RABAL.

*Witnesses:* (Signed) { JOSÉ JACOBO DE BOANAS,<br>MIGUEL ALIRE.

I, the Lieutenant-General Don Bernardo de Bustamente Tagle, commissioned to give the royal possession granted and conferred by the Sergeant-Major Don Joachim Codallos y Rabal, Governor and Captain-General of this kingdom of New Mexico, in order to give possession to the Reverend Father Preacher Friar Juan José Hernandez, the minister assigned by patent of his reverend prelate, and to the Indians of the Moqui nation, who are assembled for the purpose of reëstablishing said pueblo, and for the better security and advancement of the same, I caused to appear before me the citizens who resided near or more contiguous to said pueblo on the other side of the Rio Del Norte towards the west, to wit: Antonio de Salazas, José Jaramillo, and Salvador Jaramillo, to whom, being in my presence, I made known the commission I held to grant the royal possession which I am directed to give to the aforesaid children of Sandia and their minister, and making them also understand that they were exonerated from giving the league to the said Indians on the west according to the royal mandate, which provides for one league toward each of the four cardinal points, which will be increased in another direction; but that they were to consent that at all times the aforesaid Moqui Indians of this new resettlement (on account of the many risks their stock was subjected to on this side) could cross over and pasture on the lands of their aforesaid Spanish neighbors, whom before witnesses of unexceptionable veracity I asked and notified for once, and oftener, if they would consent or not, and they consented to the request of the aforesaid Indians and their Father Missionary. Whereupon they jointly and severally *in solidum* would and did give free and ample permission, now and forever, to cross over and pasture their stock, binding and obliging themselves, their children, heirs, and successors, not to oppose any impediment whatsoever; on the contrary they urge the aforesaid Indians to do so without fear of causing damage. They so promised and stated that they would fulfill their promise without dispute or legal proceeding now or in the future.

And in testimony whereof they signed their names and for those who could not sign, I signed as acting justice in the absence of a royal or public notary, there being none in this kingdom. To which I certify.

(Signed) BARNARDO ANTONIO BUSTAMENTE TAGLE,
*Acting Justice.*

*Witness:* (Signed)
ISIDRO SANCHEZ TAGLE,
PEDRO TAFOYA,
JOSÉ JARAMILLO.

### SANDIA.

At the aforesaid place and mission on the said day, month, and year as directed, I, the Lieutenant-General Don Bernardo Antonio de Bustamente Tagle, proceeded to give royal and personal possession, accompanied by all the neighbors, and the first act being to give a name and vocation to the said new reduction, in order to perpetuate its memory, giving it the name of "Our Lady of Sorrow and Saint Anthony of Sandia," and being thus named the recently converted Indians of said nation being all together with their minister the Reverend Father Friar Juan José Hernandez, whom I took by the hand, and in the name of His Majesty (whom may God preserve!) walked with him over the ground, they cried aloud, threw stones, pulled up weeds, and in a loud voice exclaimed "Long live the King our Sovereign!" several times; they received the royal possession without any contradiction whatever. The leagues granted to a formal pueblo were measured, and the lines being drawn toward the west to the Del Norte River, which is the boundary, there were only two lines of fifty and twenty Castilian varas each, amounting in all to two hundred and forty varas; and in order to complete what was lacking on the western side, I thought it necessary to add as increase the leagues toward the north and south equally, in order that the adjoining Spanish grantees should not be damaged; said two boundaries amounting to 7380 Castilian varas, the league toward the west being 4760 varas less. The land between, within the said two boundaries, being all adapted to the raising of wheat, and the water being convenient to the surface of the ground. And in order to perpetuate their boundaries I directed them to establish landmarks or mounds of mud and stones, of the height of a man, with wooden crosses on their summits. The boundaries being: on the north, an old tower opposite the point of a cañon commonly called "De la Agua," and on the south the Maygua hill, opposite the spring of the Carrisito, and on the east the main ridge called Sandia, within which limits there are convenient pastures, timber, water, and watering places, to support large and small cattle and horses. All of which was given with free and general control to the aforesaid Moqui Indian converts, who are congregated together as aforesaid, that they may enjoy it, themselves, their children, heirs, and successors. And those that were present amounted to three hundred and fifty souls, great and small, comprising seventy families, who being all together, I granted and published; and they heard the royal possession given in the name of His Majesty, whom God preserve, which is a sufficient title for them, now and forever, to prevent interference at any time and against any person or persons who may trespass within the boundaries set forth of which they are in possession.

And in order that it may always so appear, I placed the same on record. Corporal Antonio Armenta and Juan Simon being instrumental witnesses, I signed with my attending witnesses, with whom I act as acting judge in the absence of a royal or public notary, there being none in this kingdom within the limits prescribed by law — giving of these one to my Reverend Father Minister for the pious purposes designed by the most excellent Viceroy, and the merits of his ministry and Christian charity, and the other to remain in the hands of the Reverend Father Minister Friar José Hernandez, and with the other report to the government on the day, month, and year aforesaid.

(Signed) BERNARDO ANT° BUSTAMENTE TAGLE,
*Acting Justice.*

*Witnesses:* PEDRO TAFOZA.
YSIDRO SANCHEZ TAGLE.

*May 24th*, 1762. An order was issued by the Governor and Captain-General of New Mexico, commanding that two days in the week be set apart for the manufacture of adobes and to cut the necessary timber for the completion of their houses. No Indian being allowed to leave the pueblo, except to guard the stock or for the cultivation of the soil, until the pueblo is constructed and built under the direction of the Reverend Father Missionary.

Like Cuyamangue, there are many pueblos depopulated and abandoned since 1696. On Galasteo Creek alone are found the sites of San Cristobel, San Lazaro, Galasteo, and San Marcos. This last however (so tradition runs) was in ruins when the Spaniards first came to the country; and its survivors are said to have gone to San Juan. They are the ruins of which I spoke in my letter of August 2d.

The following table, prepared with great care from the most reliable sources of information, presents a full and complete list of the existing pueblos of New Mexico, and a statistical statement of their population, possessions, resources, etc., etc. I have specially availed myself, in its compilation, of the reports of the Surveyor-General, and of the valuable reports of Mr. Steck, Superintendent of Indian Affairs in 1864.

Excepting the designated census for 1860, all the other extracts are for 1863. Besides animals enumerated, the Pueblos own large numbers of sheep, goats, and pigs. In all the pueblos there were thirty-nine deaf, seven deaf and dumb, three idiots and insane, four lunatics, and forty-three blind. Area of last four pueblos not given, as they have not yet been surveyed. Total number of deaths one hundred and eighty. Total number of births two hundred and forty-nine. Where date of grant is not given, it is because those pueblos could not produce their original titles. In such cases the evidence of the principal men of the pueblo was taken to establish the former existence of titles, before surveying the tract. I am satisfied that the increase of population indicated by above figures of 1860 and 1863, is not real, and arises, probably, from a defective census of 1860. Those who are best acquainted with the Pueblos, are convinced that they are steadily falling off in numbers. They do not marry with Mexicans, nor out of their tribe, and, too often, not outside their own pueblo. In fact intermarriage of relatives is common among them.

TABULAR STATEMENT, SHOWING RESPECTIVELY THE NAMES OF ALL THE INDIAN PUEBLOS IN NEW MEXICO,—THEIR LOCALITIES, DISTANCE FROM THE CAPITAL, POPULATION, HORSES, CATTLE, ETC., LAND CLAIMS AND AREAS THEREOF.

| Number. | NAME OF PUEBLO. | Date of Grant. | Locality. County. | Area of each Grant in Acres. | Population. Census of 1860. | Families. | Warriors. | Can Read and Write. | Whole Number of Souls. | Horses. | Mules. | Asses. | Cows. | Oxen. | Relative Position to Santa Fé, and Remarks. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | Taos . . . | . . . | Taos, | 17,560.55 | 363 | 85 | 80 | . | 361 | 77 | 6 | 44 | 320 | 48 | 88 ms. N. N. E. of Santa Fé. Supply of water from mountain streams. |
| 2 | Picuris . . . | 1689 | Taos, | 17,460.00 | 360 | 82 | 37 | . | 122 | 8 | . | 6 | 12 | 16 | On Rio Picuris, 60 ms. N. by E. Same supply of water. |
| 3 | San Juan . . | 1689 | Rio Arriba, | 17,544.77 | 341 | 109 | 100 | 5 | 355 | 38 | 4 | [illegible] | 40 | 40 | On Rio Grande, 34 ms. N., on road to Taos. |
| 4 | Santa Clara . | . . . | Rio Arriba, | 17,368.52 | 179 | [illegible] | 40 | 4 | 144 | 13 | 2 | 33 | 55 | 20 | 26 ms. N. N. W. |
| 5 | San Ildefonso | . . . | Santa Fé, | 17,292.64 | 154 | 12 | 46 | 1 | 161 | 12 | . | 81 | 27 | 19 | On Rio Grande, 18 ms. N. |
| 6 | Nambo . . . | . . . | Santa Fé, | 18,586.83 | 108 | 28 | 28 | 2 | 94 | 10 | 3 | 28 | 100 | 41 | On Nambe Creek, 3 ms. E. of Pojuaque. |
| 7 | Pojuaque . . | . . . | Santa Fé, | 18,520.38 | 87 | 8 | 6 | 1 | 29 | . | . | 4 | 18 | 4 | 16 ms. N. |
| 8 | Tesuque . . | . . . | Santa Fé, | 17,471.12 | 97 | 29 | 22 | 3 | 101 | 26 | 5 | 25 | 46 | 28 | 8 ms. N. |
| 9 | Cochiti . . . | 1689 | Santa Ana, | 24,256.50 | 172 | 48 | 75 | 3 | 229 | 12 | . | 41 | 130 | 40 | On W. bank of Rio Grande, 24 ms. S. W. |
| 10 | Santo Domingo | 1689 | Santa Ana, | 74,748.11 | 261 | 122 | 200 | 6 | 604 | . | . | . | . . | . | On Rio Grande, 6 ms. S. of Cochiti. |
| 11 | San Felipe . | 1689 | Santa Ana, | 34,766.86 | 360 | 94 | 100 | 3 | 427 | 200 | 4 | 68 | 250 | 60 | On Rio Grande, 6 ms. S. of San Domingo. |
| 12 | Sandia . . . | 1748 | Bernalillo, | 24,187.29 | 217 | 60 | 55 | 1 | 197 | 28 | 2 | 31 | 100 | 50 | On Rio Grande, 15 ms. S. of San Felipe. |
| 13 | Isleta . . . | . . . | Bernalillo, | 110,080.31 | 440 | 152 | 225 | 12 | 786 | . | . | . | . . | . | On Rio Grande, 30 ms. S. of Sandia. |
| 14 | Jemes . . . | 1689 | Santa Ana, | 17,510.45 | 650 | 80 | 100 | 7 | 346 | 43 | 7 | 140 | 500 | 200 | On Jemes River, 50 ms. W. of Santa Fé. |
| 15 | Zia . . . . | 1689 | Santa Ana, | 17,514.68 | 117 | 28 | 30 | . | 108 | 10 | 2 | 36 | 70 | 32 | Near Jemes, 55 ms. W. of Santa Fé. |
| 16 | Santa Anna . | . . . | Santa Ana, | . . . . | 316 | 70 | 90 | . | 298 | 130 | 15 | 98 | 140 | 60 | Near Zia, 65 ms. W. of Santa Fé. |
| 17 | Laguna . . | 1689 | Valencia, | . . . . | 927 | 185 | 250 | 1 | 988 | 50 | 10 | 80 | 260 | 75 | West of Alburquerque 45 ms. On San Jose River. |
| 18 | Acoma . . . | 1689 | Valencia, | . . . . | 523 | 83 | 125 | 1 | 491 | 24 | 4 | 86 | 100 | 50 | 115 ms. W. of Sante Fé, on a rock 500 feet high, 15 ms. S. W. of Laguna. Nearest water, a mile. |
| 19 | Zuni . . . . | . . . | Valencia, | . . . . | 1,200 | . . | 300 | . | 1,200 | . | . | . | . . | . | 190 ms. W. S. W., in Navajo country, on Zuni River. |
|  | Aggregate . |  |  | 434,864.15 | 6,917 | 1,282 | 1,915 | 49 | 7,006 | 671 | 64 | 818 | 2,143 | 783 |  |

### GOVERNMENT.

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Each pueblo has a separate and independent organization of its own. Their officers are a Cazique or Governor Alcalde, War Captain, and Fiscal Major. These officers are elected, and the Cazique, on election, always presents himself to the Indian Agent at Santa Fé for confirmation in office. ✓ Q

The Alcalde answers to our Justice of the Peace, save that his decision is without appeal. All the Pueblo disputes are settled within their own villages, without any recourse to our tribunals. The Fiscal is constable. The War Captain, as his name imports, is of but little importance in peace, except that he has charge of the *caballada* (horse herd). It is said that there is no instance of a Pueblo being indicted for theft or other kindred crime, since the formation of the territory. Nevertheless, these people are by no means immaculate or impeccable. No notice is taken by the local authorities of their conduct *within* their pueblo, unless it infringes public law. There they have their own administration of justice, and, I am reliably advised, severe punishments are freely administered, extending sometimes to the taking of life. A remarkable instance of this occurred at the pueblo of Nambe, but a few miles from Santa Fé, in 1854. Two of the Pueblo Indians there were accused, or suspected of witchcraft, and, without the slightest examination or trial or even an intimation to them that they were suspected, were put to death summarily on a simple verbal order of the head officer, who boldly came into court afterward and admitted, without any hesitation, that he had given the order for their execution. Here is a short abstract of his testimony and of the case: —

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At the March term, 1864, of the United States District Court for the County of Santa Fé, four Pueblo Indians — Mirabul, Trujillo, and the two Tapolla — were indicted for the crime of having murdered two brother Pueblos — Luis Romero and Antonio Tapolla.

First witness was Juan Ignacio Tapolla — sworn — I live in Nambe; I knew Luis Romero and Antonio Tapolla; they lived in Nambe; they are now both dead. The four prisoners came and reported to me that they had killed Romero and Tapolla in accordance with the order of the pueblo. It was in the beginning of this month; they only said they had killed them; did not see them after they were killed; they were killed at twilight, about a league from the pueblo; I saw them going out with deceased; they had a shot-gun, which Diego Tapolla carried; they came back to report to me very soon. Romero and Antonio did not return with them; they went out walking in front, and were loose; they were killed by order of the pueblo — that is, the head men of the pueblo — because the two deceased had done great wrong to the pueblo. I am the Governor of the pueblo and Juan Diego is the *fiscal* (constable) of it; it was Diego's duty to execute the order of the pueblo; they commanded him to kill these two men. The bad acts spoken of were, that they were detected in the act of witchcraft. The deceased confessed that they had been guilty of witchcraft and sorcery; they had eaten up the little children of the pueblo. It has always been our custom to put a stop to and check bad acts; we have not exercised this custom of killing witches since the Americans came here, because there had not been such bad doings before. We have always governed ourselves as an independent community, and Governor Calhoun said as we were poor and ignorant, and could not serve as jurors, we might govern ourselves. I am Governor, and by my order, and with the consent of all the principal men of the pueblo, the two men were put to death — they were killed on my command."

A question was raised as to the *locus in quo* Nambe being in Rio Arriba, and the prisoners placed on trial in Santa Fé County. They were finally discharged.

### RELIGION.

The results of the impression made upon the Pueblo Indians by the early Spanish missionaries are quite marked, but sadly damaged and disfigured by the neglect of the Mexican government and priesthood and the almost total absence of missionaries for many years. Nevertheless, every village has its Catholic church. Some of them are very old.

The Cacique at Tesuque pointed out to me with great pride the date (1745) of a roughly painted altar-piece in the church of that pueblo. The leading Christian holidays are generally observed, and the feast-day of the patron saint of the pueblo is always celebrated with great ceremony and unstinted hospitality. They show great respect for the clergy, and at stated periods assist at the celebration of mass with profound attention and apparent edification. During divine service the children generally chant the principal tenets of Christian doctrine, versified and set to music. This is all the teaching the Pueblos will allow their children to receive, it being wrong, they say, that a child should know more than its father.[1] Nevertheless I am assured by several of the clergy with whom I conversed that their Catholicity is little more than external, and that they are more than suspected of clinging to and practicing many of their ancient heathen rites.

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[1] The reader will doubtless be surprised at the small number (see tabular statement, page 222) of those who are able to read and write. Small as it is, it rapidly decreases. Under the old Spanish government great attention was paid to the education of these people. Even under Mexican rule

The *Estufa* is frequently spoken of as their heathen temple. They may possibly celebrate religious rites there, but it is mainly used for the councils and deliberations of the "wise men" and chiefs of the tribe. The sacred fire kept burning was peculiar to Pecos alone, and even there was not worshiped. It is more than doubtful that the Montezuma we know of is the one referred to by them, and altogether probable that the original nation from which these Pueblos are descended once had a mighty chief and leader, whose virtues and prowess grew with tradition and to whom they have given the name of Montezuma, perhaps never heard of by them until they learned it from the Spanish missionaries. People relate that they look for the coming of Montezuma as the Jews do for the Messiah; and it is said that at several of their villages, every morning at sunrise, a sentinel climbs the highest building and looks eastward to wait for his coming.

All who choose may believe these stories. These Pueblo Indians have among them documents that are apparently legends of the conquest of Mexico, to which they attach great importance. In March 1862, with infinite difficulty and under the most solemn injunctions of secrecy, Major Greiner, then Indian Agent, managed to obtain possession of one

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far more care was bestowed upon them, in this regard, than by our own government. And it is to be regretted that a few of the many thousand dollars that are worse than wasted in presents to wild Indian tribes, could not be better bestowed in fostering schools among these docile people. Such a system would certainly yield the most satisfactory results.

of these writings in the estufa itself (at the pueblo of San Juan, 40 miles from Santa Fé) long enough to make translation of a part of it. Here it is. I am indebted for a copy to Theodore Greiner, Esq., of Santa Fé: —

## PUEBLO INDIANS.

### TRANSLATION OF A DOCUMENT FOUND IN THE PUEBLO OF SAN JUAN.

"'They will respect and obey me in whatever I will command, there being nothing in my order against you. I will treat all with much leniency, without prejudice to any. I will teach them the law of Jesus Christ, God of Heaven, him unto whom all should render and give infinite thanks for the benefaction they are about to receive from the Children of the Sun; that they should ever come to receive cheerfully the waters of baptism, and to which should respond all the Indians who hold good faith and disposition to follow the Christian faith.'

"From this issued much pleasure and delight among all the people; dances taking place in which there was shown no rancor or complaint against the Children of the Sun. And seeing this, the King Montezuma, who had manifested as much joy, said to the great Cortez, that as his children had had so much joy in being transferred to his (Cortez,) control, he charged him that he would look upon them and would treat them with much leniency, and would teach them to worship the most true God, to which Cortez answered him that he thus would act; for which purpose they both signed it in Mexico the same date.

"After this being signed, Montezuma commanded all the Indians to present homages (render tribute) to the great Cortez, which the Indians fulfilled, running to their places of habitation, some to bring jars of gold, others pieces of silver, others pointing out the very rich mines they had of gold and silver.

The young Indians presented their baskets of fruit and eatables for all the Children of the Sun. This current of feeling and action reached all the Indians. In all the pueblos they came to visit, nothing was hidden. And the great Cortez regaled them with all that was brought, for which reason there was much joy, that he saw for himself that in being subdued they had not felt nor held complaint, and that they were rather pleased with the Children of the Sun on being acquainted. Montezuma and the great Cortez returning to confer, Montezuma asked of the latter that he would tell him how he knew of this kingdom, as that was what he wished him to make manifest.

"The great Cortez said: 'Great monarch, I will tell you how I came to know of the discovery of this great kingdom. There was a little school-girl named Maria Agueda de Jesus in the convent, who was absent from school for two hours. Upon the mistress going to punish her this said child said, that if she would not punish her she would tell the truth of where she had been. Then the mistress — "Well, tell me where you have been?" Then she said to the mistress — "In that moment much water appeared which I saw, and I went through it until I was able to step upon the other side, where there was a great kingdom in which were many Indian dances; and I saw a great King who had an imperial crown of gold upon his head all emplumed."

"'Whereupon the mistress went and related this to the King of Spain; and as this King now had notices of the King of Indians but did not know where he was to be found until this little girl discovered it, the King ordered that she (the little child) should take three days' time to arrive and bring with her the plumes of that King's crown for certain. The child came, and the King being about to go forth to dance, as soon as he took off the crown the girl took the plumes and went and presented them to the King of Spain.

"'As soon as the King took hold of the plumes in his hand he said, "Eagle's plumes the King of the Indians wears; make diligence to know where he is that I may engage to conquer him." Thus was it, great monarch, that your kingdom was made known; now I also wish you to answer me, concerning how many provinces has New Mexico, and mines of gold and silver?' The monarch said, 'I will respond to you forever as you have to me. I command this province, which is the first of New Mexico — the pueblo of Teguayo, which governs one hundred and two pueblos. In this pueblo there is a great mine near by in which they cut with stone hatchets the gold of my crown. The great province Zuni, where was born the great Malinche. This pueblo is very large, increasing in Indians of light complexion who are governed well. In this province is a silver mine and this capital controls eighteen pueblos. The province of Moqui. The province of the Navajoes. The great province of the Grand Quivira that governs the pueblos of the Queres and the Tunos. These provinces have different tongues which only La Malinche understands. The province of Acoma, in which there is a blackish-colored hill, in which there is found a silver mine.' Seeing this the great monarch sent Malinche to these provinces of New Mexico to the new conquests. And La Malinche conquered and took possession of the part in which were all in the best disposition to comply with the orders of the great monarch, for where he commanded it the Spaniards entered to locate their missions." X

2 memo 261

## AGRICULTURE AND MANUFACTURES.

J/a 17

These people till the ground, construct and manage acequias for irrigation, and gather their crops with quite as much intelligence as their Mexican neighbors, and with more order and industry. They always have a reserved year's crop in granary for any contingency. They raise all the vegetables and fruits known in the country, and, where the climate

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admits, have flourishing and abundant vineyards. On my way to Albuquerque I was fortunate enough to witness a general harvesting in the wheat fields of one of the pueblos.

Just below the pueblo of San Felipe, an unusually numerous group of Indians (Pueblos) some distance across the fields from the rear of our column, attracted my attention, and I went over to them. Some forty or fifty men, women, and children, were gathering, thrashing, winnowing, and cleaning the wheat just cut in the field where they stood. A smooth piece of ground, surrounded by a circle of small trees, some seven feet apart, with strips of thong all around, made the thrashing-floor. Five horses driven in, and kept moving in a ring by the cries and whooping of two young Pueblos, constituted the thrashing-machine. Their work finished, the girls and women went in with flat, half bowl-like baskets, tossing the grain up into the air to clear it of straw and chaff. Every thing was done by hand, and the wheat winnowed again and again, the forms of the Indian girls bending gracefully to the work.

The grain that had been gleaned after the reapers had done their work was brought in separately, tied up neatly in little bundles of some thirty heads, and given to the smallest girls who, with a bowlder or cobble-stone, dexterously pounded out the grain without injuring it.

A fleet of little burros stood ready to receive the wheat, when the complicated process was finished, in bulky sacks containing far more than their own weight. This done, the procession took up its march for San Felipe, burros in the van, driven by the boys, the men directing, and the rear brought up by the girls and the women, many of the latter with papooses at the breast, or back, as appeared to be most convenient to the unfledged Pueblinos.

We found them all polite, attentive, and good-humored; hair very black and thick, hanging over the forehead on a line with the eyebrows. The men with their back hair put up in a cue; the girls with cheeks liberally smeared with brightest vermilion; women and girls all wearing leggings — that is, wrapped as high as the knee, just as the men do. As they filed off, following in single file the path by the rippling acequia across the varied green carpet of grass and corn, lit up by the streaming rays of the setting sun just dipping behind the high rocky mesa across the river, they made a picture Robert would have delighted to paint, and far exceeding in beauty his "Moissoneurs."

The village of these Pueblos (San Felipe,) is mainly on the west bank of the Rio Grande, which here hugs the base of a steep craggy precipice, at the foot of which the houses and church are clustered. I remember that Pike mentions passing here a large wooden bridge with eight arches. It is long since swept away. On the summit of the rocks, above the cliff, are the still imposing ruins of an old church, looking quite as picturesque and fully as ancient as any of the old castles on the Rhine.

They manufacture coarse blankets, jars, vases and earthen utensils of every description, hair sieves, and baskets.

My principal object in visiting the pueblo of Tesuque was to obtain specimens of their pottery, which is remarkable. I am informed that nearly all of the pottery used by the Mexicans is of Pueblo manufacture. The vases and other articles they make are of classic and Biblical shapes, and, in passing by fountains and streams throughout New Mexico, looking at the women carrying jars of water gracefully poised on their heads, you may daily and hourly see Vernet's beautiful picture of "Rebecca at the Well" repeated in life. I remarked a small vase in the possession of the Navajoes, of their own manufacture, and in daily domestic use, that would be a gem in any collection.

The ancient Indian and Pueblo work of this description is said to have been finer than the modern, and I am satisfied of the fact from inspection of the fragments I gathered among the ruins of the old pueblo of San Marcos, mentioned in my letter of August 2. The geometric figures and designs prevail of late years. Nevertheless, they still possess and use the elements of decorative art, as applied to pottery, precisely as we find them among the ancient Greeks and Egyptians, the lines straight or spiral, waving, inverted, arched, involute, or evolute, the scroll and cross carved, fillet and trefoil. The repetition of all these well-defined and antique forms is certainly not accidental, but how and why they happen to be found here is a question that can hardly be discussed by a cavalryman on a march.

They also manufacture nearly all their own clothing, a coarse woolen stuff called *gerga* by the Mexicans, furnishing the main material for serapes, blankets, etc., etc.

Some of their costumes, when in holiday attire, are remarkable. I saw a party returning to Tesuque from a visit to the pueblo St. Domingo. One of the women, who had stopped on the bank of the creek to arrange her hair, had on a perfect Roman toga (not, of course, a *toga virilis*) beautifully worked.

A band from the Zuni pueblo, two hundred and fifty miles distant from Santa Fé, came in while I was there to ask additional arms to defend themselves against the Navajoes. This tribe is the largest of those now existing, and their towns, old and new, are the most interesting, from their position and history. Forty-seven warriors composed the representation. Most of them carried bows and arrows; a few, guns. They had a more warlike appearance than the other Pueblos, and were dressed in moccasins, short linen breeches, leggings, and jacket; their cartridge-boxes and pouches neatly made of antelope skin.

## LETTER XXIX.

SANTA FÉ, *August* 11, 1866.

### AN AMERICAN HERO.

THERE is a chapter, and an interesting one in the history of the United States (time, commencement of the present century) that could now be made more than ever full and interesting with aid of the additional light attainable from the archives at Santa Fé.

Did you ever hear of MUNGO-MERI-PAIKE?

Perhaps not in that particular combination or wrapping of letters — the name, probably, being more familiar to you as Montgomery Pike, or Zebulon Montgomery Pike, Lieutenant and afterwards Brigadier General U. S. A. who bravely fell at the taking of Little York, (now Toronto,) Canada, April 27th, 1813.[1]

In the spring of 1807, we find Lieutenant Pike virtually a prisoner at Santa Fé, in the hands of a Spanish military force commanded by the Duke of Alencaster, Governor of New Mexico, a province of the Spanish government — Spain and the United States being then at peace. Why he was thus held a prisoner, and sent forward to Chihuahua under military escort, was far from being clear to Pike, even up to the time he published an account of the expedition.

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[1] See Appendix No. IV.

The archives, however, reveal the motives and instructions under which the Spanish authorities acted, and give from the Mexican stand-point, in interesting detail, all the facts and records connected with the matter, even down to the commissary accounts for the maintenance of Pike's party, and the military escort.

Among the papers referred to I also remarked communications and reports from Spanish consuls and agents in the United States, advising the Spanish authorities in New Mexico of various movements and events likely to affect Spanish interests.

I was particularly struck with a report from New Orleans, communicating all the important features of Burr's conspiracy long before it was known in the United States. Another remarkable letter ("carta muy reservada" — highly confidential) is from the Spanish commander in western Florida, on the subject of the cession of Louisiana by Napoleon.

But to return to Mungo-Meri-Paike, as he is styled in nearly all the Spanish documents relating to him.

The circumstances under which he was held prisoner by the Spaniards, were briefly as follows: —

Under orders from the War Department and instructions of General Wilkinson of June 24th and July 12th, 1806, Lieutenant Pike, Sixth U. S. Infantry, commanding a small party of one officer, three non-commissioned officers, and sixteen men, set out on the 15th July from Bellefontaine near St. Louis.[1]

Ascending the Missouri he reached the Osage

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[1] He had returned but a few weeks before from an exploring expedition to the sources of the Mississippi, of which he has left a very interesting account.

River on the 28th, and went up that stream in boats as far as navigation was possible. September 6th he was on the dividing ridge between the Osage and White rivers. October 8th he struck the Arkansas. On the 28th of October, his lieutenant, a sergeant, and four men were detached and ordered to descend the Arkansas, which they did in canoes made of buffalo and elk skins. He then ascended the south shore, and, under the circumstances detailed in my letter of July 4th, reached the foot of the ridge under Pike's Peak on the 27th of November, 1806. Striking into the mountains by the head waters of the Arkansas, and crossing numerous ridges, he must have penetrated into what we now call the South Park, in Colorado. Here he describes springs, and a river running northeast, which he took to be one of the head waters of the Platte.

From this point, with his small band reduced in numbers, disheartened by ceaseless toil and exhausted by hunger and fatigue, he struggled south and southwest over the difficult and dangerous mountains and precipices of that unknown region, marching half-clad through deep snows, under burdens of sixty or seventy pounds.

Finally, after thrilling adventures and hair-breadth escapes, related with a modesty surpassed only by his bravery, he reached (as he supposed) the head waters of Red River on the 30th January, 1806. Here he determined to halt for a time and erect a small stockade fort, intending to remain long enough to construct transports on which his command could float down the river to Natchitoches, La.

Meantime, the presence of an armed band of strangers coming from the United States was reported at Santa Fé, and on the 26th of February, 1807, a detachment of fifty dragoons and forty mounted militia under the command of Lieutenants Don Ignatio Saltelo and Don Bartolomeo Fernandez, appeared before the fort. Pike thus recounts his interview with Lieutenant Saltelo.

"'Sir,' said Saltelo, 'the Governor of New Mexico, being informed you had missed your route, ordered me to offer you, in his name, mules, horses, money, or whatever you might stand in need of to conduct you to the head of Red River; as from Santa Fé to where it is sometimes navigable is eight days' journey, and we have guides and the routes of the traders to conduct us.'

"'What, said I (interrupting him), is not this the Red River?'

"'No sir, the Rio del Norte.'"

Thus Pike for the first time learned that he had crossed over into Mexican territory, and was not, as he supposed, on the waters of Red River.

In the almost total absence of surveys and maps,[1] his mistake was one that any explorer might have made.

The waters of Red River[2] and those of the Rio Grande del Norte take their rise in the same group of mountains. Now, after leaving the Peak, Pike went so far west that on making the distance south to the region where he might expect to find the head waters he sought, he naturally struck the west instead of the east side of the group of mountains whose ridge is the water-shed of both the rivers in question.

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[1] See Appendix No. V.

[2] So sometimes called even to the present day, but in fact the Canadian River, a branch of the Arkansas. It rises north of and much further west than the Red River of Louisiana, and its course is in the same direction and parallel with it for some hundreds of miles. The Red takes its rise in the eastern and northern edge of the Llano Estacado. The Canadian in the mountains west of the Raton Pass, south and west of the Spanish Peaks. See Appendix No. VI.

Seeing his mistake, and appreciating its possible consequences, Pike instantly ordered his flag to be taken down. After some further parley, on the assurance that "it was only necessary his Excellency should receive an explanation of our business on his frontier," Pike consented to accompany the troops to Santa Fé.

The announcement spread general joy through the Spanish party, and well it might, for the American stockade had a very ugly look about it to an attacking force.

It was thirty-six feet square, built of heavy cottonwood logs, two feet in diameter, with two feet end laps, laid up six feet high, carried up with light logs to the height of twelve feet. In a narrow internal ditch were planted sharp stakes, projecting two and a half feet over the walls, making an effectual frise that rendered scaling almost impossible. Port-holes, eight feet from the ground, platforms to shoot from, bastions flanking all the curtains, and a surrounding ditch four feet wide, filled with water, completed the defense.[1]

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It was built on the north bank of the Rio Conejos, five miles above its junction with the Del Norte.

Passing through Ojo Caliente and the pueblo of San Juan, Pike arrived at Santa Fé on the evening of the 3d of March,[2] and was immediately taken to the "palace" described in my letter of August 4th.

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[1] Lieutenant Saltelo reported it as "un excellente retri[illegible]eramiento."

[2] The Spanish official report makes this interview on the 2d of March.

His interview with the Governor (Alencaster) opened thus: —

*Governor.* "You come to reconnoitre our country, do you?"

*Pike.* "I marched to reconnoitre our own."

After an examination of Pike's papers, Alencaster informed him that he must go with his men to Chihuahua to appear before the commanding general.

*Pike.* "If we go to Chihuahua we must be considered as prisoners of war?"

*Governor.* "By no means."

*Pike.* "But sir, I cannot consent to be led three or four hundred leagues out of my route without its being by force of arms."

*Governor.* "I know you do not go voluntarily, but I will give you a certificate from my hand of my having obliged you to march."

*Pike.* "I will address you a letter on the subject."[1]

Reminding Alencaster of the Spanish expedition just returned from the Pawnee country, Pike said, "I would not wish to be impertinent in my observations to your Excellency, but pray sir, do you not think it was a greater infringement of our territory to send six hundred miles in the Pawnee's, than for me with our small party to come on the frontiers of yours with an intent to descend the Red River?"

*Governor.* "I do not understand you."

*Pike.* "No sir, any further explanation is unnecessary."

After a dinner with the Governor that is described as "rather splendid," and a complimentary drive in a coach drawn by six mules, the Governor bade Pike adieu with —

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[1] In this letter Pike recapitulated the circumstances under which he came to Santa Fé, and asked a distinct reply to the question — was he or not considered a prisoner of war. For Alencaster's answer see Appendix No. VII.

"Remember Alencaster in peace or war."

Passing through San Domingo, San Felipe, and Albuquerque, he was placed at St. Fernandez under an escort commanded by Lieutenant Don Faciendo Malgares, late commander of the Pawnee expedition, and the same who afterwards became Governor of New Mexico.

Reaching Chihuahua on the 2d of April, the commanding general, Salcedo, received him with these words: —

"You have given us and yourself a great deal of trouble."

To whom Pike, ever ready, — "On my part entirely unsought, and on the part of the Spanish government voluntary."

Pike left Chihuahua under an escort on the 28th of April, and taking the shortest route through Mexico and Texas by the Presidio del Norte and Brassos San Antonio, arrived at Natchitoches on the 1st of July 1807.

### THE SPANISH VIEW OF THE CASE.

Under ordinary circumstances, a mere verbal explanation from Lieutenant Pike, or the exhibition of his instructions and papers, would have been sufficient to satisfy the Spanish authorities that his appearance on the waters of the Rio del Norte was simply the result of a mistake. But the circumstances were extraordinary. The relations between Spain and the United States had been in a disturbed condition ever since the cession of Louisiana by Napoleon in 1803, and the Spanish and United

States troops had almost come to actual hostilities on the Texas and Louisiana frontier. There was every appearance of a crisis in June, 1806, when Spanish emissaries at St. Louis reported the fitting out of Pike's expedition to their Consul at New Orleans. The Consul immediately advised the commanding officer at Nacogdoches, by whom the despatch was transmitted through Colonel Cardero at San Antonio to the seat of government. Swiftly following on the heels of this report came intelligence of Burr's conspiracy; and as General Wilkinson, from whom Pike received his instructions, was more than suspected by the Spanish authorities of being deeply implicated with Burr,[1] the conclusion that some design detrimental to Spanish authority in the New Mexican province lay hidden in Pike's movements, was certainly not a violent one.[2] Straightway the Spanish government fitted up an expedition consisting of one hundred regular dragoons and five hundred mounted men, enlisted at Santa Fé, under the command of Lieutenant Don Faciendo Malgares. The instructions given to Malgares were, first to descend the Red River, and if he met Pike's expedition to intercept and turn it back.

2d. To explore the country from the frontiers of New Mexico to the Missouri.

3d. To visit and make treaties with the Camanche, Pawnee, and Kansas Indians; distributing among their chiefs medals, flags, commissions, and presents.

Malgares descended the Red (Canadian) River six hundred miles, then struck off to the north, going as far as Solomon's Fork of Kansas River, where he held a council with the Pawnees shortly before Pike's arrival there. He then returned to New Mexico by the Arkansas and the Rio de las Animas, reaching Santa Fé in October.

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[1] See Appendix No. VIII.

[2] And there were not wanting persons in the United States who came to the same conclusion.

This expedition was fitted out on a very liberal scale and cost the Spanish government ten thousand dollars. Meantime the conspiracy of Burr, of which the Spanish government had, as we have seen, timely advice, became known in the United States and in Mexico, although Pike remained in entire ignorance of the event until he heard of it en route for Chihuahua, at Caracall, on the 27th of March.

It is more than probable that Alencaster at Santa Fé was satisfied there was no connection between Pike's expedition and Burr's designs, but under the centralized Spanish system he could do nothing but report to his commanding officer, Salcedo, who in his turn reported to a higher authority. Lieutenant Pike's papers, letters, notes, maps, astronomical and meteorological observations, etc., were taken from him at Chihuahua, and he never recovered them. They were probably forwarded to Mexico, possibly even to Madrid, where they may, it is to be hoped, some day be unearthed. All the satisfaction Pike was enabled to receive in reply to his demand upon Salcedo for them, was the following letter: —

"Of the papers connected with the expedition, there has been formed an inventory and certificate respecting each of them, accompanying it to you, and deposited in the office the seventeenth current, for the purpose therein expressed; the judgment on which remains for the decision of the king, my lord, and shall be reported in the secret archives of this captain generalcy; and meditating that you have indicated in your summons official to this government the greatest desire to arrive at the territories of the United States, have resolved that you prepare to continue your voyage in two or three days; in consequence of which, the arrangements necessary shall be made, such as you, with the people of your expedition, have experienced until your arrival at this place.

"God preserve you many years,
(Signed) "NEMESIO SALCEDO.

"CHIHUAHUA, 23*d April*, 1807.
"*First Lieutenant of Infantry*, MONTGOMERY PIKE."

The sum made up of the money expended upon Pike's Spanish military escorts, and the further amount advanced to him at Chihuahua for his personal expenses, remained for many years a subject of dispute and diplomacy between our government and that of Spain, which latter bequeathed it to the Mexican Republic.

The matter was finally settled, I believe, in the treaty between the United States and Mexico after the Texan war, but I have no means here of ascertaining precisely how.

To complete the Spanish view of the Pike history, here is the official report made upon his arrest by the authorities at Santa Fé.[1]

## "REPORT OF A LATE OCCURRENCE IN THIS PROVINCE OF NEW MEXICO.

"On the 15th of February last two Indians of the Ute tribe arrived and brought into my presence an Anglo-American, a young man of genteel appearance[2] whose statement I heard, and even invited him to dine with me, in order to satisfy myself that he was what I supposed him to be as to intelligence and good breeding.

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[1] See Appendix No. IX. for original Spanish.

[2] See Appendix No. X.

"I did not believe him, and suspecting the truth of his statement as to the nature of his escort, I sent out a small regular detachment and some provincial troops to reconnoitre, who not only fell in with a first lieutenant with six soldiers in an excellent fort built on the Conejos not far from its junction with the Del Norte, two days' journey from the capital of this province, towards the same direction, but overcoming the obstacles of deep snows, succeeded in finding the sergeant and corporal belonging to the detachment, making a total of thirteen soldiers, completing the full number, two of them with frozen feet and having lost nearly all their fingers.

"On the 2d of March last, the above-mentioned lieutenant, whose name is Mungo-Meri-Paike, came in with six men of his detachment, and on the 18th the remainder of his men. Without any resistance they acquiesced in the notification made them, that being in my territory it was absolutely necessary that they should appear before me.

"They did so, with their arms, and I assured them that in no respect should they be treated as prisoners, saving only, that in accordance with the orders of the general commanding, it was necessary they should appear before him and fully explain the objects of their mission.

"Paike showed me his instructions from General Wilkinson, his journal, and a rough sketch of a chart of all the rivers and countries he had explored.

"Placing all which papers in a trunk, of which I requested him to retain the key, I delivered the same to the officer commanding his escort — not to be opened save in presence of the aforesaid general commanding.

"From all which circumstances, from what I gathered from Robinson and from the above named officer, I conclude distinctly that the expedition of July was specially designed to conciliate two Indian tribes in behalf of the U. S. government, to make them liberal presents, and drawing them into friendship, treaty, and commerce, to place them under the Anglo-American protection — all this referring specially to the Camanche tribe, the most powerful of our allies.

"Furthermore, that the Anglo-American government considers as included within the boundaries of Louisiana all the rivers that empty into the Mississippi, and all the territories that extend to the head waters of the Rio Colorado,[1] which rises a few leagues from the pueblo of Taos further to the north in this province: that it is their intention this year or the next to establish forts or settlements on all these rivers, in order to monopolize all the trade and commerce carried on by a large number of tribes in this province.

La. Purchase

"The detachment of Anglo-American troops referred to, went to Chihuahua to appear before the commanding general, guarded by an escort, being allowed to carry their arms and ammunition on account of the danger of hostile Apaches on the route.

"All of which is submitted to the general commanding, reminding him of the representation made in my communication of the 4th of January last year, concerning the necessity of placing this province on a respectable footing, and of having frontier posts and positions thrown out to oppose the ambitious views of the aforesaid Anglo-American government, exposing also the wretchedly defenseless condition actually existing, and so found for years past by whomsoever has been in command.

"SANTA FÉ, *April* 1st, 1807."

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[1] Rio Colorado — Red River. The stream here referred to is the Canadian or Red, not the Red River of Louisiana which rises, as already stated, much further east and south along the edge of the Llano Estacado or Staked Plain.

## LETTER XXX.

SANTA FE, *August* 11, 1866.

"SADDLE UP!" comes the order. So this, my last letter from the capital of New Mexico, must be hurried, leaving yet others unwritten. I had a great deal more to tell my readers, and request them to be persuaded that the letters I am prevented from writing would have been far more interesting than those already sent.

The pleasantest episode of my visit here has been the society of

### KIT CARSON,

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with whom I passed three days, I need hardly say delightfully. He is one of the few men I ever met who can talk long hours to you of what he has seen, and yet say very little about himself. He has to be drawn out. I had many questions to ask, and his answers were all marked by great distinctness of memory, simplicity, candor, and a desire to make some one else, rather than himself, the hero of his story. In answer to queries concerning Indians, he would frequently reply — unlike so many I have met who knew *all* about them — "I don't know," — "I can't say," — "I never saw that." In speaking to him of the practice of riding with short stirrups, he said: "All the Indians, hunters, and trappers, ride with short stirrups. I am almost bow-legged from it. And they are more important to the Indian than the white man, as it is only by aid of the stirrup he can shift his position, hanging down on one side, so as to conceal all his body but his leg. A leg is all you have to fire at, as he throws himself on the side, or buttocks, or around the neck of the horse. On this account, also, they hang the stirrups well forward on the saddle."

The conversation turning on grizzly bears, I read to him the following extract from a scientific work: —

> "Middendorff (*Sibirische Reise*), in an exceedingly elaborate article on the *Ursus arctus*, in the course of which he discusses the characteristics of over fifty different skulls, decides that all European bears belong to one species, of many varieties. In comparing the grizzly bear with the *Ursus arctus*, he finds so few differences as to be inclined to consider both as the same; the *size of the grizzly, as well as its weight of* 800 *pounds*, he thinks overestimated; and even admitting a weight of 800 pounds, mentions a bear of the Ural of this magnitude, according to Eversman. The long claws of the grizzly he admits to exceed those of the Old World bear, but is not certain that all of the former species have an equal development in this respect."

The recognized superiority of the American grizzly evidently annoys the European professor; and the whole passage, and particularly the idea of comparing any other bear with the grizzly, amused Carson very much. He laughed outright. "I have often and again seen grizzlies," said he, "of ten, eleven, and twelve hundred pounds. I distinctly remember killing one in the spring of 1846, that weighed 1200 pounds. Lieutenant Beale told me that he saw one of 1800. Trappers have often told me of numbers rising that weight, and I have no reason to doubt them."

Being somewhat sceptical as to the stories I have heard of Indians tied on saddles when going into a fight, I asked him if he had ever seen any instances of it. His answer was: "I have often heard of Indians tying themselves to their saddles on going into action, but I never saw such a thing. I have seen a great many Indians shot on horseback, and jump out of their saddles, dead. I think that if an Indian is shot properly" (*properly* is good — I like *properly*) "he will tumble off on to the ground as freely as any white man. It is very likely," he added, "that people who tell such a story, don't mean to tell what is not true; they are only mistaken. They see an Indian shot, and think he ought to fall, when, being only wounded, he is able from habit to keep his seat in the saddle, where a white man could n't."

Some one mentioned Father De Smedt. "I admire and venerate that good man," said Carson. "He is the only missionary I ever saw who had the slightest effect upon the trappers. All the Indians, even those who have never seen him, venerate 'the long black robe.' I remember he came once among the hunters and trappers up in the mountains, and baptized forty odd children."

Rifle shooting being under discussion, "The Utes," says Carson, "are the best shots in the country, whether Indian or white. I have handled the rifle since I was so high," indicating the size of a small boy, "and shot a good deal," (most men of Carson's skill, would have said, 'I consider myself the best shot in the Rocky Mountains,' or, 'I'll turn my back on no man for rifle-shooting,') "but some of the Utes beat me."

"It is only two or three years since the Utes have learned to play cards. The Camanches and Arrapahoes are great gamblers."

### HIS OPINION OF NEW MEXICO.

"This territory will continue to remain in its present impoverished state as long as the mountain Indians are allowed to roam at large. The only true remedy for this great evil is to compel the savages to form settlements by themselves. Then assist and teach them to cultivate the soil. In time they will be able to gain a maintenance independent of the general government, and, to a certain extent they will prove responsible for their acts. After the successful campaign against the Arrapahoes and Camanches in 1865, as usual, a treaty was made with them before half their tribes were subdued. As long as any portion of their nation remained insubordinate no treaty should have been made, as it offered a loop-hole for the treaty-makers to creep out whenever they felt so inclined. Then was the time, if ever, when we might at a slight additional expense, and with the certainty of saving many valuable lives, have shown these Indians that they were dealing with a powerful government."

### IROQUOIS.

Answering an inquiry as to eastern Indians, he said, "I have seen Iroquois Indians. A number of them came out in the service of the Fur Company about 1830. All I saw were good hunters, good shots, and brave warriors."

He cares but little for a title, and when some one at the table apologized for calling him Colonel, instead of General, "Oh call me Kit at once, and be done with it," was his reply.

Speaking of the decrease of Indians, he remarked, "When I first went over into California in 1829, the valleys were full of Indian tribes. Indians were thick everywhere, and I saw a great deal of some large and flourishing tribes. When I went there again in 1853, they had all disappeared, and when I inquired about certain tribes I had seen on the very spot where I then stood, was told by the people living there that they had never heard of them."

Some one referred to Carson's intimate knowledge of Indian strategy. "Why yes," he said, "I am up to a good many of their tricks, but they fooled me once — they fooled me pretty bad that time. I'll tell you about it. It was in — let me see — yes, 1835. There were six of us hunters out after buffalo, up in the Snake country. We had made a pretty good hunt, and came into camp at night, intending to start in next morning. Well, we camped. Had a good many dogs with us, some of them good dogs. They barked a good deal, and we heard wolves. As I lay by the fire, I saw one or two big wolves sneaking about camp — one of them quite in it. Gordon wanted to fire, but I would not let him, for fear of hitting some of the dogs. I had just a little suspicion, that the wolves might be Indians, but when I saw them turn short round, and heard the snap of their teeth, as the dogs came too close to one of 'em, I felt easy then, and made sure it was a wolf. The Indian fooled me that time. Confound the rascal," — becoming animated — "confound the rascal, do you think he had n't two old buffalo bones in his hand that he cracked together every time he turned to snap at the dogs? Well, by and by we dozed off asleep, and it was n't long before I was awoke by a crash and a blaze. I jumped straight for the mules, and held 'em. If the Indians had been smart, they 'd a had us all, but they run as soon as they fired. They killed but one of us — poor Davis. He had five bullets in his body, and eight in his buffalo-robe. The Indians were a band of Sioux, on the war path after the Snakes, and came on us by accident. They tried to waylay us next morning, but we killed three of 'em, including their chief."

General Carson (he is Colonel of the First Regiment New Mexican Cavalry, and Brevet Brigadier-General), usually resides at Taos, but is now in command at Fort Garland. He has been married many years to a Mexican lady (Señora Josepha Jaramilla) and has a family of three boys and three girls. I find that he is beloved and respected by all who know him, and his word looked upon as truth itself.[1]

American influence in New Mexico is necessarily very strong. The Government, for years past, has not spent less than five millions of dollars per annum there, receiving scarcely any thing in return, for the taxes paid by the Territory this year to the United States, although larger than ever collected before, will not reach eighty thousand dollars. The Americans here are superior in position, in education, and intelligence — hold all the high and responsible offices in the Territory, and are the dispensers of government patronage and government funds, which, in the eyes of the Mexicans, is something enormous.

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[1] While these pages are going through the press, General Carson's appointment as Indian Agent for New Mexico is announced; an excellent one for the Government and for the Indians.

And yet, I am assured, by a gentleman whose opportunities of observation were more extended than mine could possibly be, that this influence is very much weakened by the general irregularity of life in nearly all of the Americans in New Mexico, and the coarseness of conduct and manners of too many. And there is, he adds, no sarcasm nor ridicule they so profusely heap on the natives, that these latter do not return with compound interest.

Necessarily, the short periods and temporary purposes for which Americans come out here, their freedom of restraint from home influence and home customs, have much to do with producing this state of things. As appointments to offices are held for longer terms, the inducements to reside here become greater, and Americans bring out their wives and children with them, it is to be hoped and expected that the example of American family life may be beneficial to both Mexicans and our own countrymen. There is already a nucleus of delightful society in Santa Fé; graced, I should rather say created, by the presence of some fifteen or twenty educated, refined, and accomplished American ladies.

Any account of commerce and manufactures in New Mexico must necessarily be short. The New Mexicans are essentially a pastoral people, and a poor people. Come and look at them, and you will then understand that we, in the United States, do not know what poverty is. At least six eighths of them are only just emerging from a state of peonage; for peonage, like its accursed twin sister, slav-

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ery, dies hard. Said a man (a Virginian) to me, the other day, —

"That man there is my slave," — pointing to a tall, good-looking, elderly Mexican, with intelligent and sharp-cut features.

"Your slave!" said I; "why, what do you mean?"

"I mean that I bought him and paid for him. He owed his former master three hundred dollars. I paid the money, and now I own him."

"But," said I, "if he chooses to walk off, and work for himself, you have no law to get him back."

"That's very true," he replied, "but they don't know any better."

And there are thousands still held here in slavery and peonage, simply because they don't know any better, or because long years of aimless and hopeless toil have produced an apathy and ignorance that time and freedom alone can dissipate. Already there are signs of improvement, and I have heard of several instances of men, formerly peons, one in particular at Mora, who, but a few years out of bondage, have already earned competency and ease.[1] With the elevation of this class, which is the great body of the people, will come self-respect, industry, saving, comfort, and the commerce that necessarily springs from the wants of a civilized people. With the exception of gerga, a coarse, woolen texture, made by the Mexicans for cloaks, blankets, and carpets, I know of no useful article manufactured by them. When the Mexicans speak of a man who has risen to a sufficiently prosperous condition to dress as Americans do, they say, "Why, only a few years ago, he wore gerga!"

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[1] Since this letter was written an act of Congress has been passed abolishing peonage in New Mexico and making it a penal offense to aid in maintaining it. See Appendix, No. XI. The Legislature of the Territory of New Mexico placed a law on the statute book some years since, abolishing peonage, but the system is still to some extent kept up, and the act of Congress is aimed at those who thus illegally attempt to maintain its existence.

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*Thirty years ago, there was not a pane of glass in New Mexico.*

In 1843, the total number of wagons crossing the plains from the United States to New Mexico, and representing the sum total of its commerce, was just two hundred. In 1865, there came into New Mexico from the States three thousand wagons belonging to traders alone, exclusive of the government transportation.

This year (1866) there will be from five to six thousand wagons, two hundred and fifty of which are now between Fort Union and Santa Fé, coming in. Most of the large trains return empty. Some of them occasionally get a freight of copper or other mineral, and a still greater number take in wool. The exports of both those articles should, and will be, indefinitely increased. The yield of wool could be made enormous, and in proportion to extent of territory, not even California is richer in mineral wealth.

But one condition is needed for all this, which stands for prosperity and civilization — it is a condition precedent: —

Get rid of the Indian!

## LETTER XXXI.

Ruins of the Old Church and Pueblo,
(On the Pecos River) New Mexico,
*August* 12, 1866.

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I spoke of this interesting spot in my letter of July 18, and promised to return to the subject. I find that popular tradition has invested these ruins with an antiquity that history does not warrant. I had heard the church spoken of as being between two and three hundred years old, and the same popular authority ascribes the building of the pueblo to the Aztecs. A little inquiry dissipated the superfluous centuries and years, and I ascertained the church to be only somewhat older than the present cathedral at Santa Fé! This would give it about one hundred and twenty years. It was built by the Franciscans (not by the Jesuits, as usually stated), and probably abandoned by them when they were obliged to leave the country with the Spaniards. The pueblo is simply as old as the other pueblos, and is not a ruin of centuries, but of comparatively few years — probably about thirty. General (Kit) Carson informed me that when he came to New Mexico, in 1826, the pueblo was then inhabited, and full of Indians. From other sources I ascertain that it soon after became greatly reduced in numbers by the attacks of hostile Indians and by disease, and finally that the remnant left of the tribe went away, and joined the pueblo at Jemez.

It is said that a few years since the surveyor-general of the Territory was looking for these survivors, for the purpose of settling the title to the tract originally granted to the Pecos, as the right to it had vested in them.[1] Besides the popular exaggeration of antiquity, there are also others as to the practices of the Indians, the religion of Montezuma, the fire always kept burning, the enormous snake worshiped by the Indians, and fed with such dainties as little children, etc. For the ancient religious rites, and the burning fire, there was some foundation, but all else is fiction and fable.

No exaggeration, however, is necessary to make the spot one of great interest. The church itself must have been one of the finest in New Mexico. The heavy walls and massive towers of the exterior were relieved by galleries and cornices of curiously carved wood, while the ornamented beams and brackets of the interior were still more remarkable. The carving was evidently done with knives, and doubtless was the work of the Pueblos themselves, under the instruction of the Franciscan fathers.

There are some twenty Pueblo towns in various parts of the Territory. These Indians have existed here in communities "time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." They reside in towns, cultivate the soil, have large flocks, manufacture many useful articles, such as pottery, baskets, blankets, coarse woolen cloth, etc., and, on occasion, can fight quite as well as the wild Indians, as the Apaches and Navajoes well know whenever they venture to depredate upon them. For nearly two centuries they have been characterized by a peaceful disposition, and noted for their honesty and sobriety. I am informed that since the foundation of the territorial government, there is no instance of indictment against a Pueblo for theft, or any kindred crime.

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[1] I think there must be some mistake in this statement, although I had not time to investigate it. The Pueblo title being only possessory, the fee-simple remaining in the Spanish government having, through the Mexican government, passed to the United States by the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, it would appear that the abandonment of the pueblo on the Pecos would vest the possessory title also in the United States.

Views taken in 1846 show large portions of the Pecos pueblo as then standing, east of the church. Of these, merely the foundations of the wall are left. To the west, also, nothing but vestiges of the main and cross walls remain for a distance of nearly four hundred yards before reaching the main mass of the ruin, the exterior walls of which are still left from five to thirty feet in height. Numbers of rooms, some of them plastered, are still entire, and the interior faces of the square were evidently three stories in height. This building, I should judge, was the last one occupied by the decreasing colony, as being most easily defended; the material of those nearest the church being, probably, used to strengthen it. Judging by the eye, I should say its dimensions were some six hundred by three hundred yards, terminating to the west on a narrow ledge of naked rock, and admirably situated for defense. A long and narrow sally-port at each end, and a broader one in the centre — probably for flocks in case of siege — made provision for hostile attack. A large circular cavity at the upper end is pointed out as the estufa. As late as 1850, the windows and doors of the church were perfect. Six years ago the roof fell in. The exterior wood-work, gallery, etc., have now disappeared, and the finely carved beams, cornices, and brackets of the interior, are fast going. A neighboring ranch man has purchased the building, and is now erecting a house with the old adobes of the church, laid up in the walls by the Indians, under the direction of the Spanish missionaries, nearly a century and a half ago. I examined the adobes as they were put up in the new wall, and found them perfectly good and sound.

Thus, in a few years, there will not be left a vestige of the old pueblo and church on the Pecos attractive and interesting objects to every traveller who has entered New Mexico from the United States for the past thirty years.

As I write, the cloudy sky throws a sombre light on the dark, massive walls of the old church, and looking toward the mountains in the west, the eye can still trace the long lines of wall that formerly connected it with the main pueblo. The valley spreads out beautifully, north and south, and to the east rises the lofty mesa, going sheer up with its successive strata of red and white rocks, festooned and garlanded with large pines that, from two thousand feet below, look like diminutive shrubbery. The silence of evening and the desolation of ruin are on the scene. There is nothing of life visible but a few goats browsing among the broken walls.

Gibbon says that the idea of writing the history of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire first presented itself to his mind as he sat amid the ruins of the Capitol, listening to the chanting of the barefooted friars. I wonder that these ruins on the Pecos have not similarly inspired some one to make history of the story of this most interesting people.

## LETTER XXXII.

BURGWIN'S SPRING (12 miles north of Fort
Union), NEW MEXICO, *August* 15, 1866.

COMING out of Santa Fé the other day, I overtook on the road two men, who were evidently neither Americans nor Mexicans. There was something about their appearance that bespoke them Frenchmen, and such, on conversation, they turned out to be — deserters from the French army in Mexico. They have been some months on this side of the Rio Grande, and were making their way to Las Vegas. I hear of numbers of these deserters throughout the Territory — at Kosloski's, Taos, Algodones, etc., and they are still more numerous in the lower part of the valley, down toward El Paso. I should suppose there must be, including those referred to in a former letter as forming part of the garrison at Fort Bliss, some two or three hundred in New Mexico and Arizona, exclusive of those who have made their way down into Texas. I am informed also, that it was the increase of desertion in the regiments as they approached the Rio Grande that compelled the French troops, marching from Chihuahua upon El Paso to drive out Juarez, to abandon the expedition.

The road from Santa Fé to Las Vegas (seventy miles) is one of the most interesting rides I know, presenting every variety of mountains, cañons, gorges, groves of grand old pines, stretches of meadow and occasional strips of cultivated fields. Las Vegas is remarkable for its medicinal hot springs, five miles from the town. The principal hotel is kept by a Frenchman from Montauban, who expressed himself to me with patriotic indignation concerning some French deserters who had called upon him a few days before.

Fort Union, our next halting place, I have already spoken of in my letter of July. It is a large military depot, admirably organized and administered. New buildings and quarters of adobe are going up, which, when completed, will make it one of the finest posts in the West.

An old general officer of the regular army used to say that the three duties of a quartermaster (as understood by quartermasters) were :

First — To make himself comfortable.

Second — To make himself more comfortable.

Third — To make himself most comfortable.

And if he had time to do any thing besides that, it was to make everybody else uncomfortable. The race of quartermasters thus described is not yet extinct; but that there can be some of a very different kind was proven to us by our sojourn at this post.

Marching orders! Home again! We turn our faces east, and saddle up with alacrity. But even this pleasant medal has its reverse, and now comes the *quart d'heure de Rabelais* — the drawing of the school-boy's sled up the hill down which he glanced so rapidly; the return of the picnic, with jumbled drapery and dilapidated baskets; the cordeling up stream after floating down so smoothly:

> "La vie est la riviere
> Et l'homme est le bateau."

No more Rocky Mountains, and soda fountains, and brook trout, and Garden of the Gods, Pike's and Spanish Peaks, talks with Kit Carson, enthusiastic receptions, unlimited champagne, bailes, feasts, agitation of light fantastics, and investiture of biled shirt, regardless of expense; no more freedom from fatigue, stable and guard duty — but the merciless reveille at three o'clock in the morning, as certain as fate, or Theodore Hook's tax-gatherer:

> "Here comes Mr. Winter, collector of taxes,
> I advise you to give him whatever he axes;
> I advise you to do it without any flummery,
> For, tho' his name is Winter, his actions are summary."

This morning we left Fort Union on our return to the States. The usual route is by the Raton Pass and the Arkansas River, old Forts Bent, Dodge, etc., to Fort Riley. Instead of this we take what is called the "cut-off," or Cimarron route, striking the Arkansas River above Fort Dodge — a route said to be at least one hundred miles shorter than that by the Raton. A nearly direct line drawn on the map from Fort Union to Fort Dodge, will approximate the route we follow, passing through New Mexico, Texas, Colorado, and Kansas. There is very little wood and water upon it, and an unpleasant superfluity of Indians — Cheyennes and Kiowahs; the latter generally thought to be the most treacherous and cruel of the Indians of the plains. Moreover, no towns, no post-offices, no ranches, not a hut or habitation in any shape, and a copious catalogue of negatives in all matters pertaining to civilization. But what matters all that, if we but shorten the space between us and our sweethearts and wives.

Texas, Arizona, and New Mexico are not looked upon as the most delightful countries to campaign or march in, and we know what we have to expect. Would you like an enumeration of the main attractions of our march? Here is one by George Canterbury, private, Company C, — Regiment Cavalry: —

"Fierce Mars I bid a glad farewell,
  And turn my back upon Bellona,
To photograph, in doggerel,
  New Mexico and Arizona:

"The stinging grass, the thorny plants,
  And other prickly, tropic glories:
The thieving, starved inhabitants,
  Who look so picturesque in stories;

"The dusty, hot, long, dreary way,
  Where 'neath a blazing sun you totter,
To reach a camp at close of day,
  And find it destitute of water;

"The dying mule, the dried-up spring,
  Which novel-writers seldom notice;
The song of blood mosquito's sing,
  The vicious howling of coyotes;

"Tarantulas and centipedes,
  Horned toads, and piercing mesquite daggers,
With thorny bushes, grass, and weeds,
  To bleed the traveller as he staggers.

"Why paint things in a rosy light,
  And never tell the simple *fact*? — thus,
How one sits down to rest at night,
  And often squats upon a cactus.

"The night bird's music, sweet and clear,
  Is over-pictured not a *leetle*;
A search might prove the enchanter's ear
  The habitation of a beetle.

"And oft at night the sentinel
  Who, dozing, dreams of distant battle,
Is roused in fright to hear the yell
  Of Indians who have nipped his cattle.

* * * * * *

"There is no fairer rule than that
Which gives to Cæsar all that 's Cæsar's,
Yet this is not a land of fat
Because the people are called Greasers."

And so on, *for* quantity, through fifty verses. The picture must be truthful, for he adds:

"If any think me too severe,
Or call my yarn a wicked libel,
I 'll take, to prove myself sincere,
My 'davy'—on a Mormon Bible."

George was evidently in a bad humor when he wrote his poem, and clearly makes no *per contra* allowance for the beauties of Nature and an occasional oasis.

Burgwin's Spring, where we camp to-night, is named after the gallant Captain Burgwin, First Regiment United States Dragoons, who fell while leading the attack upon the insurgents at Taos, who made their last desperate stand at the pueblo church.

CANADIAN (OR RED) RIVER, *August* 16.

AFTER our short march of yesterday, we to-day made thirty-three miles, passing nothing remarkable but the Wagon Mound, (so called from its shape), and a rocky descent from a mesa, thickly strewn with scoriæ and lava, down to a plain of lower level, for now all is prairie and plain, with the ocean-like swells and undulations for sole relief to the eye.

Just below our camp the river passes through a rocky cañon, whose recesses and caves have evidently furnished winter-quarters to more than one band of Indians. The cañons east of the Rio Grande are not so remarkable as those west of the river in New Mexico, and these, again, are inferior in grandeur to those in Sonora, culminating in size and magnificence as you approach the Pacific.

A cañon with sides of one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet is certainly a handsome thing, in its way; but over on the Colorado of the West they have them on a finer scale. That river emerges from the bowels of the mountain range through a narrow gateway, flanked by walls to the height of more than a thousand feet, rising perpendicularly out of the water. That is the Black Cañon. The Big Cañon is hemmed in by walls two thousand feet high, and is in turn far exceeded by the Great Cañon of the Colorado, at the mouth of Diamond River, where its walls have an altitude of over three thousand feet above the Colorado. A few miles further east, where the surface of the table-lands has an altitude of nearly one thousand feet, the dimensions of the cañon are far more imposing, and its cliffs rise — hold your breath — *to the height of more than a mile from the river!*

This river is the paradise of the geologist, if he could only get there. Imagine a section of a mile in depth of successive strata of rock, whereon to read, as in a book, the world's geological history. In this respect, the eastern is the reverse of the western slope of the Rocky Mountains. The headlong descent of water from the western edge of the table-lands into the trough of the Lower Colorado toward the Pacific, laid bare, as it were, the foundations of the earth. Here on the eastern slope, the nearly uniform easterly dip of the rocks, underlying a smooth and almost unbroken surface of long and gentle swells, with their protecting coating of grass, carries off the long drainage from the mountains gently and without disturbance.

The cañons are all well known to the western hunters and trappers from the fact that they are at once roads and passages where no others can be found, and remarkable natural objects, either from their great size or natural beauty. Kit Carson tells a story of a friend of his, an old trapper, who had not been within the limits of civilization since his childhood, and had never seen a street of brick houses. He went down to St. Louis and was invited to stay at the house of an acquaintance. Sallying forth in the afternoon, he did not return in the evening, nor in fact, all night. By daybreak next morning his friend went out to hunt him, and found him asleep in the market-house. He had lost his way, he said, because "the confounded cañons here were all so much alike he could n't tell one from another."

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3 2, 1 Cañons

CEDAR SPRING (Waters of Cimarron), TEXAS,
*August* 19, 1866.

WHEN I was a schoolboy, our maps had little or nothing indicated upon them beyond the Mississippi River. St. Anthony's Falls, Indian Territory, Rocky Mountains, Great American Desert, made up nearly the sum total of what was required of the engraver in the way of lettering. The Arkansas and Platte Rivers might sometimes be marked, but in a feeble and dreamy sort of way, with about as much certainty as they might have put down a river in Central Africa. Officers are still in the service who have often crossed the plains, a thousand miles, without seeing a house or the face of a human being. Within fifteen years a guide was absolutely necessary to attempt the passage of any part of it. Now, how changed! The map-makers can hardly find colors enough to mark lines and boundaries of Territories, States, and counties, nor room enough to indicate all the towns, capitals, post-offices, forts, garrisons, ferries, rivers, creeks, etc. Stage lines run over a dozen routes traversing the plains, and where houses and ranches fail, you find a stage station. The route we are travelling, however, is an exception. Nevertheless, it is an old route, opened more than forty years ago. Since 1861 it has been almost abandoned on account of the Indians, and is only just now being resumed. This part of the plains, running down further south into Texas, including the Llano Estacado or Staked Plain, still remains almost in its primitive geographical seclusion and isolation. Maps have done little or nothing for it, and we find it difficult to locate ourselves day by day when we halt. A few remarkable points, such as Burgwin's Spring, Wagon Mound, and Point of Rocks, are correctly indicated and their distances ascertained, but beyond them, coming this way, we have to feel for our route, and make our own maps and distances. Part of our road and several of the points are indelibly marked in blood. The forty miles from Point of Rocks, going back to Wagon Mound, were the track 4/45 of a bloody, brave, and disastrous fight made by eight passengers in the stage against a band of sixty Apaches. They fought every inch of the long, dread struggle. Killed one by one, and dropped on the road, two survivors maintained their defense a long time, and when the sole contestant was left, his last dying effort was to strew the contents of his powder-horn in the sand and stir it in with his foot, so that the Indians could not use it.

Wilson's Creek, some miles this way, is named after a Mr. Wilson, a merchant of Santa Fé, who was overtaken here by the Indians, and, with his wife and child — for he was alone with them — butchered with the usual savage outrage and cruelty. This was in 1863.

More sad and remarkable still was the case of Dr. White and family, in 1851. He was on his way to California for the health of himself and wife. They had come out with a train in safety, when, near Whetstone Creek, he thought he could push on to Santa Fé by himself. He had gone but ten miles when they were taken by the Apaches, the Doctor and the child killed, and Mrs. White taken into a captivity worse than death. Mrs. White was a lady from one of our large cities, tenderly nurtured, highly educated, elegant, and refined. Setting aside any false delicacy, I will tell you how she was treated, and, understand me, as she, so all white women who fall into the hands of these worse than wild beasts in human shape. They first "passed her over the prairie." That is their jocular way of indicating that she was successively violated by all the Indians present, and there were some twenty. She was then carried off with them. Her fate excited such widespread sympathy that a party was finally organized, and placed under the guidance of Kit Carson, who was to rescue her or treat for her ransom. Weeks and months had meantime, passed. They finally discovered the Indians and surprised them. The savages fled, leaving Mrs. White pierced through and through with an arrow. It was supposed that, hearing the approach of her rescuers, she attempted to fly and was instantly shot down. "As God would have it," said Kit Carson, who told me of it, "As God would have it, she was just dead when we reached her; and perhaps it was as well." Yes, it was as well! The poor lady was wasted, emaciated, the victim of a foul disease, and bore the sorrows of a life-long agony on her face; for when a woman captive has not the signal good fortune of being made the mistress of one savage, she becomes the prostitute of the tribe. It might as well be understood that this is the lot awaiting the female made captive by any Indians west of the Mississippi. It is invariable, and the mere statement of outrage and violation is but a meagre indication of such a woman's sad fate. There is one singular feature attending all such cases which I leave the philosopher, the casuist, or the theologian to explain or justify. Whenever the poor creatures so captured and outraged are recovered, they invariably deny any thing beyond mere hardship and privation. They are scarcely ever known to admit any thing more. I speak of these matters thus plainly for the reason that there is so much of the false and misplaced "Lo! the poor Indian" philanthropy prevalent.

I know of no such sudden, thorough, and stanch converts in politics, religion, or philosophy as the men who come out here and have an opportunity of seeing the Indian as he is. Their Coopers, Chateaubriands, and other poetizers of the savage character, are then classed, as they should be, with romancers, and they see the biped wolf as he is. But to continue the sad story of the unfortunate Whites. The following year a treaty of peace was made with the Apaches, and they received the "whisk" and "shoog" (whisky and sugar) for which alone they made it. The Apache chief who represented the tribe, and who had carried off the unfortunate lady we have spoken of, came into our camp on that occasion appropriately adorned with a necklace made of the teeth of the murdered Doctor White! "Lo! the poor Indian!"

Our camp, yesterday evening, was among the ruins (new ruins of a structure not old) of Fort Nicholson — a cantonment erected by a few companies of a California and a New Mexico cavalry regiment, two years ago, for the protection of this route. For a small force, they effected a great deal, and put up their quarters, corral, field-work, etc., of stone.

The remains of the walls, and a grave on the hill, covered with a monumental pile of heavy stones to protect it from the wolves, and a massive cross of rock, with the name of "Barada," private, First New Mexico Cavalry, are all that survive their labors.

Our route is more naked than ever. The boundless sea of plain — more bleak and arid than before — tells us we are indeed in the desert.

We camp to-night on a prairie sward, spread out amid an amphitheatre of massive rocks, at whose foot wells out one of the four springs on our entire route. Land in sight is hardly more grateful to the mariner's eye, than a pile of rocks to those who have before them the same dead level line day after day.

To-day we passed a lame ox, turned adrift by some passing train to shift for itself. A floating bit of wood in mid ocean could hardly look more hopelessly lost. Not far from the poor beast, I discovered a large white wolf — frightened at our approach — sneaking off through the grass. The rascal will be back soon, with a comrade or two, and then woe be-tide the poor ox. They'll follow and harass him for a time, to ascertain his speed and strength, and then, gradually, getting bolder with his helplessness, some will rush upon him in front, while others hamstring him from behind, and then there will be a tearing of flesh, a snapping of foul jaws, and a licking of bloody lips. Well, reader of delicate sensibilities, they are only wolves — wild beasts, who know nothing of humanity and the gospel. If you want a shock of some force, think of the weary, sad, and wayworn you have seen struggling along life's highway, with Detraction, Envy, and Persecution coming from out their lairs to torment and agonize the poor sufferer. The torn flesh and gushing blood on the wild prairie, are not crunched and lapped with more avidity by the wolf, than the sighs, tears, and rent heart-strings of the human victim are gloated over by the wolf's civilized brother.

The wolf is not always white.

I have known him to wear a black coat.

## LETTER XXXIII.

### TEXAS.

Camp on Banks of the Cimarron, Kansas,
*August* 22, 1866.

Dating from Kansas, we feel that we are in the States — no longer in the Territories — though by no means out of the wilderness, for we are on the edge of the dreaded Llano Estacado, a slice of which I promised you before starting.

"Banks of the Cimarron" is rather a geographical figure of speech. We occasionally see a strip of fresh green in a hollow, somewhere hidden in which is supposed to be the Cimarron. I can safely say that it is not much of a river.

We meet large trains going into New Mexico; long ropes on both sides of the wagons festooned with strips of meat tell the story of buffalo, which the teamsters announce as being thick on the Arkansas. The answer to the question "Shall we see any Indians?" is more explicit than polite: "Yes, a d—d sight more than you want to."

The days grow longer, and with reveille at three o'clock, we are on the road before daylight. Waiting for "boots and saddle" to sound, we cannot now, as in June, on the Platte, while away the interval in watching the brilliant streaks that herald the rising sun, but, when the sky is bright, admire the stars instead. This morning they were particularly brilliant. Procion, just over the horizon; far above, Orion's grand belt, with its three central stars forming a buckle of more than fashionable size — above, Aldebaran, the particular friend and "man of all work" of the ancient astrologers. Lower down to the right, the most brilliant, most magnificent of them all, radiating the concentrated glories of a million Koh-i-noors, matchless Sirius. If you take my advice, you'll get up the first clear morning at three o'clock and take a look at him.

*August 24.*

Two days more of the unvarying horizon line for our only prospect. A northeaster has set in with rain, mist, and cold; tents wet, blankets wet, saddles wet — wet grass if you prefer to walk.

I advised you from the Platte, that we had seen antelope, bear, wolf, prairie-dogs, and the usual menagerie of the plains. There was positively nothing wanting to complete our happiness but buffalo. Well, our happiness is now perfect — we saw buffalo to-day. And yet, man never is, but always to be, blest. Having seen the buffalo, we are now more unhappy then ever, until we hunt and kill him. When I say we saw buffalo, I state it very mildly indeed. We beheld droves of them — thousands — far to the right, but the distance was too great, and rain was falling.

CROSSING OF THE ARKANSAS RIVER,
*Saturday, August 25, 1866.*

LAST night, in camp, there was a general airing of every thing everybody had ever read on the subject of buffalo hunts. This morning broke in clouds and rain; but about eleven the sky partially cleared, and there, in plain sight, about a mile ahead of the col-

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3rd

umn, were the buffalo. A guide and a hunter immediately made after them, and artistically drove a couple toward the road. Two horsemen, some distance in advance of the train, stood ready for them. The buffalo kept straight on the course, and moved upon their works so effectively that one of the horses — a very fine one — incontinently broke, and could not be persuaded again to face that music. The other cavalier found it expedient to get out of the way too, as the animals, rolling and unwieldy, looking at a distance as you fronted them like two animated black balls, their tongues lolling out of their mouths, galloped across the road. Now, two men are after them; the guide has fired his first shot: presently another strikes the same animal and his pace sensibly slackens. Number two now receives the leaden compliments — two, three, four. At the fifth he turns savagely upon his pursuers, staggers, falls, and dies immediately. The larger and fiercer of the two bulls still holds out, circling and turning at bay, until a ball breaks his backbone. He sinks on his haunches, but with head and shoulders erect, and eye-balls glaring, he still makes fight. Others of our party come up, and twenty-five balls are fired into the noble brute before he finally succumbs.

They were both bulls; the latter a grand specimen, two years old. The hump and tongue were taken off of one, and nearly all the carcass of the other brought into camp. The rain appeared to have held up expressly for our hunt, for it soon after came down harder than ever, and through its misty curtain we discovered, a few miles off, a line of low hills, and a fringe of green that marks the line of the Arkansas River.

Reaching its banks, we travel down six miles over the muddy bottom to take the new crossing. All accoutred as we were, we plunged in. The river is nearly half a mile wide here, and dangerous from its current and quicksand. First went the cavalry and other mounted men, then the light vehicles. Reaching the opposite bank and turning to look, I never was so impressed with the simple and effective beauty of the curved line. The long train of wagons made a double bend before reaching the river. The line in the stream extended all the way across, yielding with the current in the centre so as to present a perfect arch; then as it reached the bank, it wound up the road in another double curve. The afternoon was misty, raining, and dark. The clouds were sombre. There was no blaze of light, or relief of shade on the water or on the landscape, and yet the simple elements of the river and the line of wagons, made up a most graceful and beautiful picture.

Another night's camp in rain and cold discomfort — soldier's life is always gay.

To-morrow we reach Fort Dodge.

# LETTER XXXIV.

## MENAGERIE LETTER.

FORT LARNED (on the Arkansas River), }
*August* 28, 1866. }

As well as I remember, a never-failing dish served up at every literary repast prepared by travellers of the plains who write their adventures, has been "Prairie-dog." I believe I have, thus far, scarcely mentioned the animals. In accordance with established custom, it is incumbent upon me to say something on the subject, even if it be snarlish.

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*Imprimis*, then, my objection to prairie-dog is a radical one, to wit: he is no dog at all. He has nothing in common with the dog. He is of the *rodentia* family, has the head, jaws and teeth, nails and body of a squirrel; sits up on his haunches as the squirrel does, and handles and nibbles his food in the same manner. His bark is not a bark, but more like the chirrup of a bird, or the "cheep," "cheep," of a ground-squirrel. I at first listened to it for a day or two without dreaming it came from a quadruped. In shape, form, and action he more nearly resembles the chipmunk, or ground-squirrel, than any animal I know, and is twice or thrice its size. His color is a light, dirty, reddish brown. All the feet are five toed and provided with long black nails, the thumb being armed with a strong conic nail three tenths of an inch in length. I measured three of them, who were, respectively, fifteen, fifteen and a half, and sixteen inches in length. When caught young he is easily tamed, and will follow you about like a playful kitten — I say when caught, for the catching is not easy. It is useless to shoot at them for that purpose, as, if wounded, they always contrive to get into their holes. Hence a popular prairie fiction, that, in such cases, they are always hauled in by their companions. Drowning out is a method of getting at them greatly in vogue — not always successful, for I have seen several barrels of water used without effect.

Their copartnership or intimacy with owls[1] and rattlesnakes is another favorite prairie story. Certain it is that these birds and reptiles are very frequently found about and in the dog-holes. But I have an impression, from limited observation, that, in the case of the snake, it is a forced partnership, and that the owls use the abandoned holes, doing a little burrowing in their own peculiar style, by way of finish. An officer of our party, missing his little son, the other day, found him deeply absorbed in trying to induce from out a dog-hole a very large rattlesnake, that lay coiled just inside its entrance. The innocent little fellow was busy holding out the inducement of pieces of bread, which he threw to his snakeship. It is needless to remark that the father's action in the premises was prompt and decided.

The killing of rattlesnakes I have scarcely thought worth speaking of, it is of such constant occurrence on our march. A remarkable one was killed the other day, with twenty rattles, measuring five feet eight inches in length. It is the only rattlesnake I ever saw of which the skin was covered with scales. Whether or not the scales are the result of great age, I do not know. So many were in at the death that his skin was badly cut with stones and sticks, but a middle section of it that was given to the surgeon, showed the girth, or circumference, of the reptile to be ten inches.

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[1] The prairie owl found among them is the burrowing owl (*Strix cunicularia*), sometimes called the Coquimbo owl.

*Mais revenons a nos — chiens.* The numbers of these so-called dogs on these plains, must be something enormous. I feel certain that I am within bounds in saying I have seen more than a million of their holes this summer.

I am told that some late letter-writer from the plains, reasons that, because he passed through numerous dog-towns on his way to Denver, the country cannot be really destitute of water, although people find it impossible to obtain enough for cultivation. His remark is repeated to me verbally, and perhaps I do not give it with critical correctness; but the idea presented is, that because the prairie-dog finds water in places apparently devoid of it, man may also find it.

Now this is begging the question, for he begins by taking it for granted that the dogs do find water. How does he know that the animal in question needs any more water than an occasional rain may furnish? How does he know that it needs any water at all? A large part if not all of its food, as I happen to know from observation, consists of roots of grasses, which are full of moisture. These animals are found in greatest numbers precisely in the dryest, most sterile and barren sections. We passed, last week, miles upon miles of dog-towns on a fifty-mile *jornada*, that is to say, a march of that length, on which not a drop of water can be found, nor has been known to exist for half a century, and whole towns of them may be seen on the celebrated Llano Estacado, or Staked Plain, forty miles from water.

From the moment of starting in Kansas, all along the Platte, across the Arkansas, in the Rocky Mountains, and as far south as we went in the Valley of the Rio Grande, the dove was never out of sight a day. Across the desert Cimarron route, however, we have not seen one.

On entering New Mexico, we saw a bird that I was not aware existed on this continent, *la gazza*, as the Italians call it (whence the word gazette), I mean the magpie, in his suit of black turned up with white.

Besides prairie-dogs, there is another misnomer in common use, namely, horned frog. The animal is not a frog, but a lizard. Empty cigar-boxes are at a premium among us just now, to take numerous specimens of the little darlings home. They are entirely harmless and not at all repulsive to look at, with their soft, diminutive, expressive eyes, and hands like those of an infinitesimal baby.

I do not know that I can better exemplify the change of base in our interest in the animal kingdom of this region, than by relating part of a conversation I heard this morning on the confines of the Ethiopia of our camp: —

First colored person — "Jim, quick, look da; see dat prarer-dog?"

Second colored person — "Sha, nigga; go 'long wid you ole prarer-dog; we 's got buffalo now."

Yes, we have buffalo now, and don't concern ourselves with such small deer as prairie-dog.

Yesterday we had another handsome run with the buffalo, starting two large bulls quite close to the road. To look at them running, you would suppose their speed was contemptible. Their gait is ungainly, resembling more nearly the lope of a pig than that of any animal I can recall. With their noses close to the ground, they keep steadily on, and only begin to run their best, when you expect to see them tire out. You change your mind as to their speed when you try one with your horse at his best gait. The embarrassments of an amateur buffalo hunter are varied, and not limited in number. As a general thing, his horse objects to the buffalo — dislikes him, in short, and is with difficulty persuaded to face him, although he may follow well enough. The moment the buffalo turns, your horse is off, and it may be well for you to look out that you are not off too. Indeed, with half a dozen bullets in him, his awful drapery of shaggy hair, eyes glaring, blood dripping from his jaws, the buffalo bull is not a pleasant object for a horse to look upon, much less to get near. He is full of fight, and shows it while he has power left to move a muscle. Well, our two bulls were run down and killed by four or five of our party in about forty minutes. One of them was a noble specimen, some twelve years old, very large, measuring nine feet in length and six in height. When he turned at bay, he was a truly grand spectacle. With such horses as the Indians have, the sport is much finer. The horse knows the buffalo nearly as well as his rider, and will dash up at full speed close to his side, giving the hunter all the time needed to put his shot in the desired place — just behind the shoulder. It certainly is as glorious and exhilarating sport as any thing in hunting can be, for even the fresh, untrained horses, when recovered from their first terror, enter warmly into the sport and fairly tremble with the excitement.

To-day, another buffalo hunt of a singular description. Our camp is situated on the declivity of a hill looking south toward the Arkansas. About half an hour before sunset, some one near me cried out "buffalo," and although I supposed it to be a joke, I looked up, and sure enough, there was a buffalo just below the crest of the hill coming toward us. The animal stopped, turned, looked bewildered for a moment, and began to run back. Meantime half a dozen rifles and revolvers were grasped, and by dint of heading off, and wounding it, the poor beast was actually run down and shot by half a dozen men on foot. It was a young buffalo cow. Poor, misguided, giddy thing. Strayed from the herd, and, doubtless, endeavoring to make its way across the river, to which its instinct was unerringly guiding it.

*August 29, 1866.*

AH! don't talk to us any more of buffalo, if you please. We are completely *blasé*. Another beautiful run yesterday after a herd of eight or ten, led off by a patriarchal bull. We ran them so far from the train that it was useless butchery to kill a large animal, for we could not take its carcass. A full grown bull calf was therefore selected, and with some difficulty shot, as it kept very close to its dam. It fell, and on walking up to finish it with a pistol shot, the fellow not a little astonished us by springing to its feet and making viciously at the hunter. He then turned and ran a short distance, when one or two more shots brought him down. The fellow cut up very handsomely, and gave us a good idea of prairie veal.

And now our buffalo hunting is closed for the season. The bulls may roar me as gentle as any sucking dove, yet they shall not entice a single shot from revolver or Spencer. Several of our party who passed over this route frequently, between 1851 and 1857, inform us that at that time, these immense plains, stretching in every direction around us, were covered with the buffalo — to such an extent, indeed, as frequently to impede the progress of trains. That vast 4
numbers have been killed here is evident, for the road is a perfect buffalo Golgotha — or place of skulls — 399
their short, thick, curved horns enabling you readily to distinguish their heads from those of the domestic ox. This reminds me of another and more interesting anatomical difference. The stomach of the horse, an animal built for running, differs from that of the ox — in being attached or hung to the vertebra, or back-bone. The stomach of the buffalo is also hung like that of the horse. There are one or two other interesting points of difference between the domestic and wild ox, all having reference to their adaptation for running.

As we proceed, for miles and miles on the north bank of the Arkansas, all the way from the Cimarron crossing to Fort Larned, the prairie is indented with thousands of deeply worn paths, the track of the buffalo toward the river. But few of these paths are fresh. The buffalo is fast going. The years may be numbered in which he will disappear. Men are now living, probably, who will see the last of them. The Indian and white man are now both engaged in his destruction. Every wagon we see is festooned with strips of his flesh; and to the Indian he is meat, clothing, and lodging, — many of their *teepees*, or tents, being composed of eight or ten skins. The piles of buffalo calf-skins brought in to the traders by the Indians, form another index of rapidity of destruction. The Indians appear to kill the very smallest calves, obtaining not more than fifteen or twenty cents for the skin.

Bands of six tribes, Arrapahoes, Caddoes, Cheyennes, Apaches, Kioways, and Camanches, sold at Fort Larned during the season of 1863-4, fifteen thousand (15,000) buffalo robes, worth $9 by the bale at wholesale. They received for them, from the traders, at the rate of seventy-five cents per robe, in brass wire or other trinkets, two dollars in groceries, and less in dry-goods.

It is thought the buffalo and the Indian will disappear together, but it would not be heart-rending if the Indian went first.

## LETTER XXXV.

FORT ELLSWORTH (on the Smoky Hill Fork),
KANSAS, *September* 1, 1866.

"YE gentel salvage," being the bane and terror of, and almost sole obstacle to, the rapid settlement of New Mexico, merits special mention in a separate letter. I shall, of course, confine my remarks to the tribes infesting that Territory, and to those Indian nations of the great plains, who are "lions in the path" on their highways.

The four principal tribes known in New Mexico are the Navajoes, the Apaches, the Utes or Utahs, and the Camanches.

The Navajoes are, to some extent, Arizona Indians, and the home of a part of them only is in New Mexico. They occupy a country some two hundred (200) miles in extent, north and south, and more than four hundred (400) miles from east to west. The whole Territory of New Mexico, however, is their favorite "stamping-ground," their granary, store-house, and treasury. From their numbers, aptness for war, superiority in agriculture and manufacture to other Indians, this tribe has ever been the most formidable enemy and scourge of the New Mexicans. For nearly two hundred years they have waged an almost ceaseless war, or levied black mail upon the poor inhabitants. Possessing immense herds of mules and cattle, thousands of horses and 500,000 sheep, and cultivating extensive fields, they were accustomed to prey upon the Mexicans to enrich themselves, and not merely, as did the other Indian tribes, to escape starvation. Numbering upwards of 12,000, secure in the fastnesses of their mountain home in the Cordilleras range, near the point where the waters of the Rio Colorado of the West head, nearly two hundred miles from the valley of the Rio Grande, they sallied forth for raid and rapine when it pleased them, and returned booty-laden to their safe retreat. Under the old Spanish régime, such vigorous measures were from time to time taken, that treaties of several years' endurance were obtained. But under the Mexican government they had things their own way, and electing by turns peace, pillage, pelf, or plunder, freely took what they wanted — treasures or teams, flocks or females.

Since 1846, under successive American officers, a Navajoe campaign came regularly with each succeeding year, followed — under instructions from our Government — by the inevitable and perennial treaty. With the handful of troops under their command, they all — Doniphan, Washington, Sumner, Bonneville, and Canby — doubtless did their best. When hard pushed, the savage invariably asked for a treaty, which, with the chronic imbecility of our management of Indian affairs, was sure to be granted, and just as certainly broken. The Navajoes had their Talleyrands and their Metternichs as well as their betters. How profoundly they regretted what had occurred — how ardently they desired the resumption of these amicable relations, etc., mutual respect, profound consideration, etc., and all the other verbose stock in trade of diplomacy — they could set forth as handsomely and as hypocritically as a Prussian protocol. "Some bad young men of the tribe had committed this robbery, or that murder, and their heads" — to wit, the heads of the ambassadors — "were bowed down with grief. Other treaties had been broken, but *this* treaty — ah, *this* treaty — should be kept sincerely. You shall see."

Well, we did see. Finally, General Carleton, an officer of superior military and administrative talents, broke up the time-consecrated farce of treaty. Soon after he assumed command in New Mexico, an eminently respectable deputation of eighteen Navajoe chiefs, with keen perspective of indefinite presents, called upon him to know if he would not make a treaty. The General is from the State of New Hampshire, and characteristically answered their question with another question: —

"What do you want of a treaty?"

"That we may hereafter have peace."

"Well, then," was the unexpected reply, "go home, stay there, attend to your own affairs, commit no more robberies nor murders upon this people, and you have peace at once, without the trouble of a treaty. Treaties," the General further informed them, "appeared to confuse matters, and involved the double labor to the Navajoes of making and of breaking them They (the Navajoes) well knew that they never kept them, and he (the General) was not a child to be beguiled by them. Now," he continued, "go; and if you rob or murder any of this people, so surely as the sun rises, you shall have a war you may not soon forget."

Navajoe, discomfited, said he had never been treated that way before. Refused a treaty! Was such a thing ever heard of? They were good Indians though. They would return to their country, and try to persuade their young men to behave.

The result was, that in a few weeks the robbery and murder of Mexicans began again. Then came a Navajoe message that a large portion of them were peaceably disposed. This was in the spring of 1863. General Carleton sent them word that, as they all lived together, he could not distinguish friends from foes; that those who claimed to be friendly should come out from among the others, and go to the Bosque Redondo, a large and beautiful tract of land forty miles square, with six thousand acres of arable land, on the Pecos River, where they should be cared for and allowed to want for nothing. Indian reply was not polite, but it was perfectly intelligible. Not a Navajoe would come.

Another missive from the General, that they had better consider the matter more maturely. They might have until the 20th of July, with the door of peace left wide open. Once closed, it should never again be opened. But the Navajoes said they had heard "big talk" before that meant nothing; had listened years ago to cry of wolf that came not. And they scouted the soldier's warning.

True to his promise, the war opened on the very day set by General Carleton, July 20, 1863. A regiment of New Mexicans, with more than a century of accumulated wrong and oppression to avenge, were at once placed under the command of a man who understood his Indian well — Kit Carson. These troops knew neither summer rest nor winter quarters; but pursued the Indian foe relentlessly month after month, night and day, over mesas and deserts and rivers, under broiling suns and the rough winter snows, killing and capturing them in their most chosen retreats, until finally, broken and dispirited under a chastisement, the like of which they had never dreamed of, small bands began to come in voluntarily, then larger ones, and finally, groups of fifties and hundreds, nearly comprising the strength of the tribe. The prisoners, as fast as received, were dispatched to the Bosque Redondo, and those who remained in arms sent out white flags in vain. Throughout 1864, 1865, and the present year, the war went on under these conditions, and the result is that some eight thousand Navajoes, including a few Apaches, are now living peaceably at the Bosque, engaged in agriculture and manufactures, four hundred miles from their old homes, and ninety miles east of the Rio Grande settlement.

Farming utensils, seed, grain, and everything necessary has been furnished by the government, and the experiment is a decided success.

Among the articles made by these Indians are pottery, iron bits, ropes, saddles, and blankets. These latter are beautiful textile fabrics, so admirably woven as to shed water as well as a gum-elastic, and wonderfully handsome in color and design.

While we were in Santa Fé one of the Navajoes died, and we witnessed an instance of their peculiar ideas and treatment of the dead. They have no such thing as burial among them. Whenever a Navajoe is aware that death approaches, he crawls off as far as he can out of sight, among the rocks and bushes, and there lies down and dies, unheeded, uncared for, and unburied. If death overtakes one in a wigwam, he, or she, is immediately deserted and left alone, the entrance closed up, the hut (built of sticks and clay) abandoned, and left to fall in from decay.

The Indian who died would have been left by his companions on the road long before reaching here, if they had been allowed to do so by our troops. In the morning, when death was found to be approaching, he was stripped by the others of *every thing* he had on, then smeared all over with mud, and left to himself, none of his companions taking the slightest notice of him. Soon afterward he turned over, groaned, and died. A momentary thrill passed through the camp. A little Indian girl went to the fire, took ashes, strewed them in a wide circle about the body. This line not one of them would approach, and even the smallest children shrank from it in their play. Presently came a cart to take away the body.

Two of the largest Indians were ordered to lift the corpse into the cart. They recoiled with expressions of horror and disgust, and sought to get away. Compelled to do it by threats (one of them only touching it, the other pretending to do so, but avoiding actual contact), the body was dragged on its face over the ground and thrown into the cart.

### THE APACHES.

Except in numbers, and in ability for destruction and murder, the Apaches are inferior to the Navajoes. They are vagabonds, and, unlike the Navajoes, to whom, nevertheless, they are closely related by lineage and by language, have neither sheep, flocks, herds, or houses. Their range extends down into Old Mexico, and they have for a century held under tribute the provinces of Sonora, Durango, Chihuahua, and even Coahuila. Those east of the Rio Grande are called Mescaleros, from their use of *mescal*, the baked root of the *Agave americana*. A small tribe in the north of New Mexico are the Jicarillas (Little-baskets), so called from their manufacture of the article. There is also a tribe on the Gila. Some five hundred Mescaleros have been captured, and taken to the Bosque, but they are comparatively unmanageable, and prone to escape to their old haunts.

The Jicarillas have been greatly reduced in numbers by the ravages of the small-pox, and the remnant are addicted to drinking and gambling. In answer to the persuasions of officers and agents to go to the Bosque, they reply that God, from the beginning, had ordained whites to be tillers of the soil, while they, the Jicarillas should follow the chase and the war-path. Unfortunately they consider vagabondizing, begging, and stealing, as "the chase."

The Mescaleros and Jicarillas together number about 3000 souls.

The Utes, known in New Mexico, are found in the mountains north of Taos, and frequently come on to the plains to hunt. They are known as the Western Utes or Utahs, namely, Capotes and Winnemuches. They number in all about 2000. At present, and for some time past, they claim to be friendly. An incident of late occurrence, will show the extreme difficulty of keeping any sort of terms with these savages, even the best disposed. While we were at Fort Union, two weeks since, a flock of sheep, guarded by the usual pastor, a Mexican lad, was set upon by a small party of these Utes. They wanted but one sheep, which they killed and took, having killed two others wantonly, which were left on the ground. Immediately afterward, came another Indian, the son of Kaniatse, the Ute chief, who also wanted a sheep. The Mexican told him to take one of those just killed by his comrades. No — he would kill another. The Mexican said he should not — the young Ute drew an arrow on him, and immediately the Mexican shot him.

This occurred on the Little Cimarron, some fifty miles from Fort Union. The herdsman fled to the fort for protection, and while we were there, old Kaniatse, accompanied by a dozen of his warriors, among whom were two of his sons, brothers of the one just killed, came in. Their demand was, simply, that the Mexican should be delivered up to them. They wanted to hear nothing of provocation or justification. Blood of one of theirs had been shed, and they must have the Mexican. I was present at the interview between them and the commanding officer. Old Kaniatse appeared to be not unreasonable, but the two sons could scarcely restrain themselves. I never saw so much devilish passion painted on a human face. A large group gathered around, and while the council was progressing, one of the negro servants imprudently walked up to the younger son, and took hold of a pouch he wore, to examine it. The Indian clenched his lips, and his eyes flashed fire. He would, if he had dared, have driven a knife through him. The moment the negro let go the pouch, the Indian, with a look of concentrated spite, tore off every particle of the beautiful fur and beads the black boy had touched. While we remained at the fort, four days, the parley was still going on, it being thought best to prolong it, and let the savage passion cool. One circumstance, it was thought, had a decidedly healthy effect upon their understanding. While they were there a full regiment of infantry and another of regular cavalry came in, and encamped near the fort. These, added to our large train, made a more imposing military force than these Indians had ever beheld, and old Kaniatse was heard to say, indicating the different camps, "*Soldados, soldados, soldados, todos soldados.*" I do not know the result of their mission, but it is more than probable they went off pacified with a few presents.

The Kioways have the reputation, and doubtless deserve it, of being the most rapacious, cruel, and treacherous of all the Indians of the plains. They range, mainly, south of the Arkansas, on the Canadian, and south to the Rio Grande, and have even extended their robbing excursions as far as Chihuahua. I saw a large number of them about Fort Larned. Black Eagle, one of their chiefs, came into our camp, accompanied by his squaw, and a couple of other copper-colored rascals. They were sharp at a trade, and particularly desired to obtain a revolver or two, which, of course, they did not get. The squaw, an enormously large woman, mounted her horse with perfect ease and rapidity, riding — as do all these squaws — man-fashion. These Kiowahs have the credit of influencing the Camanches to do whatever they suggest. Several traders told me that as the Kioway goes, so goes the Camanche!

### INDIAN TREATIES.

In 1863, some four hundred Kioways assembled about Fort Larned, ostensibly to trade, and to hold some festivity. An Indian trader who understood them, warned the commander of the post that there was mischief brewing, but he paid no attention to it. In the afternoon, when the herds of horses, mules, and cattle were driven up to be corraled for the night, the savages mounted, drove away the guard, and went off with some three hundred head of valuable cattle. The year following, Commissioners from Washington made a treaty with them, by which they were assured in their title to all the stolen property. Immediately after the treaty they came in and sold to the very owners from whom they had stolen them, the same animals, at exorbitant prices.

Can it be wondered that they look at you with a defiant, insolent air? And yet this sort of Indian treaty is common. They are scarcely ever made to feel the strong arm of retribution.

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Once, indeed, they were. On the 25th of November, 1864, Colonel Christopher Carson, First Regiment New Mexico Cavalry Volunteers, with a command of three hundred men and seventy-five Ute and Apache Indians, attacked one of their villages (one hundred and fifty lodges), near the Adobe Fort, on the Canadian River, in Texas, and after a severe fight, lasting all day, drove them, with a loss of sixty killed and wounded, and captured all their lodges, provisions, and plunder of every description, including a buggy and spring-wagon stolen by them the year before at Fort Larned. Our loss was two soldiers killed, and ten soldiers and four Utes wounded.

The Camanches are formidable in numbers (ten thousand), bravery, and superior horsemanship. Their range extends throughout Texas, and from the Rio Grande to the Arkansas, wintering usually about the head waters of the Colorado and the Brazos. They have for long years been the scourge of the eastern border of both Old and New Mexico.

# LETTER XXXVI.

## FAREWELL.

My last itinerary letter brought us over the Arkansas, at the Cimarron Crossing. There we all, like unto Mantalini, made " moist, unpleasant bodies " of ourselves at that crossing in the rain.

Then, not a splinter of wood in camp to dry ourselves or our clothes. Sent up to a miserable hut over the hill. " Have you any wood to sell ? "

" Yes."

" How much ? "

" Ten cents a pound."

We did n't purchase. Rather a startling price for the article in the western wilds of America ; but they have to haul it thirty miles, and the supply is small. No fire for ourselves, no corn for our mules and horses, and chilled through with the persistent northeast rain of four days and nights, no wonder we were grumbly, gruff, and grim.

The pores even of my memory were so frozen that I forgot to mention two notable points of interest on our road, some two days' travel from the river. These are the " Battle-ground " and the " Bone-yard." The first was the scene of on Indian surprise and fight between, it is said, a party of Gros Ventres (although I can hardly understand what they were doing so far from their home at the Great Bend of the Upper Missouri, having to traverse nearly the length of Dakotah and the entire breadth of Nebraska and Kansas,) and a party of Mexican traders under escort of a detachment of Mexican troops. The Mexican officer commanding, Colonel Vizcarra, trusted the Indians, one hundred and twenty in number, in his camp, against the advice of the Americans, and with his life paid his confidence in them. The Indians were routed and pursued, and many of them killed. This was in 1829.

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The Bone-yard history is of later date. A large train or caravan of wagons crossed the Arkansas, in the autumn, bound for Santa Fé, and at this point was stopped by a heavy snow-storm that effaced the track and destroyed the grass. The traders could go neither backward nor forward, and there spent the winter, losing their animals by frost and starvation, and burning their wagons, one by one, for fuel. Some of the teamsters also perished, and, in the spring, piles of goods and the surviving men were all that were left of the stately train. A large pile or pyramid of bones still stand there to mark the spot.

5

Some eight miles below Fort Dodge, we pass the ruins of old Fort Atkinson. Fort Dodge is simply a a small assemblage of mud hovels, close to the bank of the river, in a low, damp spot, neither as salubrious nor as commanding as the adjoining hill-side — a preferable position on every account.

Our road being on the north bank of the Arkansas, we could distinctly see, on the other side, large bands of buffalo coming down to water, or quietly feeding on the distant hills.

Leaving Fort Larned, we quit the river and take over the high prairie land. And now — oh charm to the eye, that none but a plains' wayfarer can truly enjoy! — fringes and belts of green trees are ever visible on our horizon, increasing in number, size, and beauty, as we progress.

Fort Zarah, although plainly indicated on the maps, is among the things of the past. A few charred timbers, and the graves of some volunteers who died at the post, are all that remain of it. Two Indian traders, occupying strong store-houses, are here; and apparently drive a thriving business with the Arrapahoes, Cheyennes, and Kioways. They made quite a tempting display of buffalo, antelope, wolf, and wildcat skins, many of which found purchasers among our party. Four Arrapahoe lodges were pitched close by. One of them, new and just put up, was a favorable specimen of Indian high art. It was made of five handsomely dressed buffalo-skins, pictorially ornamented with sketches of Indian war and hunting scenes. The pale face also had honorable mention in this lodge gallery. The white man was represented, appareled in a long-tail blue, revolver in hand, and a stage-coach, startling in its perspective, appears full of passengers in incredible attitudes. The term Pre-Raphaelite but feebly indicates its shade and perspective. The artist was a squaw.

Some American ladies are said to have derived valuable knowledge from the lectures and demonstrations in culinary chemistry of Monsieur Blot, and various husbands are said to find home more pleasant in consequence thereof. Other American ladies, however, have not heard Monsieur Blot's lectures, nor indeed, even his name, and even if they had, would have made light of his science, scorning to serve up any foreign "kickshaws" whatever — not even a *suprême de volaille*, if they knew what that was. Some of this latter class we saw to-day "on household cares intent," making culinary and gastronomic demonstrations as purely American and as utterly untainted by any foreign influence as the fiercest Know-Nothing could possibly desire.

Thus it was: —

Period of prandial repast present, Princess of Arrapahoe persuasion appears at portal of pelt palace and pensively pounces on plump pachyderm puppy, prone on the prairie. She does not pet puppy (for, though not a pug, he is no Prince Charles), but, on the contrary, quite the reverse — knocks him on the head. At which, *paulo post*, without palaver, after prompt pause of perpension, puppy expires passive, with protest of propulsive pedals.

Lady Arrapahoe then picks him up, and, with an

*Odi puer apparatus*

air, deposits him on the live coals, in all his hirsute, integumental, and intestinal integrity. There lay puppy, more placid than Guatimozin, until, judged sufficiently done on one side, he was turned over on the other by foot of fair Arrapahoe. And thus he scorched, and roasted, and baked, and fried, and puffed up, and swelled up, and frizzled, and sizzled (the children use that word — it's a good one), and frothed at the mouth, until, black as a cinder, he is kicked out on the grass by fair pedal aforesaid, hair and coals scraped off, and — *Madame est servie* — the banquet is spread!

Now, I have affronted dangers, forded rivers, and scaled mountains, to edify and instruct my dear readers, but really, upon my gastronomic honor, I had not the stom — that is, I mean — I had an engagement, and could not stay for the feast. They may depend upon it, though, from reliable information not at all contraband, that the intestinal integrity was preserved until destroyed by the Arrapahoe *bons vivants*, gastronomers, and sybarites present, who that day "piled in" on poor puppy.

Next day, August 31, thirty-two miles to Plum Creek. Here a ranche — first house seen. Creeks, trees, and foliage increase in size, number, and beauty. We had found our buffalo — had hunted him, had killed him. We had seen our Indian male in the chase and in a swap; female ditto in the charming sphere of her domestic duties, preparing with her lovely hands choice dainties for the festive board; and now, positively nothing was wanting to complete our happiness but a "prairie on fire." And lo! as though we wore the cap of Fortunatus, here it was. As we drew near our place of encampment in the afternoon the atmosphere had an uncommonly dark and heavy look, and as night approached and fell, we more plainly distinguished the column of thick smoke, and the masses of lurid flame, rolling, forked and dancing, miles away.

Saline River, Kansas, *September* 1, 1863.

We left Fort Ellsworth this morning. With the exception of General Palmer, commanding, there appeared to be no officers present. Absent, probably, on detached service.

Falling asleep last night while listening to the barks and yelps of the coyote, or prairie-wolf, and dreaming of running a pack of them on the prairie, we are suddenly and pleasantly awakened by a swell and burst of rich harmony on the night air. As we become conscious it is music, the joyous song of the merry "Barber of Seville" awakens the echoes of the hills: —

> "Bravo, bravissimo, Figaro, bravo!
> Tutti me chiedono,
> Tutti me vogliono,
> Son barbiere di qualita,
> Tra la, la, la, la, la, la!"

It was the band of the Second Cavalry serenading our General. Then came familiar airs that told us of those we love at home. And so I fell asleep and dreamed I was there.

Saw a large and well-constructed derrick to-day, that set us asking if they had struck oil here, too. Found, on inquiry, that in boring for fresh they had come upon large supplies of salt water. Saline is, therefore, a common name, and we pass through a town and camp on a river so called. The village was a refreshing sight — our first town for eight hundred miles. Houses, glimpses of rooms, families at meals, glances at centre-tables, flowers in the window, chickens, cows, little girl driving a flock of geese, children going to school — all were so many beautiful pictures to us, whose eyes had seen quite enough of the bald plain and savage life.

And now our yellow dust changes to black (Republican), in the rich soil of Southern Kansas. Houses and farms grow thicker; the prairie sward is turned up in gigantic folds all around us; the prairie-hen, or grouse — the bird of the frontier, as the quail is the bird of the settlements — springs up with a heavy *whir-r* on every side; huge horse-mowers, whose hum sing the song of Progress, are seen in the fields; we meet people whose home is evidently not far off; women and children go by in wagons, as if bound for church or a neighborly visit. We are in the settlements. When the war began, all this region was a howling wilderness; now the land is all taken up in farms and homes, and the railroad, as fast as it goes, has not yet succeeded in getting beyond the border wave of the surging tide of civilization.

Three miles west of Fort Riley we pass through Junction City, to which point the railroad is, nominally, completed, although not yet running. City sounds, perhaps, a little premature, but, with redundant stores, all the mechanical arts, handsome buildings of brick, and one of the finest architectural qualities of stone I have ever seen, I strongly suspect that Junction nurses secret dreams of metropolis.

Without reference to its military fitness, the site of Fort Riley is one of great beauty. Seen from its commanding position, the Republican and Smoky Hill Forks, here united, form the Kaw or Kansas River, one of the most picturesque streams in the country. A lovely valley, dotted with mills, hamlets, and villages, spreads out before you, and you might almost imagine yourself gazing down a long stretch of the Connecticut River.

St. Louis, *September* 10, 1866.

From Fort Riley — you see we have caught sight and sound of home, and are hurrying to reach it — we take carriage to Waumega, thirty miles, passing, half way, Manhattan, a flourishing town at the mouth of the Big Blue, which river we pass over on a crazy cross between a scow and a floating bridge. Manhattan is the present freight, and Waumega the passenger terminus of the route. At the latter place, we find depot, eating-houses, trains of cars, and other appliances of railroad civilization, to which our eyes had been strangers for months. We find, also, other things that our eyes were total strangers to, as, for instance, the last new fashion in bonnets — a sweet thing. A gushing young Waumegienne came into the car bearing on her chignon of mo — silk — horse — and other hair, a table-mat, for nothing else could we make of it — made of black straw, slightly drawn up at the corners and tied on with ribbon. The Navajoe and Cheyenne ladies we had lately seen wore nothing like that! We were enchanted.

A beautiful country is Kansas — rich soil, fine timber, plentiful streams. We pass through the Pottawattomie Reserve, and at St. Mary's see troops of Indian boys at play in the school-yard.

Back at Fort Ellsworth, we struck the myriad armies of grasshoppers, and although travelling rapidly for days, have only here just reached their vanguard. It is sad to witness the destruction and havoc they cause. On the thick, boundless prairie-grass they make no impression perceptible to the eye; but once the corn-fields and gardens reached, you would suppose a fire had swept over them. Some particular species of forest trees, too, they strip from root to topmost branch.

The vanguard flies thick and high, going in a line due east so rapidly that I should suppose the end of this month would carry them to the Mississippi.

A day or two to report at Fort Leavenworth and we come here by Leavenworth, Kansas City, and Hermann, with all which you are already familiar, and need no description of — come, I say, into the jaws of destruction — for here King Death now holds high revel.

"He sat where no sun could shine,
And lifted his hand so yellow,
And poured out his coal-black wine.
Hurra! Hurra!
Hurra for the coal-black wine!

"All came to the royal old fellow,
Who laughed till his eyes ran brine,
And he lifted his hand so yellow,
And pledged them in Death's black wine.
Hurra! Hurra!
Hurra for the coal-black wine!"

I heard the surgeon of our party, a man in the prime of life, perfectly healthy and robust, caution one of us who was ailing, not to stay here a day. "It was," he said, "too great a risk to run." Poor fellow. He was taken off last night after a few hours' illness, and to-day we bury him! — *Sit sibi terra levis!*

And now, kind reader, farewell! For omissions, commissions, and short-comings, I crave your indulgence.

# APPENDIX.

## I.

I HAVE since examined Major Long's account of his expedition in 1819, in order to ascertain if any similar experience befell his party. Here is his description of their approach to the Rocky Mountains, at a point about one hundred miles north of where Denver now stands: —

> "From our camp we had expected to be able to ascend the most distant summits then in sight and return the same evening; but night overtook us, and we found ourselves scarcely arrived at the base of the mountain."

## II.

I find my calculation, and the fact that the Peak is visible at the distance specified, both confirmed by the following passage in Major Long's Journal, Friday, July 28th, 1819: —

> "From an elevated point, about eight miles south of our encampment of last evening, the high peak was still visible when we passed this morning. From a computation of our courses and distances, we find we cannot, according to our estimate, be less than 130 miles distant from its base."

And on the 29th, after a long day's journey, he says: —

> "We again caught a view of the distant summits of the Andes appearing on the verge of our horizon."

## III.

Two bottles of the Bernalillo wine referred to were sent to the Wine Growers' Association of Cincinnati.

From their published proceedings the following report upon it is extracted: —

"WINE GROWERS' ASSOCIATION. — The Wine Growers' Association held its monthly meeting on Saturday, November 24, President Graham in the chair. The Secretary being absent the minutes of the last meeting were not read.

. . . . . . . . .

"Two bottles of wine presented by Col. J. F. Meline, which the Colonel procured in the valley of the Rio Grande, from a vineyard of Bernalillo. White wine, vintage of 1861; vote 90. No. 2, a red wine; 81.

"A unanimous vote of thanks was given by the Society to the gallant Colonel for his present.

"Adjourned to meet the last Saturday in December next.

"A. A. MULLETT,
"Secretary *pro tem.*"

Accompanying the report was a letter from the President of the Association (George Graham, Esq.), stating that the wine was pronounced pure, and that the white wine was considered better than most wines of the same age, either of Catawba or good Rhine wine. "We judge wines," he says, "by figures marked up to 100, which is the highest character of wine of any kind. Your bottle of white wine was marked 90. Most of our Ohio wine does not reach the excellence of the wine presented by you."

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## IV.

The illustrious Alexander Von Humboldt bears honorable testimony to Pike's merits and labors. He says, —

"Le voyage récent de Monsieur Zebulon M. Pike dans les provinces septentrionales de Mexique renferme des notions precieuses sur les rivières La Platte et Arkansas ainsi que sur la haute chaîne des montagnes qui s'étend au nord du Nouveau Mexique vers les sources de ces deux rivières. Monsieur Pike a déployé un noble courage dans une entreprise importante pour la connaissance de la Louisiane occidentale." See Introduction, page 22. *Voyage aux Regions Equinoxiales du Nouveau Continent fait en* 1799, 1800, 1801, 1802, 1803, et 1804, par Alexandre de Humboldt et A. Bonpland rédigé par Alexandre de Humboldt, 3 vols. quarto, Paris, Dufour, 1814.

## V.

The maps of that day were not only very defective, but even so incorrect as totally to mislead. A remarkable instance of this may be found in Arrowsmith's "New Map of Mexico," published in 1805. Mr. Arrowsmith's labors in the department of Geography were justly celebrated, and the map of Mexico in question was prepared from original documents. He confounds in it the Oregon of the North with the Colorado of the West, and this singular mistake was the result of a still more singular blunder. He found on Don Antonio Alzate's map of Mexico, at the junction of the Rio Gila and the Rio Colorado, these words in Spanish, "Rio Colorado o del Norte *cuyo origen se ignora*," (whose source is not known). Alzate's map being imperfectly engraved, and nothing but *origen* distinct, Mr. Arrowsmith hastily confounded the Colorado with the Oregon, and in his engraved map the Colorado of the West figures as "The Oregon."

It may be remarked in this connection, that the identity of the Oregon with the Columbia was not settled until 1823. Even Humboldt considered it questionable.

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## VI.

Pike's experience made it easy for others to distinguish the Rio Grande del Norte from the Red River. But the position and course of the head waters of the latter yet remained to be ascertained, and it is a very remarkable fact in our geographical history that, although the Red River has been known to Europeans and their descendants for three full centuries, is it only within the past fifteen years that its sources have been satisfactorily ascertained and explored.

Meantime, the Missouri had been traced to its home, the Mississippi had been made to yield up the mystery of its origin amidst a labyrinthine network of lakes and lakelets — the Columbia had been pursued through its bends and over its falls and quicksands, to the lakes and mountains that gave it birth, and the Colorado of the West was followed with infinite pains and labor and great danger, through deep cañons and fearful chasms, to its cradle in the Sierra Nevada.

Still the Red River kept the secret of its birth, and during the long years of Spanish and French occupation, little or nothing was known of it beyond the point where Natchitoches now stands.

The first regular and official attempt at its exploration was during the early period of the French Colony, somewhat more than a hundred years ago, when officers were sent out by the French government, about the year 1760, to make and report a survey of the river.

It is probable they had no adequate idea of the length of the river, nor of the magnitude of their task.

Such rivers as the Seine and the Rhone — the largest they knew at home — would fill but small space in our maps, and scarcely reach the dignity of geographical baptism.

A survey of from three to five hundred miles in length was probably counted upon — a thousand miles, with the then existing topographical knowledge of the country, would certainly have been an extravagant estimate.

As now ascertained, the Red River, measured by its meanders, has a length of 1600 miles from its mouth to Preston, Texas, and from Preston to the sources of the main branch, 500 miles, making a total length of 2100 miles.

The French expedition referred to appears to have penetrated no further than the country then occupied by the Natchitoches and Caddoe Indians, in the vicinity of the present town of Natchitoches, say about one eighth of its whole length.

The treaty with France, by which we gained the so-called colony of Louisiana, was ratified in October, 1803, and the immense domain, stretching from the Mississippi to the Pacific, and far exceeding in area the territory of the United States as then organized, was added to our country.

In settling the terms of the treaty, it was remarked to Mr. Monroe by the French negotiator, that they knew but little more of the greater part of the country ceded, than was known on the day when Columbus landed at the Bahamas.

Our young government lost no time in taking measures for such explorations and surveys as would give at least some general knowledge of the vast regions beyond the Mississippi.

Captains Lewis and Clarke were selected for the exploration of the unknown sources of the Missouri. Lieutenant Pike was chosen to trace the Mississippi to its rise. This was in 1805.

Early in 1806 an expedition was fitted out with instructions to ascend the Red River to its sources, and a party of twenty-three, comprising officers, scientific men, and soldiers, — constituting the "Exploring Expedition of Red River," embarked from a point near Natchez, Mississippi. On the 3d of May, 1806, they entered Red River with the intention of ascending in their boats to the Pawnee country. Here they were to leave the boats, procure horses from the Indians, and proceed — for so ran their instructions — *to the top of the mountains*, the distance being, as was supposed, only three hundred miles.

The impression was evidently general that the Red River rose in the spurs of the Rocky Mountains of New Mexico. The expedition naturally encountered serious difficulties and discouraging obstructions in the navigation of that most crooked and intricate of rivers, among the bayous in the vicinity of the Great Raft, and, finally, with infinite toil and patience found themselves above that formidable obstacle.

They had, however, progressed but little beyond it, when they were met by a large detachment of Spanish troops whose commander ordered them to stop. The exploring party was too small to think of resistance, and they were thus forced to abandon the enterprise and retrace their route.

Thus ended in failure the second organized expedition to discover the sources of the Red River and the Arkansas.

On the first of May, 1806, Lieutenant Pike returned from the sources of the Mississippi and found preparations in progress for an expedition to the sources of the Arkansas and Red Rivers. Of this expedition he took command, with what result we have seen.

In 1819 a fourth expedition was fitted out under command of Major Long, having in view, among other objects, the discovery of the sources of Red River.

This expedition ascended the Platte, skirted the base of the Rocky Mountains, going south past Long's Peak and Pike's Peak, and over the ground where Denver and Colorado City now stand. Crossing the Arkansas and the Rio de las Animas, they struck a large stream which the Indians told them was "the Colorado,— the Red River," — and feeling certain this stream was indeed the long-sought Red River, they followed its entire course downwards until they arrived at its confluence with a still larger river. Major Long thus chronicles the arrival: —

> "*September 10th*, 1819. — We left our camp at the usual hour, and after riding eight or ten miles arrived at the confluence of our supposed Red River with another of much greater size, which we at once perceived to be the Arkansas. Our disappointment and chagrin at discovering the mistake we had so long labored under was little alleviated by the consciousness that the season was so far advanced, our horses and means so far exhausted, as to place it beyond our power to return and attempt the discovery of the Red River."

The river they had thus descended and mistaken for the Red River was, of course, the Canadian, which Major Long calculated they must have struck 796 miles from its mouth, making its entire length, allowing for meanderings, one thousand miles. "Our journey on it," he adds, "occupied seven weeks, travelling with the utmost diligence the strength of our horses would permit."

Thus ended the fourth organized expedition, again in failure.

Finally, in 1852, another expedition, under the command of Captain Marcy, ascended the banks of the river by land, tracing its sources (in latitude 34°, 42′, longitude 103°, 7′, 10″), to the edge of the Llano Estacado or Staked Plain, a vast desert stretching from the 32d to the 36th parallel, in places two hundred miles wide — a dreary, barren waste of solitude, without tree, shrub, spring, or stream.

Captain Marcy's report of this expedition is published by Congress.

But long before all these expeditions — before Marcy, Long, Sparks, and Pike — before the French officers or the Spanish colonists, before Marquette and Joliet (New Orleans, 1673), before La Salle came to America, — nay, even before he was born, — 'away back, more than three hundred years ago, the region of the head waters of Red River was visited by Europeans — an involuntary exploring party, seeking not the source of a stream, but their way across the deserts of Texas.

The thrilling story of the wanderings of De Soto and his command was at first pronounced unworthy of belief, but subsequent discoveries have confirmed the original account, and make the history of that remarkable march still more wonderful.

On the first of May, 1539, there landed at the Bay of Santo Spiritu, in Florida, from eleven vessels, a small army of one thousand infantry and three hundred and fifty cavalry, resplendent in gilded armor, silken banners, and all the pomp of war.

De Soto, its commander, had left a lovely wife, wealth, ease, and dignities, to find and conquer another Mexico.

The narrative of his long march of three years, fighting at every step, through the wilderness that is now Florida, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas, and probably Missouri and Kansas, sounds more like romance than history.

De Soto was the first European who saw the Mississippi, and he was buried beneath its waters.

He had crossed a large part of the continent in search of gold, says Garcilaso de la Vega, and found nothing so remarkable as his grave.

At his death in 1542, Louis de Moscoso succeeded to the command. Of the brilliant troop that landed in Florida, 950 men alone remained. Moscoso called a council of officers. Having received vague rumors from the Indians that far to the west there were other Spaniards roving from country to country, fighting and conquering the Indians, he concluded that they were his countrymen in Mexico, which might not be very remote. He accordingly abandoned the plan of De Soto of descending the river to the sea, and determined to reach Mexico by land. The expedition set out in the middle of June. They passed near the Salines of the Washita River, where they tarried six days and supplied themselves with salt. Leaving this region they pushed forward, and passed through the country of the Natchitoches. At length, after nearly three months, they came upon the barrens north of the present inhabited portion of Texas.

Continuing the march south of De Soto's route, they passed through a tract abounding in buffaloes; beyond which, coming in sight of mountains, they passed a sterile region almost uninhabited. Here they halted and sent out light exploring parties, who penetrated in every direction nearly 90 miles further, and returned with information that the country grew worse as they advanced. It was now late in October. Three and a half years had passed since they landed. Moscoso had but 350 men.

The discription of the country they saw, passing a sterile region and coming in sight of mountains, would appear plainly to indicate the desert of the Llano Estacado, for from a large portion of it the Mexican Mountains are distinctly visible.

The particulars given in a more recently discovered narrative — that of Louis Hernandez de Biedma (1544) lately brought to light in Spain — go very far to confirm the assumption that the remnant of De Soto's army was actu ally on the Llano Estacado.

Here is the language of the chronicle: —

> "When we set out we travelled twenty-seven days in a westerly direction to the province of Chariti (Washita), where the Indians made salt. From there we went in three days to the province of Agracez.
>
> "The Indians told us here that the country beyond was a wilderness and uninhabited; that to find villages we must go to the south east. . . . The Cacique of Mendocho gave us a guide to conduct us through the country. He led us accordingly into a wilderness, and when we got there he told us that his master had ordered him to take us to a country where we would die of hunger." [1]

The guide was torn to pieces by blood-hounds. Moscoso held a council of officers to decide their future movements. It was resolved that they should return to the Mississippi, carry out the original design of De Soto, and descend the river.

With toil, suffering, and loss of men they did so; and the surviving remnant, floating down to the Gulf on such boats as they could construct, succeeded at last in reaching Mexico.

Although I have never seen it stated that De Soto's men ever penetrated so far southwest as Llano Estacado, I feel satisfied that there are many reasons for believing that they actually were upon it, in full view of the Mountains of New Mexico when they turned to retrace their steps to the Mississippi.

The main features of the short narrative above given indicate distinctly that Moscoso's command passed from the Washita country, by the Red River region, to the summit level of the Staked Plain, the approach and ascent to the highest part of which, from the east, is so very gradual as to be almost imperceptible.

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[1] See *Historical Collections of Louisiana.* Part ii., 1850. Also, *Gentleman of Elvas.*

Game is abundant throughout Texas except upon this dreary waste, and accordingly it was selected by the Indian Cacique as the country where the Spaniards would die of hunger.

Again, the mountains seen by the Spaniards could only be the Guadalupe Mountains or those of the Sacramento range, for these, in approaching New Mexico from the east, do not come in sight until you have traversed fully one third of the breadth of the Llano Estacado from east to west.

Whether we consider the immensity of territory traversed by this Spanish expedition, its smallness of force as compared with the numerous populous tribes through which it passed, the number of battles fought, the difficulties and dangers of an unexplored wilderness, the obstacles and dangers overcome, the time (three and a half years) employed, and the unbending perseverance displayed in the face of ceaseless discouragement, this march of De Soto and his men is certainly the most wonderful on record.

## VII.

The first Lieutenant of the Anglo-American troops, of the name of Z. Montgomery Pike, with the party of soldiers under his command, having been met with the troops under my orders, at four days' journey from the seat of government, in this province which is under my charge, he was required personally to appear, which he voluntarily did; and complying with the orders of the commanding general of these internal provinces, I bid the said lieutenant proceed on his march, with his party equipped with horses, provisions, and equipage under the charge of an officer and sixty men of our troops, with orders to introduce him to the said commanding general in the town of Chihuaha.

I permitted said party to carry their arms and ammunition, actuated by proper considerations, and in order to grant said Anglo-American's petition. I certify the foregoing contents to be accurate.

(Signed) JOACHIM R. L. ALENCASTER.
SANTA FÉ, *March 3d*, 1807.

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## VIII.

Wlikinson's bulky and diffuse published memoirs may be searched in vain for any information concerning Pike's expedition, and his silence on the subject is, to say the least, suggestive.

Of his complicity with Burr but little doubt is now entertained, and proofs are not wanting of the existence of his designs upon Mexico, from the period of his note in cypher to Governor Gayoso de Lemos (February, 1797), and his dealings with Nolan, down to the conspiracy of 1806.

It has been stated that Wilkinson himself planned the exploring expedition of Pike, in order to obtain for his own purposes a more perfect knowledge of the country, and that he availed himself of his official authority to have it ordered by the Government.

The "Mississippi Herald" of September 15, 1807, published the affidavit of Judge Timothy Kibby, of the Louisiana Territory, acting Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, for the district of St. Charles.

The affidavit sets forth —

> "That in confidential conversation, the General (Wilkinson) speaking of Pike's Expedition, upon inquiry, replied, smiling, that it was of a *secret nature*, and that Lieutenant Pike himself was not apprised of the ultimate object of the expedition, but that his destination was Santa Fé, treating with the Indians as he advanced.

"He (Wilkinson) intimated that Lieutenant Pike had been dispatched by *his orders*, that the plan was his own, not emanating from the Government, but assented to."

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## IX.

Nota de lo occurrido ultimamente en esta Provincia del Nuevo Mexico.

El 15 de Febrero dos Indios de la Nacion Iuta apresaron y me presentaron un Anglo-Americano, joben de presencia fina, a quien oy y aun hice comer con migo para asegurarmi si era como pensé en instruccion y crianza.

No le crei, y sospecchoso de que no venia accompañado de la clase de gente que me afirmó, emplee la poca Tropa y alguno Paisanos en Partidas que no solo encontraron un primer Teniente con seis Soldados en un excelente retrincheramiento construido en el Rio de los Conejos cerca del principal del Norte á dos jornadas del Pueblo de está Provincia, acia el mismo rumbo, y venciendo las dificultades de la mucha nieve se verificó recojer el Sargento y Cavo de la misma Partida y hasta el total de trece Soldados que la completaban dos de ellos con los Pies elados y perdido la maior parte de los dedos.

El dos de Marzo ultimo se presentó el referido Teniente nombrado Mongo-Meri-Paike con seis hombres de su partida, y el 18 el resto de ella; sin resistencia alguna combinieron en la intimacion que se les hizo de que estando en mi terreno era indispensable se me presentarse y lo verificaron con sus armas, asegurandoles que en nada serian tratados como Prisioneros, sino que con arreglo a las ordines del Comandante General deviar pasar á presentarsele y darle razon puntual de su comision. Me manifestó la instruccion del su General Wilkinzon, un diario y Plano exacto en Borron de todos los Rios y terrenos que havia reconocido, y colocado todo en su cofre previmiendole conservasse la llave le encargue al oficial que le conduce para que no se volviesse a abrir sino en presencia del espresado Com$^{te}$ G'ral.

De lo espuesto y de quant oy al primer apresado Robinson y al citado oficial deduzco sin dudar que su Expedicion desde Julio fué dirigida á amistar dos Naciones bajo la proteccion de su Govierno, á regular á muchas, y attreher las á la amistad, tratto, y Comercio y ponerse á la proteccion del Anglo-Americano, especialmente con encargo espreso con la Nacion Comanche la mas poderosa de nuestras aliadas: Que el Govierno Anglo-Americano cree comprehendidos en los terminos de la Lusiana todos los Rios que desembocan en el Mississippi y los terrenos que abrazan hasta el Rio Colorado que tiene su origen à pocos leguas de la Poblacion de Taos mas al Norte de esta Provincia, que intentan en esto año o el proximo poner fuertes o establecimientos en los espresados Rios para abrazar todo el tratto y comercio con um crecido numero de Naciones que muchas de ellas le tienen con esta Provincia.

La espresada Partida de Tropa Anglo-Americano pasa á Chihuahua á presentarse al S. Com$^{te}$ G'ral escoltada de Tropa y con sus armas y municiones por el riesgo de Apaches de Guerra en el camino que intermedia.

Con los referidos antecedentes he representado al espresado Comandante General, recordandole quanto le esprese en 4 de Enero el año anterior sobre la necessidad de ponerse esta Provincia en un pié respectable y de tener fuertes y establicimientos avanzados en los principalos rios para contener las ideas ambiciosas del espresado Gobierno Anglo-Americano manifestandole el estado de miseria e indefension en que se halla y lo encontrará dentro de pocos años el que la mande.

SANTA FÉ, 1° *de Abril en* 1807.

## X.

This was Dr. Robinson, who accompanied Lieut. Pike's expedition as a volunteer. He left Pike's party at the stockade fort, on the 7th of February, and started alone for Santa Fé, where he had some private claims. On the second day out he was met by two Ute Indians, who accompanied him to Santa Fé, and, as we have seen, ushered him into the presence of Gov. Alencaster. Here is Robinson's account of his reception: —

> "The governor received me with great austerity at first, and entered into an examination of my business and took possession of all my papers. After all this was explained, he ordered me to a room where the officers were confined when under an arrest. I was supplied with provisions from the governor's table. The second day the governor sent for me, — said my debtor possessed no property, but that at some future period he would secure the money for me. To this I made a spirited remonstrance, &c., which had no other effect than to obtain me an invitation to dinner, and rather more respectful treatment from his Excellency, who being slightly afflicted with the dropsy, requested my advice as to his case."

## XI.

AN ACT to abolish and forever prohibit the system of peonage in the Territory of New Mexico and other parts of the United States.

*Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled,* That the holding of any person to service or labor under the system known as peonage is hereby declared to be unlawful, and the same is hereby abolished and forever prohibited in the Territory of New Mexico, or in any other Territory or State of the United States; and all laws, resolutions, orders, regulations, or usages of the Territory of New Mexico, or of any Territory or State of the United States, which have herotofore established, maintained, or enforced, or by virtue of which any attempt shall hereafter be made to establish, maintain, or enforce, directly or indirectly, the voluntary or involuntary service or labor of any persons as peons, in liquidation of any debt or obligation, or otherwise, be, and the same are hereby, declared null and void; and any person or persons who shall hold, arrest, or return, or cause to be held, arrested, or returned, or in any manner aid in the arrest or return of any person or persons to a condition of peonage, shall, upon conviction, be punished by fine not less than one thousand nor more than five thousand dollars, or by imprisonment not less than one nor more than five years, or both, at the discretion of the court.

SEC. 2. *And be it further enacted,* That it shall be the duty of all persons in the military or civil service in the Territory of New Mexico to aid in the enforcement of the foregoing section of this act; and any person or persons who shall obstruct or attempt to obstruct, or in any way interfere with or prevent the enforcement of this act, shall be liable to the pains and penalties hereby provided; and any officer or other person in the military service of the United States who shall so offend, directly or indirectly, shall, on conviction before a court-martial, be dishonorably dismissed the service of the United States, and shall thereafter be ineligible to reappointment to any office of trust, honor, or profit under the government.

Approved March 2, 1867.

THE END